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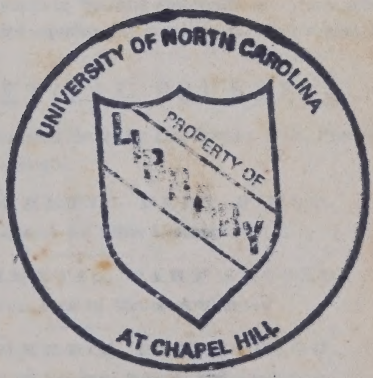
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D. S. BURSON.

ECLECTIC SERIES, NEWLY IMPROVED

McGUFFEY'S RHETORICAL GUIDE;

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

WITH

COPIOUS RULES AND RHETORICAL EXERCISES.

Compiled by A. H. McGuffey, A. M.

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PREFACE.

In the preparation of the following work, the compiler has not aimed at *originality*, but has endeavored to combine and present, as far as could be done in a single volume, the most valuable features of many popular books on the subjects of Elocution and Rhetorical reading. Free use has been made, therefore, of the works of Bell, Graham, Ewing, Pinnock, Scott, Wood, McCulloch, Enfield, Mylius, Sheridan Knowles, and others, and particularly of those of Mr. Walker, whose 'Elocution,' and 'Rhetorical Grammar,' constitute the foundation on which all subsequent writers have built. And while the compiler has no the vanity to compare the present work with the *treatises* of several of the authors above named, he trusts he will be found to have culled from their pages everything that could be made available for a *school manual.*

The compiler has also received much valuable assistance, in the revision and preparation of the manuscript for the press, from an able and experienced teacher, who has devoted much time and study to the subject of Elocution.* He is not without the hope, therefore, that his labors may prove serviceable to those engaged in the business of education.

* T. S. Pinneo, A. M., M. D., a graduate of Yale College, late Professor in the Charlotte Hall Institute, Maryland; and more recently, Professor in Marietta College.

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McGUFFEY'S

RHETORICAL GUIDE.

PART FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first step to be taken by one who desires to become a good reader or speaker, is to acquire a habit of distinct articulation. Without this, the finest voice, the utmost propriety of inflection, and all the graces of articulation, fail to please.

The habit of defective articulation is generally contracted in the first stages of the learner's progress, and arises either from indolence, which produces an indistinct and drawling utterance, or from too great haste, which leads to running words together, and to clipping them by dropping unaccented words and final consonants.

Habits of this kind, frequently—indeed, *generally*, become so inveterate by the time the pupil is sufficiently advanced to use a work on rhetorical reading, or any treatise on elocution, that the most constant and unremitting attention is necessary on the part of both teacher and pupil, in order to correct them. Nothing but a resolute determination to succeed, and faithful practice upon exercises selected with especial reference to the end in view, can accomplish this object. There must be added to this, a constant watchfulness against relapse, when the learner comes to lessons of a more general character.

A *monotonous* style of reading and speaking, is often formed at the same early age. The little reader is apt to prolong the sound of the word he has just deciphered, until he can "spell out" the one which follows;—and if he is hurried from one lesson to another, without having time given him to practice upon that with which he is already familiar, his progress may seem rapid;—but he is not learning to *read*, in the proper sense

of the word, that is, to give utterance to words with that modification of voice which their relation to each other demands;—he is only becoming *familiar with the appearance of words*, so as to call their names readily. A child should first be exercised on a single lesson, until he can name all the words at sight, care being taken that he shall *understand* what he reads, and then he should be instructed to give the proper inflection and emphasis, (which, before bad habits are formed, he will readily do,)—and when this is accomplished, and not before, he may be permitted to pass on to another lesson.

But if a heavy and monotonous manner has become habitual, it can only be remedied by going somewhat to the other extreme, and reducing every thing to the standard of inflection and emphasis furnished by animated conversation. This must be patiently persevered in. Neither teacher nor pupil should be discouraged, if, at first, the attempt at increased propriety of articulation and inflection should result in a style of reading only a little less artificial than the one they are endeavoring to break up. Let them PERSEVERE, until a correct habit has been formed, and nature will show herself, and all stiffness and formality will ultimately disappear.

All that can be accomplished within the limits of a work like this, is to point out the errors and improprieties into which the pupil is most likely to fall, and furnish the most important rules for his guidance, with illustrations and copious examples for his practice. The intelligent teacher will find new examples in every lesson, and by constantly referring his pupils to the principles here laid down, and illustrating them in new and attractive ways, may render their application easy and habitual.

The subject of Elocution, so far as it is deemed applicable to a work of this kind, will be considered under the following heads, viz:

1. ARTICULATION,
2. INFLECTION,
3. ACCENT AND EMPHASIS,
4. INSTRUCTIONS FOR READING VERSE,
5. DIRECTIONS FOR THE CULTIVATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE,
6. GESTURE.

QUESTIONS. 1. What is the first step to be taken in forming the habit of correct reading? 2. How are faults in articulation generally contracted? 3. How are these to be corrected? 4. How is a monotonous style often formed? 5. How is it to be avoided? 6. After it has become habitual, how is it to be remedied? 7. What is it designed to accomplish in the present work? 8. Name the different heads under which the subject of Elocution is to be considered.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

I. *Faults to be Remedied, and Exercises.*

BEFORE passing on to the rules and exercises, by means of which it is hoped the pupil will be able to acquire a good articulation, it will be proper to point out a few of those improprieties, into which a careless or badly taught reader or speaker is most likely to fall.

The most common and objectionable are the following, viz:

1. *Dropping* or *sounding too slightly* the unaccented vowels, and such as have only the secondary accent;—thus,

Com-pa-ny is *incorrectly pronounced*	comp'ny.	col-o-ny	col'ny.
		har-mo-ny	harm'ny.
gran-a-ry	gran'ry.	a-ban-don	a-ban-d'n.
im-mor-tal	im-mor-t'l.	reg-u-lar	reg'lar.
mock-e-ry	mock'ry.	par-tic-u-lar	par-tic'lar.
lam-ent-a-tion	lam'n-ta-tion.	sin-gu-lar	sin-g'lar.
in-clem-ent	in-clem'nt.	cal-cu-la-tion	cal-cl'a-sh'n.
des-ti-ny	des-t'ny.	cir-cu-la-tion	cir-c'la-sh'n
u-ni-vers-i-ty	u-ni-vers'ty.	na-tion	na-sh'n.
un-cer-tain	un-cer-t'n.	oc-ca-sion	oc-ca-sh'n.

2. Similar to the preceding fault is that of *incorrectly sounding* the unaccented vowel; as in the following examples.

Par-tic-u-lar is *incorrectly pronounced*	per-tik-*e*-lur.	ef-fort	*uf*-fort.
		ter-ri-ble	tur-*ub*-ble.
lam-ent-a-tion	lum-*un*-ta-tion.	sen-si-ble	sen-*sub*-ble.
e-tern-al	e-tern-*ul*.	fel-o-ny	fel-*er*-ny.
ob-sti-nate	ob-stun-*it*.	mel-o-dy	mel-*er*-dy.
de-cent	de-*sunt*.	fel-low-ship	fel-*ler*-ship.
sys-tem	sys-*tum*, or sys-*tim*.	cal-cu-late	cal-k*er*-late.
		cir-cu-lar	cir-k*y*-ler.
e-vent	*uv*-ent.	reg-u-lar	reg-*gy*-lur

EXERCISES.

In the following sentences, the vowels most likely to be dropped or incorrectly sounded are put in *italics*.

He *a*ttended d*i*vine serv*i*ce regul*a*rly.
This is my p*a*rtic*u*lar request.
He gradu*a*ted at one of the Eastern Univers*i*ties.
She *i*s univers*a*lly *e*steemed.
George *i*s sens*i*ble *o*f his fault.
This calc*u*lation *i*s incorrect.
His fears were just*i*fied by the *e*vent.
What a t*e*rr*i*ble calam*i*ty.
I will s*u*pport the Const*i*tution *o*f the United States.
The whole nat*i*on l*a*mented him.

His eye through vast *i*mmens*i*ty c*a*n pierce.
*O*bserve these nice d*e*pend*e*ncies.
He *i*s a form*i*d*a*ble adv*e*rsary.
*A*way! pr*e*sumpt*u*ous man.
I will go *a*nd be rec*o*nciled to my brother.
He *i*s gen*e*rous to his friends.
A temp*e*st des*o*lated the land.
His rep*u*tat*i*on is ru*i*ned.
He pr*e*ferred death to serv*i*tude.
God *i*s the auth*o*r *o*f all things vis*i*ble *a*nd invis*i*ble.
He *i*s a man *o*f em*i*nent mer*i*t.
*E*xpect not my c*o*mmendat*i*on.
Caius' count*e*n*a*nce fell.
He has c*o*ntracted a bad habit.
Tell me the diff*e*rence between artic*u*lat*i*on *a*nd utt*e*r*a*nce.
He was d*e*lighted with the exh*i*bit*i*on.

3. Another very common fault is that of *suppressing* the *final consonants*, or failing to give them *sufficient distinctness.*

EXAMPLES.

John an' James are frien's o' my father.
Boun' han' an' foot.
Gi' me some bread.
Tuf's o' grass.
The want o' men is occasioned by the want o' money.
We seldom fin' men o' principle to ac' thus.
Beas' an' creepin' things were foun' there.
Thrus' thy sickle into the harves'.
Thou has' thousan' frien's on thy side.
Evenin' an' mornin', an' at noon o' night.

EXERCISES.

He learn*ed* to write.
Did you find any birds' nes*ts?*
He made his meal of an apple and an egg.
The mas*ts* of the ship were cas*t* down.
He entered the lis*ts* at the head of his troops.
Be ye wise as serpen*ts*, and harmless as doves.
He is the merries*t* fellow in existence.
I regard not the world's opinion.
Such were his command*s*.
He has three assistan*ts*.
Thou thoughtes*t* that I was such a one as thyself.

The dep*th*s *of* the sea.
She trus*t*s too much to servan*t*s.
He hal*t*s between two opinions.
His attemp*t*s were fruitless.
That race of animals is extinc*t*.
He chance*d* to see a bee hovering over a flower.

4. A fourth impropriety consists in *omitting* or *mispronouncing* whole *syllables*. This generally occurs in long words, and in those syllables which are not under the accent.

EXAMPLES.

Lit-er-a-ry is	*improperly pronounced*		lit-ry.
ne-ces-sa-ry	"	"	nes-ces-ry or nes-ry.
co-tem-po-ra-ry	"	"	co-tem-po-ry.
ex-tem-po-ra-ry	"	"	ex-tem-po-ry.
het-e-ro-ge-ne-ous	"	"	het-ro-ge-nous.
in-quis-it-o-ri-al	"	"	in-quis-it-o-ral.
mis-er-a-ble	"	"	mis-rer-ble.
tol-er-a-ble	"	"	tol-rer-ble.
con-fed-e-ra-cy	"	"	con-fed-rer-cy.
ac-com-pa-ni-ment		"	ac-comp-ner-ment.

EXERCISES.

He devoted his attention chiefly to lite*ra*ry pursuits.
He is a mise*ra*ble creature.
He is a vene*ra*ble man.
His faults were owing to the dege*nera*cy of the times.
The manuscript was undecipher*a*ble.
The confede*ra*cy continued for many years.
His spirit was unconque*ra*ble.
It was a grand accomp*ani*ment.
Luther and Melancthon were cotem*pora*ries.
Great industry was nec*essa*ry for the performance of the task.

5. Another very great fault in articulation, is that of *blending* the *end* of one word with the *beginning* of the next.

EXAMPLES.

I court thy gif *s*no more.
Bag *s*of gold.
Han *d*'me the slate.
The grove *s*were God *s*fir *s*temples.
This worl *d*is all a fleeting show,
For man *s*illusion given.

My hear *t*was a mirror, that show' *d*every treasure,
It reflecte *d*each beautiful blosso *m*of pleasure.

EXERCISES.

The magistrate*s* ought to arrest the rogue*s* *s*peedily
Life flutter*s* convulse*d* in his quivering limbs.
The whirlwind*s* *s*weep the plain.
He went over the mountain.
Linke*d* to thy side, through every chance I go.
But ha*d* he seen an actor in our days enacting Shakspeare.
Which is the way?
What awful sound*s* assail my ears?
We caught a glimpse of her.
Into the wood*s* he take*s* a stroll.
Crowde*d* house*s* and new pieces.
Old age has on their temple*s* shed her silver frost.
Our eagle shall rise 'mid the whirlwind*s* of war,
And dart through the dun cloud of battle his eye.
Then honor shall weave of the laurel a crown,
That beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the first source of defective articulation that is named? 2. Give examples. 3. What is the second? 4. Give examples. 5. Name the third, and give examples. 6. What is the fourth? 7. Give examples. 8. Describe the fifth fault, and illustrate by examples.

II. *Directions for acquiring a good Articulation, and Exercises.*

WE now pass to the consideration of those methods by which improprieties, like those already pointed out, may be avoided, and a distinct and forcible articulation acquired.

Articulation is defined by Webster to be, "The forming of words by the human voice." Words being made up of one or more sounds, represented in written language by letters, the first object of the student of elocution should be, to acquire the power of uttering all those elements with distinctness and force; for if the *elementary sounds* are but imperfectly formed, the entire word must be indistinct. Practice upon these *elementary sounds* should be persevered in, until the learner has acquired a perfect control of his organs of speech. This exercise is one of great importance, especially to those who design becoming public speakers, as, in addition to the habit of *correct* articulaion thus formed, it imparts a strength and efficiency to the voice, which cannot be acquired in any other way.

As the vowels are the most prominent elements of all words,

as well as the most easily uttered, it is proper that they should constitute the first lesson.

Vowel Elements.

a as heard in *fate*, m*ai*n, s*ay*, th*ey*, f*ei*nt, w*ei*gh, br*ea*k, &c.
a " " " b*ar*, c*ar*, *ah*, v*au*nt, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd, &c.
a " " " b*all*, h*all*, c*au*se, s*aw*, br*oa*d, gr*oa*t, s*ough*t, &c.
a " " " m*at*, h*at*, part*ial*, &c.
" " " " f*ee*l, m*e*, *sea*, n*ei*ther, k*ey*, s*ei*ze, p*ie*ce, mar*i*ne, p*eo*ple, &c.
e " " " l*et*, met, tr*ea*d, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, fr*ie*nd, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, g*ue*ss, m*a*ny, b*u*ry, &c.
* i " " m*i*ne, p*i*ne, l*ie*, fl*y*, h*ei*ght, g*ui*se, *ai*sle, r*ye*, &c.
i " " " p*it*, p*in*, mountain, forf*ei*t, g*ui*lt, b*ee*n, s*ei*ve, b*u*sy, car-r*ia*ge, &c.
o " " " *old*, g*o*, *door*, r*oa*m, t*oe*, s*ou*l, th*ou*gh, hollow, bur*ea*u, sh*ew*, y*eo*man, &c.
o " " " m*o*ve, pr*o*ve, m*oo*n, s*ou*p, sh*oe*, &c.
o " " " n*o*t, hot, wh*a*t, w*a*s, sw*a*p, &c.
* u " " r*u*le, m*u*se, bl*ue*, j*ui*ce, h*ew*, v*iew*, ad*ieu*, l*ieu*, f*eu*d, b*eau*ty, &c.
u " " " f*u*ll, p*u*ll, w*oo*l, g*oo*d, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld, &c.
u " " " b*u*t, h*u*t, c*u*ll, d*o*ve, s*o*n, bl*oo*d, d*oe*s, &c.
u " " " c*u*rl, f*ur*, b*ir*d, h*er*, &c.
* oi " " b*oi*l, *oil*, b*oy*, &c.
ou " " " *our*, gr*ou*nd, *owl*, p*ow*er, &c.

Explosion of the Vowel Sounds.

Each of the preceding elements can be uttered with great suddenness and force, so as to give a distinct expression of its sound, although the voice is suddenly suspended, the moment the sound is produced. This is done by expelling each sound from the throat in the same manner that the syllable "ah!" is uttered in endeavoring to deter a child from something it is about to do; thus, a'—a—a'—. Let the pupil be required to explode from the throat, in this manner, every one of the elements in the preceding table, with all possible suddenness and percussive force, until he is able to do it with ease and accuracy. This must not be considered as accomplished, until he can give each sound with entire clearness, and with all the suddenness of the "crack" of a rifle. Care must be taken to avoid all *aspiration*, as the sound of the vowel alone should be heard.

This exploding of the vowel sounds is an exercise of great

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* Although these are properly *compound sounds*, they are classed here for the convenience of practice.

importance and value in strengthening and developing the voice, but it is one that must be resolutely persevered in, without regard to its *seeming* absurdity, by those who wish to reap any advantage from it.

NOTE. After the pupil has been faithfully exercised in the foregoing table, it will be well to require him to explode all the vowel elements in one or more sentences of every lesson he reads.

Consonant Elements.

It may, at first view, seem impossible to give the sound of a consonant without the aid of a vowel sound; but a few attempts will show, that although it may be difficult to unpracticed organs, it is not impossible. It is true, they cannot be *exploded* with the force which *vowel* sounds admit, yet they can all, except the mutes, *k*, *t*, and *p*, be pronounced without the aid of vowels, and their sound prolonged so as to give them great distinctness. Let the syllable *ba* be taken for example; and in pronouncing it, let the voice be *suddenly suspended*, before it passes to the vowel. In this manner every consonant element should be practiced upon, until the pupil can give the sound *forcibly* and *distinctly*. Without such practice it will be found impossible to utter with dictinctness, such combinations of consonants as the following, viz: *waftedst*, *slumber'dst*, *search'dst*, *lash'dst*, &c. Articulation is more frequently defective from an indistinct or imperfect enunciation of the consonant sounds, than from any other cause; and as many syllables are composed chiefly of consonant sounds, it is of the utmost importance that the student should master them. And it may here be remarked for the encouragement of the pupil, that in reading or speaking to a large audience, he who explodes the *consonants* with accuracy and precision, will be heard and understood, even though his voice be weak; while the speaker who mumbles or slurs them, may put forth his utmost power of vociferation, and yet fail in his efforts to become distinctly audible.

The following are the consonant elements susceptible of explosive force in a greater or less degree:

b	as heard in	*babe*.	s	as heard in	*sap*, *pass*.
d	"	*dead*.	v	"	*v*alue.
f	"	*f*ief.	y	"	*y*es.
g	"	*g*ag.	z	"	*z*eal, ad*z*.
h	"	*h*at.	ng	"	ri*ng*.
j	"	*j*ade, large.	th	"	*th*ine, ti*th*e.
l	"	*l*oll.	th	"	*th*rust, nor*th*.
m	"	*m*ain.	ch	"	*ch*urch.
n	"	*n*oon.	sh	"	*sh*ine, da*sh*.
r	"	*r*oar.	wh	"	*wh*at, *wh*ine.

The mutes *k*, *t*, and *p*, are omitted, because they produce an entire occlusion of the voice, and cannot be sounded without the aid of a vowel. *Q* and *w* are also omitted, as the former has the same sound as *k*; and the latter is in fact a vowel, having the sound of *oo*.

When the pupil has acquired some facility in exploding the foregoing consonant elements, it will be found profitable to require him to combine with each of them, one of the vowel elements, giving the utmost prolongation to the consonant sound; thus, *ab—b; eb—b; ib—b; ad—d; ed—d; id—d;* &c. &c. Then let him go over the same exercise, placing the consonant first; thus, *b—be; d—de; g—ga; m—mo;* &c. &c.

If the foregoing elementary exercises be but faithfully and perseveringly practiced, the result—a well developed voice, and perfect control of the organs of speech,—will amply repay the labor.

EXERCISES

In the Combinations of the Consonant Elements

* He *is* a man of great sens*ibil*ity and sus*cept*ibil*ity*.
The swallow twit*t*ered at the *e*aves.
Can*st* thou not be satis*f*ied?
He begged to be permit*t*ed to stay.
They sear*ch*ed the house *sp*eedily.
Whe*lm*ed ami*dst* the wa*ves*.
They dra*gg*ed the ruffian to pri*s*on.
Bur*st*ing his bon*ds*, he *spr*ang upon the foe.
He cannot tolerate a papi*st*.
*Sh*ot madly from i*ts sph*ere.
*Wh*en will the land*sc*ape tire the view?
The lightnin*gs* flas*h*ed.
The *th*under*s* roa*r*ed.
The hail ra*tt*led.
His ha*nd* in mine was fon*dly* cla*sp*ed.
Sta*nd* your grou*nd*, my *br*aves.
He gas*p*ed for bre*ath*.
I'll gra*pp*le with my coun*tr*y's foes.
His li*mbs* were streng*th*ened by exercise.
They cultivated *sh*rubs and pla*nts*.
He has marsha*l*ed his ho*sts*.
He selec*t*ed his te*xts* with *gr*eat care.
The unsea*rch*ed mine ha*th* not su*ch* ge*ms*.

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* It will be seen that some of these sentences are selected with reference to the correction of the habit of dropping, or improperly sounding the unaccented vowel.

His *l*ips *g*row *r*est*l*ess, and his *s*mile is cur*l*ed half into *s*cor*n*.
Her ways are ways of pleasa*nt*ness,
And all her pa*th*s are peace.
He has sin*g*ed his *h*air.
What fur*th*er wai*t*'*st* thou for?
She mi*l*ked six cows.
Give me a ya*r*d a*nd th*ree ei*gh*ths.
Ha! lau*gh*'*st* thou, Lochiel, my vision to *s*cor*n*?
The chill *preci*ncts of the narrow house.
O! breeze that wa*ft*'*st* me on my way.
Thou pro*b*'*dst* his wou*n*ds too freely.
Thou be*gg*'*dst* in vain for mercy.
Thou wron*g*'*dst* thyself and me.
Thou trou*bl*'*dst* thy fathe*r*'*s* friend*s*.
Vau*nt*'*st* thou thyself of thy stren*gth*?
Thou boa*st*'*st* of what should be thy shame.
Thou pluc*k*'*dst* a bitter fruit.
Disa*bl*'*dst*, strang*l*'*dst*, bur*n*'*dst*.
Clas*p*'*dst*, twin*kl*'*dst*, respec*t*'*st*.
Las*h*'*dst*, hag*gl*'*dst*, swer*v*'*dst*.
From de*pth*s unknown, unsear*ch*able, *pro*fou*nd*,
For*th* rus*h*ed the wan*der*i*ng* come*t*s gi*r*t with *fl*ame*s*.
When Aja*x* *str*i*v*es *s*ome roc*k*'*s* va*st* weight to *th*row,
The line too labo*r*s and the wo*r*ds move slow.
One *bl*a*st* upon his bugle-ho*rn* were wo*rth* ten thousa*nd* men.

Life's * *fi*t*f*ul * *f*ever over, he re*st*s well.
This *s*cu*lp*tor has executed *th*ree bus*t*s.

*Fr*om peak to peak, the ra*tt*ling crags among,
Lea*p*s the live thu*n*der; not *fr*om one lone cloud;
But every mounta*in* *n*ow ha*th* fou*n*d a to*ng*ue,
And *J*ura answe*rs* *f*rom her mi*s*ty *sh*roud,
Back to the joyous A*lps*, which call to her aloud.

Thou that do*st* *sc*are the wo*rld* with tempe*st*s set on fire,
The hea*v*ens with falling *th*underbo*lts*, or fill
The *swift* da*rk* *whirl*wind that uproo*t*s the woo*ds*,
Where is the mo*rt*al, that forge*t*s not at the sight
Of these *tr*emendous toke*n*s of thy power
His *pr*ide, and lays his * *str*i*fes* and follies by?

Can*st* thou fill hi*s* * *sk*in with ba*rbed* iro*ns*?
He was distin*gu*i*shed* for his consci*en*tiousness.

---

* Beware of running words together.

*Fro*m *s*tar to *st*ar the living light*nings fl*ash,
A*nd* fall*ing th*unders *th*rough all *s*pace *pro*claim
The go*ings* for*th* of Him whose pote*nt a*rm
Perpetua*tes** existe*n*ce or des*tr*oys.

God journeye*th** in the hea*v*ens. Refu*lgent st*ars
A*nd gl*ittering *cr*ow*ns* of *prost*rate seraphim
Emboss* his *b*urning path. Arou*nd** him fall
*Dr*ead powe*rs*, domini*ons*, hos*t*s, and kingly *th*rones.

That mo*rn*ing, thou that *sl*umber*'dst* not before,
Nor slee*p'st*, *gr*eat Ocean, lai*d'st* thy wave*s** at re*st*,
A*nd* hus*h'dst* thy mighty min*strels*y.

Questions. 1. What is Webster's definition of Articulation? 2. Of what are words made up? 3. How are sounds represented in written language? 4. What should be the first object of the student of elocution? 5. What is said of the advantage of practice upon elementary sounds? 6. Which are the vowel elements? 7. Give examples of each. (Let the pupil explode them as directed.) 8. What are the advantages of thus exploding the elementary sounds? 9. Can the consonants be exploded? 10. Which cannot, and why? 11. What is said of uttering the consonants distinctly? 12. Repeat the consonant elements, and give an example of each. (Let the pupil explode them as directed.) 13. What will be the result of faithful practice in these exercises?

SECTION II.

INFLECTIONS.

I. *Definitions and Examples.*

Inflection is a bending, or sliding of the voice either *upward* or *downward.*

The *upward*, or *rising inflection* is marked by the acute accent, thus, (/); and in this case the voice is to slide upward; as, Did you call'? Is he sick'?

The *downward*, or *falling inflection* is marked by the grave accent, thus, (\ ); and indicates that the voice is to slide downward; as, Where is London\? Where have you been\? Who has come\?

Sometimes both the rising and falling inflection are given to the same sound. Such sounds are designated by the *circumflex*, thus, (⌣), or (^). The former is called the *rising circumflex;* the latter, the *falling circumflex.*

When several successive syllables are uttered without either the upward or downward slide, they are said to be uttered in a *monotone*, which is marked thus, (–).

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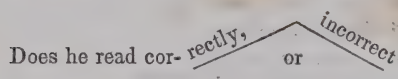
* Beware of running words together.

EXAMPLES.

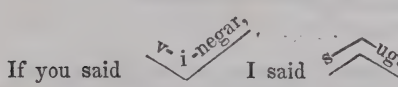
Does he read correctly′, or incorrectly‵?

In reading this sentence, the voice should slide somewhat as represented in the following diagram:



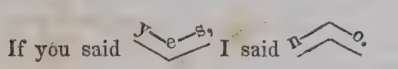
If you said vĭnegar, I said sûgar.

To be read thus:



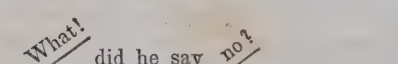
If you said yĕs, I said nô.

To be read thus:



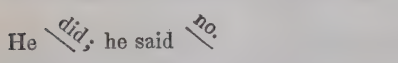
What′, did he say no′?

To be read thus:



He did‵, he said no‵.

To be read thus:



Did he do it voluntarily′, or involuntarily‵?

To be read thus:

He did it voluntarily‵, not involuntarily′

To be read thus.

EXERCISES.

Do they act prudently′, or imprudently‵?
Are they at home′, or abroad‵?
Is he willing′, or unwilling‵?
Did you say Europe′, or Asia‵?
Is he rich′, or poor‵?
Are they old′, or young‵?
He said pain‵, not pain′.
You should walk‵, not ride′.
Are you engaged′, or at leisure‵?
Did he say hand′, or arm‵?
He said turn‵, not urn′.
She dances gracefully‵, not ungracefully′.
Shall I say plain′, or pain‵?
He went home′, not abroad′.
Does he say able′, or table‵?
He said hazy‵, not lazy .
Must I say flat′, or flat‵?
Must I say cap′, or cap‵?
You should say flat‵, not flat′.
He said burn‵, not burn′.
It shall go hard with me but I shall ûse the weapon.
Ô! but he paûsed upon the brink.
My father′, must I stay′?

As we cannot discern the shadow moving along the face of the dial-plate′, so the advances in knowledge are only perceived by the distance gone over‵.

Heard ye those loud contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillared state′?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up,′ and tremble at her fate′?

Borne by the tide of words along′,
One voice′, one mind′, inspired the throng‵;
"To arms‵! to arms‵! to arms‵!" they cry‵;
"Grasp‵ the shield′, and draw′ the sword‵;
Lead′ us to Philippi's lord‵;
Let us conquer′ him or die‵."

First′, Fear‵, his hand′, its skill to try′,
Amid the chords bewildered laid‵;
And back recoiled‵, he knew not why′,
E'en at the sound himself′ had made′.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger'? Even according to thy fear', so is thy wrath'.

Where are your gibes' now? your gambols'? your songs'? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar'?

Thus saith the Hīgh and lŏfty One that inhăbiteth etĕrnity, whose name is Hŏly; "I dwĕll in the hīgh and hŏly place."

QUESTIONS. 1. What is inflection? 2. How does the voice slide in the rising inflection? 3. Give an example. 4. How, in the falling inflection? 5. Give an example. 6. How are these inflections marked? 7. Define the circumflex. 8. The monotone. 9 Give an example of each. [See General Examples.]

II. *Rules for the use of Inflections.*

FALLING INFLECTION.

RULE I. Wherever the sense is complete, whether at the close of a sentence, or at any other part of it, the falling inflection is generally proper.

EXAMPLES.

By virtue we secure happiness'.

And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain', and when he was set, his disciples came unto him'.

"Thou art a good natured soul', I will answer for thee'," said my uncle Toby'.

One deed of shame is succeeded by years of penitence'.

The warrior bowed his crested head', and tamed his heart of fire',
And sued his haughty king to free his long imprisoned sire'.

The breeze of night hath sunk to rest,
Upon the river's tranquil breast',
And every bird hath sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy'.

REMARK. In sentences like the following, although the first clause may make complete sense, yet, as the idea intended to be conveyed, is not complete without the succeeding part, the falling inflection is not proper until the close of the sentence.

Beauty appears beautiful', only when united with purity and kindness'.

Persons of good taste expect to be pleased′, at the same time that they are informed‵.

EXCEPTIONS. 1. Negative sentences. See Rule V.
2. Antithesis, in cases where the first member requires the *falling inflection*. See Rule IX., and Exception to Rule IV.
3. Where harmony of sound requires the rising inflection, even though the sense should be complete. See Rule VI.
4. Emphasis. See Rule II., and Article on Emphasis and Inflection, page 42.

RULE II. The language of emphasis inclines to the use of the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Imperative Mood.*

The combat deepens: *On*‵, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave‵, Munich, all thy banners *wave*‵!
And *charge*‵ with all thy chivalry.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On‵ with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

Charge‵, Chester, *charge*‵, *On*‵, Stanley, *on*‵,
Were the last words of Marmion.

Now *set*‵ the *teeth*, and *stretch*‵ the *nostril wide*;
Hold hard‵ the *breath*, and *bend*‵ up every spirit
To its full height! *On*‵, *on*‵, you noble English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!

REMARK. When the imperative mood is used to express gentle entreaty, the *rising* inflection is sometimes used; as, *Let him come back′; Leave me not′ in this extremity.* So also, desire is often expressed by the rising inflection; as, *O that they understood this′, that they would consider their danger′.*

2. *Emphatic Exclamation.*

Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell; and with his dying breath
Declared his name and lineage. *Mighty God*‵!
The soldier cried, my brother! *oh*‵, my *brother*‵!

Thou *slave*‵! thou *wretch*‵! thou *coward*‵!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Ah me‵! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!

3. *Emphatic repetition.*

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said; O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom′, my son′, my son′!

4. *Simple emphasis.*

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger,
Than the *color*‵ of our kind.

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier′? bidding me depend
Upon *thy*‵ stars, *thy*‵ fortune, and *thy*‵ strength′?

Remark. Emphasis, in some few cases, reverses the principle of this rule, and requires the *rising inflection*, apparently for the purpose of calling attention to the idea, by an unusual manner of expressing it. See Art. on Emphasis, pages 39, 42.

Rule III. Interrogative sentences, and members of sentences which *cannot* be answered by "yes" or "no," terminate with the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

How many books did he purchase‵?

What see‵ you, that you frown so heavily‵?

Why shares he not our hunter's fare‵?

They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with the poor‵? None flatter the poor.

What is the usual consequence of this foolish regard to the opinions of others‵? What the end of thus acting in compliance with custom, in opposition to one's own convictions of duty‵?

But how *long*‵ will it be, ere you surmount every difficulty, and draw around you patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know‵ you?

My fault is past.—But oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn‵?

Exception. When questions which would naturally take the falling inflection, become emphatic, or are repeated, they often receive the rising inflection; as, "*Where*′ did you say he has gone′?" "To *whom*′ do you impute the blame?"

RISING INFLECTION.

RULE IV. The introductory part of a sentence, where the sense is left incomplete, generally has the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound′,
Cries′, "Boatman, do not tarry."

If you will now be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments, you may yet recall those opportunities which your supineness has neglected.

If, then, his Providence′,
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good′,
Our labor must be to prevent that end.

As he spoke without fear of consequences′, so his actions were marked with the most unbending resolution.

He′, born for the universe′, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

I′, from the orient to the drooping west′,
Making the wind my post-horse′, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.

Nature being exhausted′, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.

As the whirlwind passeth′, so is the wicked no more.

The nominative addressed, is included under this head.

O Warwick′, I do bend my knee with thine,
And, in this vow′, do chain my soul to thine.

Brother′, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick′,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.

O Lancaster′, I fear thy overthrow.

EXCEPTIONS. 1. When the antithesis, or relative emphasis requires that the introductory clause should receive the falling inflection. See Rule IX.

2. Where the nominative addressed is emphatic or commences a speech.

EXAMPLES OF EXCEPTION.

If you care not for your *property*', you surely love your life'.

If you will not labor for your *own*' advancement, you should regard that of your children'.

It is your place to *obey*', not to command'.

Though by such a course, he should not destroy his *reputation*', he will lose all self-respect'.

O Hubert', Hubert', save me from these men.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers', hear me for my cause, &c.

RULE V. Negative sentences, or members of sentences, *generally* end with the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

My Lord, we could not have had such designs'; they would have been unworthy both of us and you.

It shields not only the dust of the humble'; but the titled and the great are beneath its spreading branches.

It is not sufficient that you wish' to be useful; you must nurse those wishes into action.

It is not for your silver bright';
But for your winsome lady.

I did not mean to complain', I believe I am contented with my lot.

You need not be alarmed', or offended'.

You are not left alone', to climb the steep ascent';—God is with you, who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail', nor th man who seeks his favor, to seek in vain'.

Not such wert thou of yore', ere yet the ax
Had smitten the old woods.

Do not slight him because of his humility', but cherish him for his many virtues.

EXCEPTIONS. 1. Emphasis; as, "We repeat it, we *do not*' desire to produce discord; we do *not*' wish to kindle the flames of a civil war."

2. General propositions; as, "God is not the author of sin\'."
"Thou shalt not kill\'."

RULE VI. When a sentence closes with the *falling* inflection, the *rising* inflection should generally be used, for the sake of harmony, at the last pause before the close.

EXAMPLES.

Charles was extravagant\', and by this means′ became poor\'.

He was a great statesman′, and he was an amiable man\'.

The mountains will be dissolved\', and the earth will vanish′, but God will never cease to exist\'.

Illustrations of this principle may also be found under rule XI.

REMARK. *Emphasis* may reverse this rule. See examples of exception to Rule IV.

RULE VII. Interrogative sentences and members of sentences, which *can* be answered by "yes" or "no," must generally close with the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Can you repeat the seventh rule′?

Has John returned′?

Will no one help or save′?

What! canst thou not spare me half an hour′?

"Is he in the army, then′?" said my uncle Toby.

If it be admitted, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success, is it not the surest′, the happiest′, the best′?

Will not a fair character′, an approving conscience′, and an approving God, be an abundant compensation for a little delay′?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash this crimson hand as white as snow′?

EXCEPTION. When questions, which require the rising inflection, become particularly emphatic, by repetition or otherwise, the *falling inflection* is often used; as, "*Can*\' you be so blind to your interest? *will*\' you rush headlong to destruction?" "I ask again, *is*\' there no hope of reconciliation? *must*\' we abandon all our fond anticipations?"

REMARK. The *answers* to *all questions*, though they generally have the falling inflection, are governed, with regard to their inflections, by the principles applicable to other sentences.

RULE VIII. Interrogative exclamations, and words repeated as a kind of echo to the thought, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Ha'! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

And this fellow calls himself a painter. A painter'! He is not fit to daub the sign of a paltry ale-house.

And this man is called a statesman. A statesman'! Why, he never invented even a decent humbug.

Six moons are his, by Herschel shown;
Herschel', of modern times the boast.

Sir, I should be much surprised to hear the motion made by the honorable gentleman, opposed by any member of this house. A motion', founded in justice, supported by precedent, and warranted by necessity.

I cannot say, sir, which of these motives influence the advocates of the bill before us; a bill', in which such cruelties are proposed as are yet unknown among the most savage nations.

The man who was not only pardoned, but distinguished by you with the highest honors, is charged with an intention to kill you in your own house. An intention', of which, unless you imagine that he is utterly deprived of reason, you cannot suspect him.

BOTH INFLECTIONS.

Antithesis.

RULE IX. The different members of a sentence expressing an antithesis, or contrast, require different inflections; *generally*, the rising inflection in the former member, and the falling inflection in the latter. Sometimes, however, this order is reversed

EXAMPLES.

The style of Dryden is capricious and varied'; that of Pope is cautious and uniform'. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind'; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition'. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid'; Pope is always smooth, uniform,

and gentle\'. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, varied by exuberant vegetation'; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the sythe and leveled by the roller\'.

If the flights of Dryden are higher', Pope continues longer on the wing\'. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter', the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant\'. Dryden often surpasses' expectation, and Pope never falls below\' it.

We are troubled on every side\', yet not distressed'; perplexed\', yet not in despair'; persecuted\', but not forsaken'; cast down', but not destroyed\'.

RULE X. The different members of a sentence united by *or*, used *disjunctively*, require the rising inflection at the first member, and the falling inflection at the second member.

EXAMPLES.

Shall we advance', or retreat\'?

Do you seek wealth', or power\'?

Is the great chain upheld by God', or thee .

"Come, honesty ," said I, "art thou for coming in', or going out\'?"

Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily meal and nightly pillow', or those whose necessities are ministered to by a hundred hands besides their own\'?

Shall we now return to our allegiance, while we may do so with safety and honor', or shall we wait until the ax of the executioner is at our throats\'?

REMARK. Observe, that this rule applies only to *or* used *disjunctively* When used *conjunctively*, the same inflection is used in each member; as Can wealth', or honor', or pleasure', satisfy the immortal soul'?

Series.

A *series* is a number of particulars, immediately following one another. When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called a *commencing series;* where it ends the sentence, whether it begins it or not, it is called a *concluding series.*

RULE XI. In a *commencing series*, the *last* member must have the rising inflection, and all the others, the falling inflection.

In a *concluding series*, the *last* member *but one* must have the rising inflection; all the others, the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES OF COMMENCING SERIES.

To advise the ignorant\, relieve the needy\, comfort the afflicted′, are duties that fall in our way, almost every day of our lives.

War\, famine\, pest\, volcano\, storm\, and fire\,
Intestine broils, oppression with her heart
Wrapped up in triple brass′, besiege mankind\.

The miser is more industrious than the saint. The pains of getting\, the fear of losing\, and the inability of enjoying′ his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages.

The inconveniences of attendance on great men are more lamented than felt. To the greater number, solicitation is its own reward. To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men in power\, to be able to tell the freshest news\, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase or decline of favor\, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices′, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favors, which, perhaps, he that asks them, has hardly the confidence to expect.

Let a man's innocence be what it will′, let his virtues arise to the highest pitch attainable in this life′, there will still be in him so many secret sins\, so many human frailties\, so many offenses of ignorance, passion, and prejudice\, so many unguarded words and thoughts\, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions′, that without the advantage of such an expiation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge.

The wise′ and the foolish\, the virtuous′ and the evil\, the learned′ and the ignorant\, the temperate\ and the profligate′,—must often be blended together.

A royalist\, a republican′ and an emperor\, a Mohammedan\, a Catholic′ and a patron of the synagogue\, a subaltern′ and a sovereign\, a traitor′ and a tyrant\, a christian\ and an infidel′, he was through all vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original.

EXAMPLES OF CONCLUDING SERIES.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste\,

Rocks', deserts', frozen seas', and burning sands',
Wild haunts of monsters', prisons', stings', and death'.
Such is earth's melancholy mass.

Charity is not puffed up', doth not behave itself unseemly', seeketh not her own', is not easily provoked', thinketh no evil', rejoiceth in the truth', beareth' all things, believeth' all things, hopeth' all things, endureth' all things.

Yet in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field', the forest', green and gay,
The dappled slope', the tedded hay';
Sees the reddening orchard' blow,
The harvest wave', the vintage flow';
Sees June unfold her glossy robe
Of thousand hues, o'er all the globe';
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn',
And Plenty load her ample horn'.

There is no blessing of life comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind', clears and improves the understanding', engenders thoughts and knowledge', animates virtues and good resolutions', and finds employment for the most vacant hours of life'.

Inspiring rites! which stimulate fear', rouse hope', kindle zeal', quicken dullness', sharpen discernment', exercise memory', and inflame curiosity'.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion', planted it with a double row of ivory', made it the seat of smiles and blushes', lighted it up and relieved it with the brightness of the eyes', hung it on each side with curious organs of sense', given it airs and graces which cannot be described', and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light'.

Note. In instances of series, the falling inflection prevails, evidently upon the principle of emphasis. Each word or member is to be specified with some degree of force, and this object is in part accomplished, by giving it the falling inflection. The last word or member but one receives the rising inflection, for the sake of harmony of sound, according to Rule V. Emphasis, also, sometimes requires that *every* member should receive the *falling* inflection. When, however, there is a series of words or members which

are not particularly emphatic, the rising or falling inflections are to be used, without reference to the particular character of the sentence as containing a series. In poetry, also, the rising inflection is more frequently used in sentences of this kind than in prose. See Article on Poetic Inflection, page 44.

EXAMPLES.

New York′, Boston′, and Philadelphia′, are large cities.

He was esteemed for his kindness′, his intelligence′, his self-denial′, and his active benevolence‵.

So, where the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind′;
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand′;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light′;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And the bold figure just begins to live′;
The treacherous colors, the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away‵!

Parenthesis.

Rule XII. A clause included in a parenthesis, should be read more rapidly and in a lower tone than the rest of the sentence, and should terminate with the same inflection that next precedes it. If, however, it is complicated, or emphatic, or disconnected with the main subject, the inflections must be governed by the same rules as in other cases.

EXAMPLES.

God is my witness′, (whom I serve with my spirit, in the gospel of his Son′,) that, without ceasing, I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request′, (if, by any means, now at length, I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God′,) to come unto you.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast′, (a slender, white staff with which he journeyed being in his right′,) he introduced himself with the little story of his convent.

If you, Æschines, in particular, were persuaded′, (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give up the hopes, the appliances, the honors, which attended the course I then advised; but

the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point any course more eligible',) if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign these measures now, when you could not then propose a better?

As the the hour of conflict drew near' (and this was a conflict to be dreaded even by him',) he began to waver and to abate much of his boasting.

Circumflex.

RULE XIII. The circumflex is used to express irony, sarcasm, hypothesis, or contrast.

EXAMPLES.

But nôbody can bear the death of Clödius.

Man never ĭs, but always to bê, blest.

Thêy follow an adventurer whom they fĕar; wĕ serve a monarch whom we lôve. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, thĕy will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themsĕlves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride. They offer us their protection: yes, sŭch protection as vŭltures give to lămbs, cövering and devôuring them.

Monotone.

RULE XIV. The use of the monotone is confined chiefly to grave and solemn subjects. When carefully and properly employed, it gives great dignity to delivery.

EXAMPLES.

The unbeliever! one who can gāze upon the ṣūn, and mōōn, and stārs, and upon the unfāding and impērishable sky, spread out so magnificently abōve him, and sāy, "All this is the wōrk of chānce."

God wālketh on the ōcean. Brīlliantly
The glāssy waters mīrror back his smīles;
The sūrging billows, and the gāmboling stōrms
Come crōuching to his fēēt.

I hāil thee, as in gōrgeous rōbes,
Blōōming, thou lēav'st the chāmbers of the ēast,
Crōwned with a gēmmed tiāra thick embōssed
With stūds of līving light.

Hīgh on a thrōne of rōyal stāte, which fār
Outshōne the wēalth of Ormus and the Ind;

Or where the gōrgeous ēast, with rīchest hānd,
Shōwers oñ her kīngs, barbāric pēarls and gōld,
Sātan exālted sāt.

His brōad expānded wīngs
Lay cālm and mōtionless upōn the āir,
As if he flōated thēre withōut their āid,
By the sōle āct of his unlōrded wīll.

Questions. 1. Name the several principles which govern the use of the falling inflection. 2. Give an example of each. 3. In what cases, is the rising inflection used? 4. Give examples. 5. In what cases are the two inflections united in the same sentence? 6. What is antithesis? 7. What is a series? 8. A commencing series? 9. A concluding series? 10. Give an example of each. 11. Give the rule for series. 12. For antithesis. 13. How does the disjunctive *or* influence the inflection? 14. Give an example. 15. What is the rule for inflection in a clause contained in a parenthesis? 16. When is the circumflex used? 17. When is the monotone used?

SECTION III.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

Accent.

That syllable in any word which is uttered more forcibly than the others, is said to be *accented*; as the italicized syllables in the following words; viz. *morn*-ing, *ty*-rant, pro-*cure*, de-*bate*, *pos*-si-ble, re-*cum*-bent, ex-*or*-bit-ant, com-pre-*hen*-sive. Accent, when marked, is denoted by the same characters with those used in inflection; the acute accent, by (/), and the grave, by (\). The latter is merely a nominal distinction, and means only, that the syllable thus marked is *not accented at all*. *Custom* alone determines upon which syllable the accent should be placed, and to the lexicographer it belongs, to ascertain and record its decision on this point. In some few cases, we can trace the *reasons* for common usage in this respect. In words which are used as different parts of speech, the distinction is sometimes denoted by changing the accent; as, *pres'-ent*, the noun or adjective, and *pre-sent'*, the verb; *ab'-sent*, the adjective, and *ab-sent'*, the verb; *ce'-ment*, the noun, and *ce-ment'*, the verb, &c. So also where the same word has different meanings, this is sometimes indicated by a change of accent; as, *con'-jure*, to practice enchantment, and *con-jure'*, to beseech, &c. There is another case, in which we discover the reason for changing the accent, and that is, when it is required by emphasis, as in sentences like the following:

His *abil'*ity or *in'*ability to perform the act, materially varies the case.

This cor*rup'*tion must put on *in'*corruption.

In words of more than two syllables, there is often a second accent given, but more slightly than the principal one, and this is called the *secondary* accent; as, *car''avan'*, *rep'*ar*tee''*, where the principal accent is marked (''), and the secondary, ('); so, also, this accent is obvious, in *nav'*i*ga''*tion, *com'*pre*hen''*sion, *plau'*si*bil''*ity, &c. This whole subject, however, properly belongs to dictionaries and spelling-books.

Emphasis.

Emphasis consists in a certain manner of uttering a word or phrase, designed to give it force and energy, and to draw the attention of the hearer, particularly, to the idea thereby expressed. This is most frequently accomplished by an increased stress of voice laid upon the word or phrase. The inflections, also, are made subsidiary to this object. To give emphasis to a word, the *inflection* is often changed or increased in force or extent. Where the rising inflection is ordinarily used, the word, when emphatic, frequently takes the falling inflection; and sometimes, also, the falling inflection is changed into the rising, for the same purpose. Sometimes, though more rarely, the same object is effected by an unusual lowering of the voice, even down to a whisper. Emphatic words are often denoted by being written in *italics*, or in capitals.

I. *Absolute Emphasis.*

Where the emphasis is independent of any contrast or comparison with other words or ideas, it is called *absolute emphasis*.

EXAMPLES.

We *praise* thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the *Lord*.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, *roll*.

Arm, warriors, *arm!*

You know that you are Brutus, that speak thus,
Or, *by the Gods*, this speech were else your last,

Hamlet. Saw *who?*
Horatio. The *king*, your *father*.
Hamlet. The *king* my *father?*

The game's afoot;
Follow upon your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry "*God* for Harry, *England*, and *Saint George*."

She was the rainbow to thy sight,
Thy *sun*, thy *heaven* of lost delight.

The old Lion of England grows youthful again;
He *rouses*—he *rises*—he bristles his mane.

Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your *native land*.

II. *Relative Emphasis.*

Where there is antithesis, either expressed or implied, the emphasis is called *relative*.

EXAMPLES.

We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.

But I am describing *your* condition, rather than my *own*.

I fear not *death*, and shall I then fear *thee?*

Hunting *men*, and not *beasts*, shall be his game.

He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world*.

It may *moderate* and *restrain*, but was not designed to *banish* gladness from the heart of man.

In the following examples, there are two sets of antithesis in the same sentence.

John was *punished*; *William*, *rewarded*.

Without were *fightings*, *within* were *fears*.

Business sweetens *pleasure*, as *labor* sweetens *rest*.

Justice appropriates *rewards* to *merit*, and *punishments* to *crime*.

On the *one* side, all was *alacrity* and *courage*; on the *other*, all was *timidity* and *indecision*.

The *wise* man is happy when he gains his *own* approbation, the *fool*, when he gains the applause of *others*.

His care was to *polish* the country by *art*, as he had *protected* it by *arms*.

In the following examples the relative emphasis is applied to three sets of antithetic words.

The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the *former* reasons *justly* from *false* data; and the *latter*, *erroneously*, from *just* data.

He raised a *mortal to* the *skies*,
She drew an *angel down*.

Sometimes the antithesis is implied, as in the following instances.

The spirit of the *white* man's heaven, forbids not *thee* to weep.

What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die *tamely?* die *alone?*

At *my* nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at *my* birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

III. *Emphasis and Accent.*

When words, which are the same in part of their formation, are contrasted, the emphasis is expressed by accenting the syllable in which they differ. See Accent, page 39.

EXAMPLES.

What is the difference between *prob*ability and *pos*sibility?

Learn to *un*learn what you have learned amiss.

John attends *re*gularly, William, *ir*regularly.

There is a great difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.

The conduct of Antoninus was characterized by justice and humanity; that of Nero, by *in*justice and *in*humanity.

The conduct of the former is deserving of *ap*probation, while that of the latter merits the severest *rep*robation.

IV. *Emphasis and Inflection.*

Emphasis sometimes changes the inflection from the rising to the falling, or from the falling to the rising. For instances of the former change, see Rule II. and exception to Rule IV. In the first three following examples, the inflection is changed from the rising to the falling inflection; in the last three, it is changed from the falling to the rising, by the influence of emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

If we have no regard for religion in *youth*', we ought to have some respect for it in *age'*.

If we have no regard for our *own*' character, we ought to regard the character of *others'*.

If content cannot *remove*' the disquietudes of life, it will, at least, *alleviate'* them.

The sweetest melody and the most perfect harmony, fall powerless upon the ear of one who is *deaf'*.

It is useless to expatiate upon the beauties of nature to one who is *blind.'*

And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are *brethren'*; but rather let them do them service.

V. *Emphatic Phrase.*

When it is desired to give to a phrase great force of expression, each word, and even the parts of a compound word, are independently emphasized.

EXAMPLES.

Cassius. Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! *Aye,—more.* Fret, till your *proud—heart—break*

What. weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's *vesture* wounded? Look ye here!
Here is *him-self.*

There was a time, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters, both by sea and land; while this state had not one ship—no, NOT—ONE—WALL.

Shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this HALF—YEAR—CAPTAIN?

You call me *misbeliever*,—*cut-throat*—*dog*.
Hath a *dog*—*money?* Is it *possible*—
A *cur* can lend *three*—*thousand*—*ducats?*

VI. *Emphatic Pause.*

A short pause is often made before or after, and sometimes both before and after an emphatic word or phrase, thus very much increasing the emphatic expression of the thought.

EXAMPLES.

May one be pardoned, and *retain*—the offense?
In the corrupted currents of *this* world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by—*justice;*
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so—*above:*
There—is no shuffling: *there*—the action lies
In its true nature.

Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious courts?
Here—feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference.

This—is no—*flattery: These*—are counselors
That *feelingly* persuade me what I am.
And *this*—our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds *tongues*—in *trees; books*—in the running *brooks;*
Sermons—in *stones;* and—*good* in *every* thing.

Heaven gave this Lyre, and thus decreed.
Be thou a *bruised*—but not a *broken*—reed.

QUESTIONS. 1. When is a syllable said to be accented? 2. Give examples. 3. How is the accent, when marked, denoted? 4. By what authority is the accent determined? 5. To whom does it belong to record usage in this respect? 6. In what cases can we perceive the reason for the accent? 7. Give examples of the first case. 8. Of the second. 9. Of the third. 10. Explain the secondary accent. 11. Give examples. 12. What is EMPHASIS? 13. What is its object? 14. How is this object most frequently accomplished? 15. In what other ways is it also affected? 16. How is emphasis denoted? 17. What is *absolute emphasis?* 18. Give examples. 19. What is *relative emphasis?* 20. Give examples. 21. How is accent affected by emphasis? 22. Give examples. 23. How are inflections affected by it? 24. Give an example in which the inflection is changed from the rising to the falling, by the force of emphasis. 25. Give one, in which it is changed from the falling to the rising. 26. What is an *emphatic phrase?* 27. Give an example. 28. What is meant by the *emphatic pause?* 29. Give an example.

SECTION IV.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR READING VERSE.

I. *Inflections.*

In reading verse, the inflections should be *nearly* the same as in reading prose; the chief difference is, that in poetry, the monotone and rising inflection are more frequently used than in prose. The greatest difficulty in reading or declaiming this species of composition, consists in giving it that measured flow which distinguishes it from prose, without falling into a chanting pronunciation which makes it ridiculous. In order to surmount this difficulty, it will be well sometimes to pronounce the lesson exactly as if it were prose, before attempting to read it with poetical graces.

If, at any time, the reader is in doubt as to the proper inflection, let him reduce the passage to earnest conversation, and pronounce it in the most familiar and prosaic manner, and he will generally fall into the inflection which should be adopted.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS.

Meanwhile the south wind rose', and with black wings
Wide hovering', all the clouds together drove
From under heaven': the hills to their supply',
Vapor and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain': and now, the thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood': down rushed the rain
Impetuous', and continued till the earth
No more was seen': the floating vessel swam
Uplifted', and secure with beaked prow',
Rode tilting o'er the waves'.

My friend', adown life's valley', hand in hand',
With grateful change of grave and merry speech
Or song, our hearts unlocking each to each',
We'll journey onward to the silent land';
And when stern death shall loose that loving band,
Taking in his cold hand, a hand of ours',
The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers'
Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned'.
My friend and brother'! if thou goest first',
Wilt thou no more re-visit me below'?
Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly',
And swells', not dreaming why',—my soul shall know
That thou', unseen', art bending o'er me'.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth′,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown‵;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth′,
And melancholy marked him for her own‵;

Large was his bounty′, and his soul sincere‵;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send‵.
He gave to misery all he had′—a tear‵;
He gained from Heaven′, (′twas all he wished′,) a friend .

No further seek his merits to disclose′,
Or draw his frailties from their last abode′,
(There, they, alike′, in trembling hope repose′,)
The bosom of his father and his God‵.

II. *Accent and Emphasis.*

In reading verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis as in prose; and whenever the *melody* or *music* of the verse would lead to an *incorrect* accent or emphasis, this must be disregarded. If a poet has made his verse deficient in melody, this must not be remedied by the reader, at the expense of sense or the established rules of accent and quantity. Take the following example.

O′er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode,
Of thrones, and mighty Seraphim pros*trate*.

According to the *metrical* accent the last word must be pronounced "pros*trate*′." But according to the authorized pronunciation it is "*pros*′trate." Which shall yield, the poet or established usage? Certainly not the latter.

Some writers advise a compromise of the matter, and that the word should be pronounced without accenting either syllable. Sometimes this may be done, but where it is not practicable, the prosaic reading should be preserved.

In the following examples, the words and syllables which are *improperly accented* or *emphasized* in the poetry, are marked in *italics*. According to the principle stated above, the reader should avoid giving them that pronunciation which the correct reading of the *poetry* would require, but should read them as prose, except where he can throw of all accent, and thus compromise the conflict between the poetic reading and the correct reading. That is, he must read the *poetry wrong*, in order to read the language *right*.

EXAMPLES.

Ask *of* thy mother earth why oaks are made
Tal*ler* and stronger than the weeds they shade.

Their praise is still, "the style is excel*lent*,"
The sense they humbly take upon content.

False elo*quence*, like *the* prismatic glass,
Its fairy colors spreads on every place.

To do aught good, nev*er* will be our task,
But ever *to* do ill our sole delight.

Of all the causes which combine to blind
Man's erring judgment, *and* mislead the mind,
What *the* weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly *as* it flies,
And catch the manners living *as* they rise.

To whom, then first incensed, A*dam* replied,
"Is this thy love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve?"

We may, with more successful hope, resolve
To wage, by force or guile, successful war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe
Who now tri*umphs*, and in excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven.

Yet there will still be bards; though fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankin*cense* to human thought;
And the unquiet feeling which first awoke
Long *in* the world, will seek what they there sought;
As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
Thus to their *ex*treme verge, the passions brought,
Dash into poetry, which *is* but passion,
Or *at* least was so, ere it grew a fashion.

Oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with *ob*scure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprise.

Which, when Beelzebub perceived, (than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat,) with grave
As*pect*, he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state.

In his own image he
Created thee, in the im*age* of God

Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then blessed mankind and said,
Be fruitful, multiply and fill the earth.

Thus what thou desirest
And what thou fearest, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example, and future.

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equal'd with me in fate.

All sorts are here, that all earth yields,
Variety without end, but *of* the tree
Which tasted, works knowledge of good and ill,
Thou mayest not taste.

The frantic madman, too
In whose confused brain reason had lost
Her reins, grew sober, and his chains fell off.

NOTE. The principle which has been stated and exemplified in the preceding examples, admits of a few exceptions; but as they cannot be classified in such a way as to furnish a safe guide to any but *practiced* readers, the rule has been laid down as one without *exception*. Those who are desirous of pursuing the examination of the subject further, and to see the exceptions reduced to the form of rules, may consult Walker's Rhetorical Grammar, pp. 164—5—6—7.

III. *Poetic Pauses.*

In order to make the measure of poetry perceptible to the ear, there should generally be a slight pause at the end of each line, even where the sense does not require it. But there is *great danger* of making the pause too long and distinct. Now the error of making *no* pause except where it is indicated by the punctuation, or required by the sense, is far less destructive to the beauty of delivery, than that of making *too long* a pause. Perhaps, therefore, it would be as well that *very young* pupils should be permitted to disregard this rhythmical pause. When they have been prepared, by faithful practice under the preceding rules, they can, with more safety, be brought to those exercises, which require a more cultivated ear, and a more refined taste.

There is, also, in almost every line in poetry, a pause at or near its middle, which is called the *Cesura*. This must be carefully observed in reading verse, or much of the harmony will be

lost. It should, however, never be so placed as to injure the sense of the passage. It is indeed reckoned a great beauty, where it naturally coincides with the pause required by the sense. This cesura, though *generally* placed near the middle, may be placed at other intervals. There are sometimes also two additional pauses in each line, called demi-cesuras. The cesura is marked thus (‖), and the demi-cesura thus (|), in the examples given. There is also to be observed a marked accent upon the long syllable next preceding the cesura, and a slighter one upon that next before each of the demi-cesuras. These pauses and accents constitute chiefly the melody of poetry. When made too prominent, however, they lead to a sing-song style, which should be carefully avoided. See Lesson XXIX.

In the following examples the cesura is marked in each line, the demi-cesura in a few cases only.

EXAMPLES.

Nature | to all things ‖ fixed | the limits fit,
And wisely | curbed ‖ proud man's | pretending art.

As on | the land ‖ while here | the ocean gains,
In other | parts ‖ it leaves | wide sandy plains.

So when an angel ‖ by divine command,
With rising tempests ‖ shakes a guilty land.

Then from his closing eyes ‖ thy form shall part,
And the last pang ‖ shall tear thee from his heart.

Know then thyself;‖ presume not God to scan;
The proper study ‖ of mankind is man.

There is a land ‖ of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven ‖ o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter scenes ‖ dispense serener light,
And milder moons ‖ imparadise the night;
Oh, thou shalt find,‖ howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land—thy country ‖ and that spot—thy home.

In slumbers | of midnight ‖ the sailor | boy lay,
His hammock | swung loose ‖ at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn | and weary ‖ his cares | flew away,
And visions | of happiness ‖ danced | o'er his mind.

His falchion flashed ‖ along the Nile;
His hosts he led ‖ through Alpine snows,

O'er Moscow's towers ‖ that blazed awhile,
His eagle flag ‖ unrolled and froze.

No self-plumed vanity ‖ was there,
With fancy's consequence ‖ elate;
Unknown to her ‖ the haughty air
That means to speak ‖ superior state.

You may as well ‖ go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main-flood ‖ bate his usual height;
You may as well ‖ use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made ‖ the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well ‖ forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, ‖ and to make no noise,
When they are fretted ‖ with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well ‖ do any thing that 's hard,
As seek to soften ‖ that,(than which, what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

Now the hungry ‖ lion roars,
And the wolf ‖ behowls the moon;
While the heavy ‖ plowman snores,
With his weary ‖ task foredone.

Now the wasted ‖ brands do glow,
While the screech-owl ‖ screeching loud,
Puts the wretch ‖ that lies in woe,
In remembrance ‖ of his shroud.

She said | and struck; ‖ deep entered | in her side
The piercing steel, ‖ with reeking purple dyed:
Clogged | in the wound, ‖ the cruel | weapon stands,
The spouting blood ‖ came streaming o'er her hands
Her sad attendants ‖ saw the deadly stroke,
And with | loud cries ‖ the sounding | palace shook.

IV. *Simile.*

A Simile, in poetry, should be read in a lower tone of voice, than other parts of the passage.

EXAMPLES.

(The Similes are put in Italics.)

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amid confusion, horror, and despair,

Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons, sent the timely aid;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So, when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
(Such as of late, o'er pale Britannia passed,)
Calm and serene, he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds.———
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind. Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides———
———felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea.

———Each at the head,
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, *as when two black clouds,*
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rolling on
Over the Caspian, there stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join the dark encounter, in mid-air:
So frowned the mighty combatants.

Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo:
The cup was vanished; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered, stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,—

So seemed the sire, when first upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.

While o'er the foam, the ship impetuous flies,
The attentive pilot still the helm applies;
As in pursuit along the aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space;
So, governed by the statesman's glowing hands,
The regent helm, her motion still commands.

QUESTIONS. 1. What is the difference between the inflections proper in prose and in verse? 2. What is the principal difficulty in reading poetry correctly? 3. How may this difficulty be overcome? 4. If there should be doubt as to the proper inflection, how may the inflection be determined? 5. If the poetical accent or emphasis conflicts with the common and authorized pronunciation, which should yield? 6. How may the difficulty sometimes be compromised? 7. Illustrate this by examples. 8. What pauses are peculiar to poetry? 9. What danger is there with regard to poetical pauses? 10. How is it to be avoided? 11. What caution should be observed with regard to the cesura? 12. How should a simile be read in poetry?

SECTION V.

CULTIVATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

I. *Instructions for acquiring Strength and Compass of Voice.*

"THE first object of every speaker's attention, is to have a smooth, even, full tone of voice. If nature has not given him such a voice, he must endeavor, as much as possible, to acquire it; nor ought he to despair; for such is the force of exercise upon the organs of speech, that constant practice will strengthen the voice in any key to which we accustom it. That key, therefore, which is the most natural, and which we have the greatest occasion to use, should be the key we ought the most diligently to improve.

Every one has a certain pitch of voice in which he can speak most easily to himself and most agreeably to others; this may be called the natural pitch; this is the pitch in which we converse; and this must be the basis of every improvement we acquire from art and exercise. In order, therefore, to strengthen this middle tone, we ought to read and speak in it, as loud as possible, without suffering the voice to rise into a higher key. This, however, is no easy operation. It is not very difficult to be loud in a high tone, but to be loud and forcible without raising the voice into a higher key, requires great practice and management.

The best method of acquiring this power of voice, is to prac-

tice reading and speaking some strong, animated passages, in a small room, and to persons placed at as small a distance as possible; for, as we naturally raise our voice to a higher key, where we speak to people at a great distance, so we naturally lower our key, as those, to whom we speak, come nearer. When, therefore, we have no idea of being heard at a distance, the voice will not be so apt to rise into a higher key when we wish to be forcible; and, consequently, exerting as much force as we are able, in a small room, and to people near us, will tend to swell and strengthen the voice, in the middle tone."*

Low tones of Voice

May be acquired and strengthened, by practice on such pieces as naturally require a pitch a little below the natural or conversational tone; such, for example, as contain the expression of hatred, scorn, or reproach, as well as those of a very grave and solemn character. When the student can pronounce such pieces with ease and force, let him practice them on a little lower note, and so on, until the voice has been sufficiently cultivated in that direction.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fears:
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these pains and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and sweat,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave.

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Being sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

* Walker's Rhetorical Grammar, p. 245.

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste;
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their sweetest prospects, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full.

God! thou art mighty!—At thy footstool bound,
Lie, gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.
Woe, in thy frown—in thy smile, victory!
Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, all omnipotent, to thee.

What eye
Has not been dazzled by thy majesty?
Where is the ear that has not heard thee speak?
Thou breathest! forest-oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks toward the skies!
Thou thunderest! adamantine mountains break,
Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven!
Thou lightenest! and the rocks inflame; thy power
Of fire, to their metallic bosom driven,
Melts and devours them; lo! they are no more;
They pass away like wax in the fierce flame,
Or the thick mists that frown upon the sun,
Which he but glances at, and they are gone

High tones of Voice

May be acquired, by a process similar to that just described. Select such passages as require a high key, and read them with the utmost possible force. Then pitch the voice a little higher, at each successive reading, and so on until the end is accomplished. Speaking in the open air, at the very top of the voice, is an exercise admirably adapted to strengthen the voice and give it compass, and should be frequently practiced.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

What was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, active, and honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defense against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia our barrier on the mid-land side? the cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark in that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution, to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its progress, up to our own harbor? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded, by seasonable detachments at Tenedos? to exert himself in the assembly for this purpose? while with equal zeal he labored to gain others to our interest? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective? And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourself on Cassius;
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked by a bondsman, all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into his teeth.

O ye judges! it was not by human counsel, nor by any thing less than the immediate care of the immortal Gods, that this event has taken place. The very divinities themselves who beheld that monster fall, seemed to be moved, and to have inflicted their vengeance upon him. I appeal to, I call to witness you, O ye hills and groves of Alba! you, the demolished Alban altars! ever accounted holy by the Romans, and co-eval with our religion, but which Clodius, in his mad fury, having first cut down and leveled the most sacred groves, had sunk under heaps of common buildings; I appeal to you; I call you to witness, whether your altars, your divinities, your powers, which he had polluted with all kinds of wickedness, did not avenge themselves when this wretch was extirpated? And thou, oh holy Jupiter! from the height of thy sacred mount, whose lakes, groves, and boundaries, he had so often contaminated with his detestable impurities; and you, the other deities, whom he had insulted, at length opened your eyes, to punish this enormous offender. By you, by you, and in your sight, was the slow, but the righteous and merited vengeance executed upon him.

II. *Fullness and Rotundity of Voice.*

By this term is meant that quality of voice, to which the Romans gave the name of "ore rotundo," because the sounds are formed with a "round, open mouth." It is exemplified in the hailing of a ship, "ship aho——y;" in the reply of the sailor, when, in the roar of the storm, he answers his captain, "ay——e, ay——e;" and in the command of the officer to his troops, when, amid the thunder of artillery he gives the order, "ma——rch," or "ha——lt."

This fullness or roundness of tone is secured, by dwelling on the *vowel sound*, and indefinitely protracting it. The mouth should be opened wide, the tongue kept down, and the aperture left as round, and as free for the voice as possible.

It is this artificial rotundity, which, in connection with a distinct articulation, enables the field orator, or one who speaks in a very large apartment, to send his voice to the most distant point. It is a certain degree of this quality, which distinguishes declamatory, or public speaking or reading, from private conversation, and no one can accomplish much, as a public speaker, without cultivating it. It must be carefully distinguished from the "high tone," which is an elevation of *pilch*, and from "loudness," or "strength" of voice, both which qualities have been treated of, in the preceding article.

[Let the pupil practice upon examples like the following, dwelling upon the sounds of the *italicized vowels*.]

(*Loud and Full.*)

O, r*i*ghteous He*a*ven! ere Fr*ee*dom f*ou*nd a gr*a*ve,
Wh*y* slept the sw*o*rd, omnipotent to s*a*ve?
Where was th*i*ne *a*rm, *O* vengeance? where th*y* r*o*d,
That sm*o*te the f*o*es of Z*i*on and of G*o*d?

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him, when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll hall*oo*—MORTIMER!
I' ll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but MORTIMER, and give it him.

Woe! woe! woe! to the inhabitants of Jerusalem!

(*Low, Soft, and Full.*)

O sw*ea*r not by the m*oo*n, the inconstant m*oo*n,
That m*o*nthly ch*a*nges in her circled *o*rb,
Lest that th*y* l*o*ve pr*o*ve likewise v*a*riable.

O s*a*ilor b*oy*! woe to thy dr*ea*m of del*i*ght!
O s*a*ilor b*oy*! s*a*ilor b*oy*! never again
Shall h*o*me, l*o*ve, or kindred, th*y* wishes rep*ay*,
*U*nblessed, and *u*nhonored, d*o*wn d*ee*p in the m*a*in,
F*u*ll many a sc*o*re f*a*thom, th*y* fr*a*me shall dec*ay*.

III. *Management of the Voice.*

On this subject we can do nothing better than lay before the student an extract from Mr. Walker's excellent "Rhetorical Grammar."

"As the voice naturally slides into a higher tone, when we want to speak louder, but *not so easily* into a lower tone, when we want to speak more softly, the first care of every reader and speaker ought to be, to acquire the power of lowering the voice when it is got too high. Experience shows us that we can raise our voice at pleasure, to any pitch it is capable of; but the same experience tells us, that it requires infinite art and practice to bring the voice to a lower key, when it is once raised too high. It ought, therefore, to be a first principle with all public readers and speakers, rather to begin *under* the common level of the voice, than *above* it.

Every one, therefore, who would acquire a variety of tone, in public reading or speaking, must avoid, as the greatest evil, a loud and vociferous beginning; and, for this purpose, it would be prudent in a reader or speaker, to adapt his voice as if only to be heard by the person nearest to him. If his voice has natural strength, and the subject any thing impassioned in it, a higher and louder tone will insensibly steal on him, and his greatest address must be directed to keep it within bounds. For this purpose, it will be frequently necessary for him to recall his voice, as it were, from the extremities of his auditory, and direct it to those who are nearest to him. Nothing will so powerfully work on the voice, as supposing ourselves conversing at different intervals, with different parts of the auditory.

If, in the course of reading, the voice should slide into a higher tone, and this tone too often recur, care must be taken to throw in a variety, by beginning subsequent sentences in a lower tone, and (if the subject will admit of it) in a *monotone;* for the monotone, it is presumed, is the most efficacious means of bringing the voice from high to low, and of altering it when it has been too long in the same key."*

With regard to those changes of tone which are required by the character of the sentiment uttered, such as a sudden transition from high to low, or the contrary, plaintiveness or expressiveness of voice, a slow or quick delivery, and other things of a like nature, rules seem to be unnecessary, and even to impede improvement. The general principle, that we must be governed by the promptings of nature, is the only rule here applicable. Such changes, however, will be marked in the examples given under the appropriate head.

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* Rhetorical Grammar, pp. 249—50.

QUESTIONS. 1. What, with regard to the voice, is an important object of every speaker's attention? 2. What key ought he most diligently to improve? 3. What is meant by the natural pitch? 4. How may this be cultivated? 5. What difficulty is there in doing this? 6. What is the best method of obviating this difficulty? 7. How may the *lower tones* of the voice be strengthened? 8. How may *high tones* of voice be acquired? 9. Is it easier to *raise* the voice, or to *lower* it? 10. In what tone ought a speaker to commence? 11. What is especially to be avoided in the beginning? 12. In what way may the voice, if it has got too high, be brought down?

SECTION VI.

Gesture.

IT is not designed, in this book, to give a minute system of rules and instructions on the subject of Gesture. That would be a difficult task without the assistance of plates; and even with their aid, any directions must be very imperfect, without the example and illustrations of the living teacher, as the speaking model. It will be sufficient to give some general hints, by means of which the student may form rules, or pursue a discipline for himself.

Gesture is that part of the speaker's manner, which pertains to his attitude, to the use and carriage of his person, and the movement of his limbs in delivery.

Every person, in beginning to speak, feels the natural embarrassment resulting from his new position. The novelty of the situation destroys his self-possession, and, with the loss of that, he becomes awkward,—his arms and hands hang clumsily,—and now, for the first time, seem to him worse than superfluous members. This embarrassment will be overcome gradually, as the speaker becomes familiar with his position; and it is sometimes overcome at once, by a powerful exercise of the attention upon the matter of the speech. When that fills and possesses the mind, the orator insensibly takes the attitude which is becoming, and, at least, easy and natural, if not graceful.

1st. The first general direction that should be given to the speaker is, that he should stand erect and firm, and in that posture that gives an expanded chest, and full play to the organs of respiration and utterance.

2d. Let the attitude be such that it can be shifted with ease, and without shuffling and hitching the limbs. The student will find, by trial, that no attitude is so favorable to this end, as that in which the weight of the body is thrown upon one limb, leaving the other free to be advanced or thrown back, as fatigue or the proper action of delivery may require.

The student, who has any regard to grace or elegance, will of course avoid all the gross faults which are so common among

public speakers, such as resting one foot upon stools and benches, or throwing the body lazily forward upon the support of the rostrum.

3d. Next to attitude, come the movements of the person and limbs. In these, two objects are to be observed, and, if possible, combined, viz. *propriety*, and *grace*. There is expression in the extended arm, the clinched hand, the open palm, and the smiting of the breast. But let no gesture be made that is not in harmony with the thought or sentiment that is uttered; for it is this harmony which constitutes propriety. As far as possible, let there be a correspondence between the style of action and the strain of thought. Where the thought flows on calmly and sweetly, let there be the same graceful and easy flow of gesture and action. Where the style is sharp and abrupt, there is propriety in the quick, short, and abrupt gesticulation. Especially avoid that ungraceful sawing of the air with the arms, into which an ill-regulated fervor betrays many young speakers.

What is called a *graceful manner*, can only be obtained by those who have some natural advantages of person. So far as it is in the reach of study or practice, it seems to depend chiefly upon the general cultivation of manners, implying freedom from all embarrassment, and entire self-possession. We do not expect to see grace in the movements of a man whose figure is bent, or whose limbs are stiff and rigid with labor or the infirmities of age. Every one understands the difference between the man whose figure moves to and fro with the alternate emotions of his bosom, and the man who is bolt upright, or the one who changes his attitude with a jerk or convulsion. Every one understands the difference between the motion of the arm that moves in a graceful curve, and one that is thrust forward in a straight line. The whole secret, then, of acquiring a graceful style of gesture, we apprehend, lies in the habitual practice, not only when speaking, but at all times, of free and graceful movements of the limbs.

There is no limb or feature, which the accomplished speaker will not employ with effect, in the course of a various and animated delivery. But the arms are the chief reliance of the orator in gesture; and it will not be amiss to give a hint or two, in reference to their proper use.

And *first*;—It is not an uncommon fault to use one arm exclusively, and to give that a uniform movement. Such movement may, sometimes, have grown habitual from one's profession or employment. But in learners, also, there is often a predisposition to this fault.

Secondly;—It is not unusual to see a speaker use only the lower half of his arm. This always gives a stiff and constrained

manner to delivery. Let the whole arm move, and let the movement be free and flowing.

Thirdly;—As a general rule, let the hand be open, with the fingers slightly curved. It then seems liberal, communicative, and candid; and, in some degree, gives that expression to the style of delivery. Of course, there are passages which require the clinched hand, the pointed finger, &c.; but these are used to give a particular expression.

Fourthly;—In the movements of the arm, study variety and the grace of curved lines.

When a gesture is made with one arm only, the *eye* should be cast in the direction of that arm; not *at* it, but *over* it.

All speakers employ, more or less, the motions of the head. In reference to that member, we make but one observation. Avoid the continuous bobbing and shaking of the head, which is so conspicuous in the action of many ambitious public speakers.

The beauty and force of all gesture consists in the timely, judicious, and natural employment of it, when it can serve to illustrate the meaning, or give emphasis to the force of an important passage. The usual fault of young speakers is too much action. To emphasize all parts alike, is equivalent to no emphasis; and by employing forcible gestures on unimportant passages, we diminish our power to render other parts impressive.

With these general remarks, we leave the subject to the good sense and the good taste of the intelligent teacher.

QUESTIONS. 1. What is the first general direction with regard to gesture? 2. What attitude is the most favorable for free motion? 3. What gross faults are mentioned? 4. What two objects are to be observed with regard to the movements? 5. With what should every gesture be in harmony? 6. How can what is called a *graceful manner* be best obtained? 7. What is the first direction with regard to the use of the arms? 8. What is the second? 9. What is the third? 10. What is the fourth? 11. What remark with regard to the motion of the head? 12. In what does the beauty and force of all gesture consist? 13. What is the usual fault of young speakers?

TO TEACHERS.

In the Second Part, some lessons are given with a rhetorical notation, and such remarks are added, as are deemed appropriate.

In Articulation, as the exercises are already extensive, a few lessons only are added, *especially* adapted to the purpose of practice. Let it be remembered, that *every word*, in *every lesson*, is an exercise in articulation. It is only by constant practice in this fundamental element of elocution, that an easy, correct, and distinct enunciation can be attained and preserved.

In the lessons upon Inflection, a few simple principles are first stated, and illustrated by lessons, and to these are added new ones at the head of each division, until, at last, an epitome of the whole subject is presented. Thus the subject is opened, by degrees, until all its principles are placed before the mind connectedly. This plan of presenting the subject, it is believed, will commend itself to the teacher.

In Emphasis and Poetry, a synopsis is also placed at the head of each division, and the lessons for practice include all the previous notation.

With regard to the lessons on Modulation, a single remark seems necessary. The tone and manner, in which emotion is expressed, are instinctive. A proper expression can be given, only by imbibing the spirit of the subject. In the notation, high and low tones are specifically indicated. Loudness is sufficiently denoted, in most cases, by emphasis.

A considerable number of lessons are added at the close of the Second Part, exhibiting all the principles connectedly. Occasionally, a lesson is without notation, that the pupil may learn to apply the principles as he progresses, and, in the Third Part, he is left chiefly to his own judgment and the aid of his teacher.

The following characters are used in the Second Part.

The rising inflection is denoted by	(/)
The falling inflection ,, ,, ...	(\)
The rising circumflex ,, ,, ...	(∪)
The falling circumflex ,, ,, ...	(∧)
The monotone, by a line placed over the vowel . .	(–)
Emphatic words are denoted by italics or capitals.	
The emphatic pause, by a line before or after the word	(—)
The cesura is denoted by	(‖)
The demicesura ,, ,, ...	(|)
A high tone ,, ,, ...	(*h*)
A higher tone ,, ,, ...	(*hh*)
A low tone ,, ,, ...	(*l*)
A still lower tone ,, ...	(*ll*)

PART SECOND.

Lessons in Reading, with Rhetorical Notation.

EXERCISES ON ARTICULATION.

LESSON I.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

—— * * * They looked round on every side, and hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves; the long grass was bowed to the earth; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets; birds, leaving their nests to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings and fell upon the earth; the frightened animals of the plain, almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind, sought safety, and found destruction; some of the largest trees were torn up by the roots; the sluices of the mountains were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before empty gullies. The heavens now open, and the lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind.

In a moment, all was again hushed. Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder—the roar of the wind—the rush of the waters—the moaning of the beasts—the screaming of the birds! Nothing was heard save the plash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

Again, greater darkness enveloped the trembling earth. Anon, the heavens were rent with lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from the lowering firmament. For an instant, the horses dashed madly forward; beast and rider blinded and stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was nowhere. The quivering beasts reared, and snorted, and sank upon their knees, dismounting their riders. * * * * * * * * He had scarcely spoken, when there burst forth a terrific noise, they knew not what—a rush, they could not under

stand—a vibration which shook them on their horses. Every terror sank before the roar of the cataract. It seemed that the mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst upon its summit, and the cataract became a falling ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itself over the range of mountains; the great gray peak tottered on its foundation!—It shook!—It fell! and buried in its ruins, the castle, the village, and the bridge!
* * * * * [D'Israeli.

LESSON II.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT-WIND.

Unbridled Spirit, throned upon the lap
Of ebon Midnight, whither dost thou stray?
Whence didst thou come, and where is thy abode?
From slumber I awaken at the sound
Of thy most melancholy voice; sublime,
Thou ridest on the rolling clouds, which take
The forms of sphinx, or hyppogriff, or car,
Like those by Roman conquerors of yore,
In Nemean pastimes used, by fiery steeds
Drawn headlong on; or choosest, all unseen,
To ride the vault, and drive the murky storms
Before thee, or bow down, with giant wing,
The wondering forests as thou sweepest by!

Daughter of Darkness! when remote the noise
Of tumult, and of discord, and mankind;
When but the watch-dog's voice is heard, or wolves
That bay the silent night, or from the tower,
Ruined and rent, the note of boding owl,
Or lapwing's shrill and solitary cry;
When sleep weighs down the eyelids of the world,
And life is as it were not; down the sky
Forth from thy cave, wide roaming, thou dost come
To hold nocturnal orgies. * * * *
* * * * * * Behold!
Stemming with eager prow the Atlantic tide,
Holds on the intrepid mariner; abroad
The wings of night brood shadowy; heave the waves
Around him, mutinous, their curling heads,
Portentous of a storm; all hands are plied,
A zealous task, and sounds the busy deck
With notes of preparation; many an eye
Is upward cast toward the clouded heaven;
And many a thought, with troubled tenderness,
Dwells on the calm tranquillity of home;
And many a heart its supplicating prayer

Breathes forth: meanwhile, the boldest sailor's cheek
Blanches; stout courage fails; young childhood's shriek,
Awfully piercing, bursts; and woman's fears
Are speechless. With a low, insidious moan,
Rush past the gales that harbinger thy way,
And hail thy advent; gloom the murky clouds
Darker around; and heave the maddening waves
Higher their crested summits. With a glare,
Unvailing but the clouds and foaming sea,
Flashes the lightning; then, with doubling peal,
Reverberating to the gates of heaven,
Rolls the deep thunder, with tremendous crash,
Sublime as if the firmament were rent
Amid the severing clouds that pour their storms,
Commingling sea and sky.
Disturbed, arise
The monsters of the deep, and wheel around
Their mountainous bulk unwieldy, while aloft,
Poised on the feathery summit of the wave,
Hangs the frail bark, its howlings of despair
Lost on the mocking storm. Then frantic, *thou*
Dost rise, tremendous Power, thy wings unfurled;
Unfurled, but not to succor nor to save:
Then is thine hour of triumph; with a yell
Thou rushest on; and with a maniac tone
Sing'st in the rifted shroud; the straining mast
Yields, and the cordage cracks. Thou churnest the deep
To madness, tearing up the yellow sands
From their profound recesses, and dost strew
The clouds around thee, and within thy hand
Tak'st up the billowy tide, and dashest down
The vessel to destruction!——*She is not!*—
But when the morning lifts her dewy eye,
And to a quiet calm the elements,
Subsiding from their fury, have dispersed,
There art thou, like a satiate conqueror,
Recumbent on the murmuring deep, thy smiles
All unrepentant of the savage wreck.—WILSON.

LESSON III.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

How does the water
Come down at Lodore?

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race,
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound:

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,

And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing:
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way, the water comes down at Lodore.—SOUTHEY.

EXERCISES ON INFLECTION

The *rising inflection* is used,

1. When the sense is incomplete. Rule IV.
2. At the last pause but one in a sentence. Rule VI.

The *falling inflection* is used,

1. Where the sense is complete. Rule I.

The above principles are illustrated in the following lessons.

They are of very extensive application. Scarcely a sentence occurs, in which they do not govern some of the inflections.

Whatever other inflections may be proper, they are mostly passed over unmarked, until we come to the proper place for noting them.

In these exercises, the inflection is generally placed on the most important word in the clause, and thus, to a considerable extent, indicates also the proper emphasis.

LESSON IV.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO FORM THE ORATOR.

The history of the world is full of testimony′ to prove how much depends upon industry\; not an eminent orator has lived′ but is an example\ of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this′, the almost universal feeling′ appears to be, that industry can effect nothing\, that eminence is the result of accident\, and that every one must be content to remain′ just what he may happen to be\. Thus multitudes′, who come forward as teachers and guides′, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity\, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher′, much less making any attempt\ to rise.

For any other art′ they would serve an apprenticeship\, and would be ashamed to practice it in public′, before they have learned\ it. If any one would sing′, he attends a master\, and is drilled′ in the very elementary principles\; and, only after the most laborious process′, dares to exercise his voice in public\. This he does′, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies′, in sensible forms′, before his eye\. But the extempore speaker′, who is to invent as well as to utter′, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound′, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline′, and then wonders that he fails\.

If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition′, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers′, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution\. If he were devoting himself to the organ′, what months and years would he labor′, that he might know its compass\, and be master of its keys\, and be able to draw out, at

will′, all its various combinations of harmonious sounds′, and its full richness and delicacy of expression‵. And yet, he will fancy′, that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments′, which the infinite Creator has fashioned′ by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech′, may be played upon without study or practice‵. He comes′ to it a mere uninstructed tyro‵, and thinks to manage all its stops′, and to command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power‵. He finds himself a bungler in the attempt‵, is mortified at his failure‵, and settles in his mind forever′, that the attempt is vain‵.

Success in every art′, whatever may be the natural talent′, is always the reward of industry and pains‵. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius′, whose beginning has promised much′, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced‵, because they trusted to their gifts′, and made no effort to improve‵. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes′, none would venture to suppose‵. If those great men had been content′, like others′, to continue as they began′, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement′, their countries would have been little benefited by their genius‵, and the world′ would never have known their fame‵. They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd′ that sank to oblivion around‵ them.

Of how many more′ will the same remark prove true‵! What encouragement is thus given′ to the industrious‵! With such encouragement′, how inexcusable is the negligence which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull′, and fall ineffectual to the ground′, through mere sluggishness in the delivery‵! How unworthy of one who performs the high function of a religious instructor′, upon whom depends′, in a great measure′, the religious knowledge‵, and devotional sentiment‵, and final character′ of many fellow beings, to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour′, he knows not how′, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct′, or attractive‵; and which, simply through that want of command over himself, which study′ would give, is immethodical‵, verbose‵, inaccurate‵, feeble′, trifling‵! It has been said of a great preacher,

> That truths divine′ come mended from his tongue‵.

Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this‵. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul′, and purify man for heaven‵, and sink, in interest′ and efficacy′, below the level of those principles′, which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world‵.—H. Ware, Jr.

Remark. In the last paragraph, the words "knowledge," "sentiment," "character," "being," and "immethodical," "verbose," &c. are embraced under the rule for series. See Rule XI.

LESSON V.

ROMANTIC STORY

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga′, one of the Tonga islands′, in the South Pacific Ocean′, which can only be entered by diving into the sea\, and which has no other light′, than that which is reflected from the bottom of the water\. A young chief discovered it accidentally′, while diving after a turtle\, and the use which he made of his discovery′, will probably be sung in more than one European language\, so beautifully is it adapted′ for a tale in verse\.

There was a tyrannical governor at Vavaoo′, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection\. It was betrayed\, and the chief′, with all his family and kin′, was ordered to be destroyed\. He had a beautiful daughter,′ betrothed to a chief of high rank\, and she′ also was included\ in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern′, and had kept the secret to himself, loved\ this damsel. He told her the danger in time′, and persuaded her to trust herself to him\. They got into a canoe\; the place of her retreat′ was described to her on the way\ to it,—these women swim like mermaids\,—she dived after him′, and rose in the cavern\. In the widest part′ it is about fifty feet\; its medium height being about the same′, and it is hung with stalactites\.

Here′, he brought her the choicest food\, the finest clothing\, mats for her bed′, and sandal oil to perfume\ herself with. Here′, he visited her′ as often as was consistent with prudence\, and here, as may be imagined′, this Tonga Leander′, wooed and won the maid\, whom′, to make the interest complete′, he had long loved in secret′, when he had no hope\. Meantime′ he prepared′, with all his dependants′, male and female′, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji * islands\.

The intention was so well concealed′, that they embarked in safety\, and his people asked′ him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife\; and, accordingly′, to their great astonishment′, having steered close to the rock′, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch\ her, jumped overboard′, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance′, he rose with his mistress from the water\. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have′, to be perfectly delightful\—a fortunate conclusion\. The party remained at the Fijis′ till the oppressor died\, and then returned to Vavaoo′, where they enjoyed a long and happy life\.—ANONYMOUS.

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* *Pro.* Fee-jeé.

LESSON VI.

A HIGHLAND FEUD.

A DEADLY feud subsisted′, almost from time immemorial′, between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg′, and Grant of Cairn\, and was handed down unimpaired′ even to the close of the last century\. In the earlier times′, the warlike chiefs of these names′ found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity\; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world′, without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies\. But, in our own day′, the progress of civilization′, which had reached even these wild countries′, the heart of the North Highlands′, although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge′, at least kept it within safe bounds\; and the feud of Macpherson and Grant threatened′, in the course of another generation′, to die entirely away\.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness′, that the flame, which had burned for so many centuries′, seemed about to expire\. Once′, at a meeting of country gentlemen′, on a question of privilege arising′, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts′, aimed at his hereditary foe\, which the fiery Grant immediately received as a signal of defiance′, and a challenge\ was the consequence. The sheriff of the county′, however′, having got intimation of the affair′, put both parties under arrest\; till at length, by the persuasion of their friends′,—*not friends by blood*′,—and the representations of the magistrate′, they shook hands\, and each *pledged*\ himself to forget′ the ancient feud of his family\.

This occurrence′, at the time′, was the object of much interest in the country-side\; the rather, that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles′, and which expressly predicted, that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood\. On the seemingly cross-grained circumstance of their reconciliation′, some of the young men were seen to shake their heads′, as they reflected on the faith and tales of their ancestors\; but the gray-headed seers shook theirs still *more wisely*\, and answered with the motto of a noble house′,—"I bide my time\."

There is a narrow pass between the mountains′, in the neighborhood of Bendearg′, well known to the traveler who adventures into these wilds′, in quest of the savage sublimities of nature\. At a little distance′, it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm\, but, on nearer approach′, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry\, formed

of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock′, piled on each other′ as if in the giant sport of the architect\. Its sides are′, in some places′, covered with trees of a considerable size\; and the passenger,′ who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice,′ may see the aeries of birds of prey beneath his feet\. The path across is so narrow′, that it cannot admit of two persons passing along-side\; and, indeed, none but natives′, accustomed to the scene from infancy′, would attempt the dangerous route at all\, though it saves a circuit of three miles\. Yet it sometimes happens′, that two travelers meet in the middle\, owing to the curve formed by the pass′ preventing a view from either side\, and, when this is the case′, one is obliged to lie down′, while the other crawls over his body\.

One day′, shortly after the incident we have mentioned′, a highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass\; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of wild birds that built below\, and sometimes pushing a fragment from the top′, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock′, until the echo of its rebound died in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom\. When he had gained the highest part of the arch′, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite\ side, and′ being himself on the patrician order, called out to him to halt′ and lie down\. The person′, however′, disregarded the command\, and the highlanders met′, face to face′, on the summit\.

They were Grant and Macpherson\; the two hereditary enemies′, who would have gloried′ and rejoiced′ in mortal strife with each other′, on a hill-side\. They turned deadly pale at this fatal rencounter\. "I was first at the top′," said Macpherson′, "and called out first\. Lie down,\ that I may pass over in peace\." "When the Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson′," answered the other′, "it must be with the sword driven through his body\." "Turn back\ then," said Macpherson\, "and repass as you came\." "Go back yourself\, if you like it′," replied Grant\; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the Macpherson\."

This was their short conference\, and the result′ exactly as each had anticipated\. They then threw their bonnets over the precipice\, and advanced′, with a slow and cautious pace′, closer to each other\. They were both unarmed\; and, stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle′, they planted their feet firmly on the ground\, compressed their lips\, knit their dark brows\, and, fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other′, stood there prepared for the onset\.

They both grappled at the same moment\; but being of equal strength′, were unable for some time to shift each other's position\, and remained standing fixed on a rock with suppressed breath′, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent′," like

statues carved out of the solid stone\. At length′, Macpherson′, suddenly removing his right foot′, so as to give him a greater purchase′, stooped his body′, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength′, till they both leaned over the precipice′, looking downward into the terrible abyss\. The contest was as yet doubtful\, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink′, and had equal command of his enemy\,—but′, at this moment Macpherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee\, and while Grant suddenly started back′, stooping to take the supposed advantage′, he whirled him over his head into the gulf below\. Macpherson himself fell backwards′, his body hanging partly over the rock\; a fragment gave way beneath\ him, and he sank farther′, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above′, he regained his footing\.

There was a pause of death-like stillness\, and the bold heart of Macpherson′ felt sick and faint\. At length′, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling′, he looked down over the precipice\. Grant had caught′, with a death-gripe′, by the rugged point of a rock\—his enemy was almost within his reach\!—his face was turned upward\, and there was in it′ horror and despair\,—but he uttered no word or cry\. The next moment′, he loosed his hold\; and the next′, his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe\. The mangled body disappeared among the trees\, and its last heavy and hollow sound′ arose from the bottom\. Macpherson returned home′ an altered man\. He purchased a commission in the army′, and fell in the wars of the Peninsula\.—Anonymous.

Remark. In the sixth paragraph, the phrase "Go back yourself, if you like it," is placed in an inverted order. The natural order evidently would be, "If you like it, go back yourself." The sense is *incomplete* at the word "it," which therefore requires the rising inflection; but it is *complete* at the word "yourself," and here accordingly the falling inflection is given, although these two clauses have changed their natural order. This explanation will apply to many cases of a similar character.

LESSON VII.

THE CHINESE PRISONER.

A certain emperor of China′, on his accession to the throne of his ancestors′, commanded a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt\. Among that number was an old man′, who had fallen an early victim to adversity\, and whose days of imprisonment′, reckoned by the notches he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell′, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty suns\.

With trembling hands and faltering steps′, he departed from his mansion of sorrow‵; his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of light‵, and the face of nature presented to his view′ a perfect paradise‵. The jail in which he had been imprisoned′, stood at some distance from Pekin‵, and to that city he directed his course′, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife′, his children′, and his friends‵.

Having with difficulty found his way to the street in which his decent mansion had formerly stood′, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced‵. With joy he proceeded′, looking eagerly around‵; but he observed few of the objects′ with which he had been formerly conversant‵. A magnificent edifice′ was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited‵; the dwellings of his neighbors had assumed a new form‵; and he beheld not a single face′ of which he had the least remembrance‵.

An aged beggar′, who, with trembling limbs′, stood at the gate of an ancient portico′, from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestic who guarded it′, struck his attention‵. He stopped, therefore′, to give him a small pittance out of the amount of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor‵, and received, in return, the sad tidings′, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice′ to penury and sorrow‵; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes′ in distant or unknown climes‵; and that the grave′ contained his nearest and most valued friends‵.

Overwhelmed with anguish′, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign‵, into whose presence his hoary locks′ and mournful visage′ soon obtained admission‵; and′, casting himself at the feet of the emperor′, "Great Prince′," he cried′, "send me back to that prison′ from which mistaken mercy has delivered‵ me! I have survived my family and friends‵, and even in the midst of this populous city′, I find myself in a dreary solitude‵. The cell of my dungeon′ protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness‵; and whilst secluded from society′, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments‵. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I cannot participate‵; and die with thirst′, though streams of delight surround‵ me."—Percival

LESSON VIII.

TO THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me′
That live to others yet‵!
How many are alive to me′
Who crumble in their graves′, nor see
That sickening, sinking look′, which we,
Till dead, can ne′er forget‵.

Beyond the blue seas′, far away′,
Most wretchedly alone′,
One died in prison‵, far away‵,
Where stone on stone shut out the day‵,
And never hope or comfort's ray′
In his lone dungeon shone‵.

Dead to the world‵, alive to me′,
Though months and years have pass'd‵;
In a lone hour, his sigh to me′
Comes like the hum of some wild bee‵,
And then his form and face I see′,
As when I saw him last‵.

And one, with a bright lip, and cheek′,
And eye, is dead to me‵.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek‵
His lip was cold‵—it would not speak‵:
His heart was dead′—for it did not break‵:
And his eye′, for it did not see‵.

Then for the *living*‵* be the tomb′,
And for the *dead*,′ the smile‵;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb′
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom,
Dim is such glare‵, but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile‵.—J. G. C. Brainard.

LESSON IX.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands‵,
The smith′, a mighty man is he′,
With large and sinewy hands‵;
And the muscles of his brawny arms′
Are strong as iron bands‵.

* See Rule II., 4.

His hair is crisp', and black', and long';
His face' is like the tan';
His brow is wet' with honest sweat';
He earns whate'er he can',
And looks the whole world in the face',
For he owes not any man'.

Week in', week out', from morn' till night',
You can hear his bellows blow';
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow',
Like a sexton ringing the village bell',
When the evening sun is low'.

And children coming home from school'
Look in at the open door';
They love to see the flaming forge',
And hear the bellows roar',
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor'.

He goes, on Sunday, to the church',
And sits' among his boys':
He hears the parson' pray and preach',
He hears his daughter's voice',
Singing in the village choir',
And it makes his heart rejoice'.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise'!
He needs must think of her once more',
How in the grave she lies';
And with his hard', rough hand he wipes'
A tear out of his eyes'.

Toiling'—rejoicing'—sorrowing'—
Onward through life he goes';
Each morning sees some task begin',
Each evening sees it close';
Something attempted'—something done',
Has earn'd a night's repose'.

Thanks', thanks' to thee', my worthy friend',
For the lesson thou hast taught'!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life',
Our fortunes must be wrought',
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped'
Each burning deed and thought'.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON X.

THE LONE INDIAN.

For many a returning autumn', a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned'; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah', he was noticed for the last time'. His step was then firm', and his figure erect', though he seemed old' and way-worn'. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye', but an expression of deep melancholy' had settled on his wrinkled brow'. It was Powontonamo'—he who had once' been the eagle of the Mohawks'. He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak', which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye.'

Alas! the white man's ax' had been there. The tree that he had planted was dead'; and the vine', which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch', now yellow and withering', was falling to the ground'. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage'. For thirty wearisome years', he had watched that oak', with its twining tendrils'. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love', and they' were gone'. He looked abroad'. The hunting-land of his tribe was changed', like its chieftain'. No light canoe now shot down the river', like a bird upon the wing'. The laden boat' of the white man alone broke its smooth surface'. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk'; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path', that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track'. The last wigwam was destroyed'; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had only visited by stealth', during thousands and thousands of moons'.

The few remaining trees', clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn'; the long line of heavy clouds', melting away before the coming sun'; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight', alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood'. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian'. "Yes'," said he, "the young oak' and the vine' are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye'. They are cut down', torn', and trampled' on. The leaves are falling', and the clouds are scattering' like my people'. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick', as they did when my mother held me to her bosom', and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks'."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face', as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children', and he finds them in his home'," said he'; "where is the squaw and pappoose of the red' man? They are here'!" As he spoke', he fixed his eye thoughtfully on the grave'. After a gloomy silence',

he again looked round upon the fair scene', with a wandering and troubled gaze\. "The pale\ face may like it," murmured he\; "but an Indian' cannot die here in peace\." So saying', he broke his bow-string\, snapped his arrows\, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers', and departed forever\.—Miss Francis.

Remark. The words "down," "torn," and "trampled," in the last paragraph but one, and "string," "arrows," "fathers," and "forever," in the last paragraph, are examples of inflection which may, perhaps, more appropriately come under the head of "series;" but, by examining them, it will be found, that the rule which gives the falling inflection wherever the sense is complete, and that which requires the last but one to be the rising inflection, are applicable in these cases. Indeed, the rule for series is substantially the combination of these two principles with that of emphasis, as laid down in Rule II.

LESSON XI.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

There is a melancholy music' in autumn\. The leaves float sadly about' with a look of peculiar desolation\, waving capriciously in the wind', and falling with a just audible sound', that is a very sigh for its sadness\. And then', when the breeze is fresher', though the early autumn months are mostly still', they are swept on with a cheerful rustle over the naked harvest fields', and about in the eddies of the blast\; and though I have', sometimes, in the glow of exercise', felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contest', yet, in the chill of the evening', or when any sickness of the mind or body was on me', the moaning of those withered leaves' has pressed down my heart like a sorrow\, and the cheerful fire', and the voices of my many sisters', might scarce remove\ it.

Then for the music' of *winter*\. I love to listen' to the falling of snow\. It is an unobtrusive' and sweet\ music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood', by its low murmur\. It is that kind of music', that only obtrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly\. You need not hear' it, if your mind is not idle\. It realizes my dream of another world\, where music is intuitive' like a thought\, and comes', only when it is remembered\.

And the *frost*\ too has a melodious "ministry\." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night', as if the moon-beams were splintering like arrows on the ground\; and you would listen to it the more earnestly', that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries\ I know nothing so wonderful' as the shooting of a crys-

tal'. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher', and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty', and listen, in mute wonder', to the noise of its invisible workmanship'. It is too fine a knowledge for us'. We shall comprehend' it, when we know how the morning stars sang together'.

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early' winter. But, before the keener frosts set in', and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer', there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist', and when the north wind returns', there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels', between the filaments of the cedar tassels', and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks', and, if the clearing up is not followed by the heavy wind', they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems'. The next morning', the warm sun comes out', and by the middle of the warm dazzling forenoon', they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained' them, and they will drop at the lightest motion'. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that' hour, you will hear music'. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding' is scattered over the ground', and the round, hard drops sing out clearly and distinctly', as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze'. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water', only more fitful' and merrier'; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open', it is a pleasant music', and, in contrast with the stern character of the season', delightful'.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness'; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly'. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur' under their frozen surface'; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current', and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo'; and the woodsman's ax rings cheerfully out' from the bosom of the unrobed forest'. These are', at best, however, but melancholy' sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season', they but drive in the heart upon itself'. I believe it is ordered' in God's wisdom'. We *forget'* ourselves in the enticement' of the sweet summer'. Its music and its loveliness' win away the senses that link up the affections', and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly', and hide from us the outward idols', in whose worship we are forgetting the high and more spiritual altars'.—N. P. Willis.

Remark. The words "frost" in the third paragraph, and "forget" in the last, have the falling inflection, because emphatic, according to Rule II.

EXERCISES ON INFLECTION—CONTINUED

The *rising inflection* is used,

1. When the sense is incomplete. Rule IV.
2. At the last pause but one in a sentence. Rule VI.
3. After the nominative addressed. Rule IV.
4. In negative sentences. Rule V.
5. In interrogative sentences, which *can* be answered by "*yes*" or "*no*." Rule VII.

The *falling inflection* is used,

1. Where the sense is complete. Rule I.
2. In emphatic expressions, such as imperative mood, exclamations, apostrophe, the language of passion, &c. Rule II.
3. In interrogative sentences, which *cannot* be answered by "*yes*" or "*no*." Rule III.

LESSON XII.

A POLITICAL PAUSE.

In this lesson, the influence of a *negative* in determining to the rising inflection, is particularly noticeable.

"BUT we must pause\'," says the honorable gentleman\'. What\'! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out',—her best blood spilt',—her treasures wasted',—that you may make an experiment'? Put yourselves\',—O! that you *would* put yourselves on the field of battle', and learn to judge of the sort of horrors you excite\'. In former' wars, a man might\', at least, have some\' feeling, some\' interest, that served to balance in his mind' the impressions which a scene of carnage and death must inflict\'.

But if a man were present now' at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting',—"Fighting'!"* would be the answer'; "they are not *fighting'; they* are *pausing*\'." "Why is that man expiring\'? Why is that other writhing with agony\'? What means this implacable fury\'?" The answer must be', "You are quite wrong\', sir', you *deceive*\' yourself,—they are not *fighting'*,—do not disturb' them,—they are merely pausing\'! This man is not expiring with agony',—that man is not dead',—he is only pausing\'! Bless you\', sir', they are not *angry'* with one another; they have now no cause of quarrel'; but their country thinks that there should be a *pause*\'. All that you see is nothing like fighting',—there is no harm', nor cruelty', nor bloodshed' in it; it is nothing more than a political *pause*\'! It is merely to try an experiment\'—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better\' than heretofore;

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* Rule VIII.

and in the mean time', we have agreed to a *pause*, in pure friendship'!"

And is this the way that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order'? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world', to destroy order', to trample on religion', to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment', but the affections of social nature'; and in the prosecution of this system', you spread terror' and devastation all around' you.—Fox.

REMARK. The words "pause" and "pausing" may, perhaps, with equal propriety, receive the falling circumflex.

LESSON XIII.

SONG OF THE STARS.

IN the following lesson, the inflections characteristic of the imperative mood and of exclamations are exemplified.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty', and spheres of flame',
From the void abyss, by myriads came',
In the joy of youth as they darted away',
Through the widening waste of space to play',

Their silver voices, in chorus rung';
And this was the song' the bright ones sung:—
"Away', away'! through the wide, wide sky',—
The fair blue fields that before us lie',—
Each sun' with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet' poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green', and her clouds of white',
And her waters that lie, like fluid light'.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space,
And we drink', as we go', the luminous tides',
In our ruddy air' and our blooming sides'.
Lo'! yonder the living splendors play';
Away', on our joyous path', away'!

"Look', look', through our glittering ranks afar',
In the infinite azure', star after star',
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass'!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass'!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen',
Where the small waves dance', and the young woods lean'.

And see'! where the brighter day-beams pour',
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower';
And the morn and the eve with their pomp of hues',
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews';
And 'twixt them both on the teeming ground',
With her shadowy course', the night goes round'!

"Away'! away'! in our blossoming bowers',
In the soft air, wrapping these spheres of ours',
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn',
See', love is brooding', and life is born',
And breathing myriads are breaking from night',
To rejoice , like us', in motion and light'.

"Glide on', in your beauty', ye youthful spheres',
To weave the dance that measures the years'.
Glide on', in glory and gladness sent'
To the farthest wall of the firmament',
The boundless visible smile of Him',
To the vail of whose brow' our lamps are dim'."—BRYANT.

LESSON XIV.

SORROW AND HOPE

In the two succeeding lessons, observe particularly the inflections used in the nominative case addressed, and in the imperative mood.

O LORD'! rebuke me not in thy wrath',
Nor chasten me in thy fierce anger'.
Be merciful' unto me, O Jehovah'! for I am weak .
Heal' me, O Jehovah'! for my bones tremble';
My whole soul is in terrors'.
And thou', Jehovah'! O how long'?
Return', O Jehovah', deliver my soul'.
O save' me for thy mercies'' sake,
For in death', there is no remembrance of thee',
In the grave', who shall give thee thanks'?
I am wearied with my groaning',
All night' my bed is wet with tears'.
With tears' I make my couch to swim',
Mine eye is consumed' with sorrow',
It looks but feebly' upon all mine enemies'.
Depart' from me, ye workers of iniquity'!
For God hath heard the voice of my weeping'.
Jehovah hath heard my supplication',
Jehovah hath accepted my prayer'.
Ashamed, confounded shall be mine enemies',
They shall fall back', and be ashamed suddenly'.
[*Ps.* vi., HERDER'S HEBREW POETRY.

LESSON XV.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child′, amidst the flowers at play′,
While the red light fades away′;
Mother′, with thine earnest eye′,
Ever following silently′;
Father′, by the breeze at eve′
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave′;—
Pray'!—Ere yet the dark hours be′,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee'.

Traveler′, in the stranger's land′,
Far from thine own household band′;
Mourner′, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone′;
Captive′, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell′;
Sailor,′ on the darkening sea′;—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.'

Warrior′, that from battle won′,
Breathest now at set of sun′;
Woman′, o'er the lowly slain′,
Weeping on his burial plain′;
Ye that triumph′, ye that sigh′,
Kindred by one holy tie′;
Heaven's first star alike ye see',
Lift the heart', and bend the knee'.—Mrs. Hemans.

LESSON XVI.

PROSPECTS OF THE CHEROKEES.

In this lesson, the inflections belonging to interrogative sentences may be noticed.

Whither are the Cherokees to go'? What are the benefits' of the change'? What system has been matured for their security'? What laws for their government'? These questions are answered′ only by gilded promises in general terms'; they are to become enlightened and civilized husbandmen'. They now live by the cultivation of the soil′ and the mechanical arts'. It is proposed to send them from their cotton fields′, their farms and their gardens′, to a distant and unsubdued wilderness'; to make them tillers of the earth'; to remove them from their looms′, their work-shops′, their printing-press′, their schools and churches′, near the white settlements′, to frowning forests', surrounded with naked savages', that they may become enlightened′ and civilized'!

We have pledged to them our protection'; and, instead of shielding them where they now are', within our reach', under our own arm', we send these natives of a southern clime' to northern' regions, amongst fierce and warlike barbarians'. And what security do we propose' to them? A new guaranty'! Who can look an Indian in the face', and say' to him, We and our fathers', for more than forty years', have made to you the most solemn promises'; we now violate and trample upon them all'; but offer you in their stead'—another' guaranty!

Will they be in no danger of attack from the primitive inhabitants of the regions to which they emigrate'? How can it be otherwise'? The official documents show us the fact', that some of the few who have already gone', were involved in conflict with the native tribes, and compelled to a second' removal.

How are they to subsist'? Has not that country now as great an Indian population as it can sustain'? What has become of the original' occupants? Have we not already caused accession to their numbers', and been compressing them more and more'? Is not the consequence inevitable', that some must be stinted in the means of subsistence'? Here too we have the light of experience'. By an official communication from Governor Clark', the superintendent of Indian affairs', we learn that the most powerful tribes', west of the Mississippi', are, every year, so distressed by famine', that many die for want of food'. The scenes of their suffering' are hardly exceeded by the sieges of Jerusalem and Samaria'. There', might be seen the miserable mother', in all the tortures which hunger could inflict', giving her last morsel for the sustenance of her child', and then fainting', sinking', and actually dying' of starvation! And the orphan'! no one can spare *it*' food'—it is put alive' into the grave of the parent, which thus closes over the quick' and the dead'. And this is not a solitary' instance only', "The living child' is often' buried with the dead mother."

I know, sir', to what I expose' myself. To feel any solicitude for the fate of the Indians', may be ridiculed as false philanthropy' and morbid sensibility'. Others may boldly say', "Their blood be upon us';" and sneer at scruples', as weakness unbecoming the stern character of a politician'. If, sir', in order to become a politician', it be necessary to divest the mind of the principles of good faith and moral obligation', and harden the heart against every touch of humanity', I confess that I am not —and by the blessing of heaven', will never' be—a politician.

Sir', we cannot wholly silence the monitor within'. It may not be heard amidst the clashing of the arena', in the tempest and convulsions of political contentions'; but its still small voice will speak' to us—when we meditate alone at even-tide'; in the silent

watches of the night\; when we lie down′ and when we rise up\ from a solitary pillow; and in that dread hour′, when,—"not what we have done for *ourselves*′, but what we have done for *others*\′," will be our joy and strength\; when′, to have secured, even to a poor and despised *Indian*\, a spot of earth upon which to rest his aching head′; to have given him but a cup of cold *water*\ in charity′, will be a greater treasure′, than to have been the conqueror of kingdoms′, and lived in luxury upon the spoils\.—SPRAGUE.

REMARK. It will be observed that the words "Indian" and "water" in the last paragraph, receive the falling inflection as a mark of emphasis, since there is no other reason why they should not have the rising inflection. There is also, in the same paragraph, an example of the inflections belonging to a series of members, and also to antithesis, which subjects will be more particularly noticed hereafter.

EXERCISES ON INFLECTION—CONTINUED.

THE *rising inflection* is generally used,

1. Where the sense is incomplete. Rule IV.
2. At the last pause but one in a sentence. Rule VI.
3. After the nominative addressed. Rule IV.
4. In negative sentences. Rule V.
5. In interrogative sentences which *can* be answered by "*yes*" or "*no.*" Rule VII.
6. After an exclamation, when used interrogatively, or as an echo of the thought. Rule VIII.
7. At one of the members of an antithesis. Rule IX.
8. At the first member of a sentence, the parts of which are united by a disjunctive conjunction. Rule X.
9. At the last member of a commencing series. Rule XI.
10. At the last member but one of a concluding series. Rule XI.
11. At the close of a parenthesis, when it is preceded by the rising inflection. Rule XII.

The *falling inflection* is generally used,

1. Where the sense is complete. Rule I.
2. In emphatic expressions, such as imperative mood, passionate exclamations, emphatic repetition, &c. Rule II.
3. In interrogative sentences, which *cannot* be answered by "*yes*" or "*no.*" Rule III.
4. At one of the members of an antithesis (generally the last.) Rule IX.
5. At the last member of a sentence, the parts of which are united disjunctively. Rule X.
6. At all the members of a commencing series, except the last. Rule XI.
7. At all the members of a concluding series, except the last but one. Rule XI.

8. At the close of a parenthesis, where the next preceding it is the falling inflection. Rule XII.

REMARK. Where the clause included in the parenthesis is complicated, or a part of it emphatic, or where it is disconnected with the main subject, the inflections must be governed by the sense, as in other cases.

LESSON XVII.

EFFECTS OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE.

In this example, observe the influence of *series* in determining the inflection.

WERE the divine principle of benevolence in full operation among the intelligences that people our globe′, this world would be transformed into a paradise\, the moral desert would be changed into a fruitful field′, and "blossom as the rose\," and Eden would again appear′ in all its beauty and delight\. Fraud\, deceit\, and artifice′, with all their concomitant train of evils′, would no longer walk rampant in every land\. Prosecutions\, lawsuits\, and all the innumerable, vexatious litigations which now disturb the peace of society,′ would cease from among men\. Every debt would be punctually paid\; every commodity sold at its just value\; every article of merchandise exhibited in its true character\; every promise faithfully performed\; every dispute amicably adjusted\; every man's character held in estimation\; every rogue and cheat banished from society′; and the whole world transformed into the abode of honesty and peace\.

Injustice and oppression would no longer walk triumphant through the world′, while the poor, the widow, and the fatherless′ were groaning under the iron rod of those who had deprived them of every comfort\. No longer should we see a hard-hearted creditor′ doom a poor, unfortunate man, for the sake of a few dollars′, to rot in a jail′, while his family were pining in wretchedness and want\. No longer should we hear the harsh creaking of iron doors\; the clanking of the chains of criminals\; the sighs and groans of the poor slave′; nor the reproaches of a cruel master\.

The tongue of the slanderer\, and the whisperings of the backbiter′, would no longer be heard in their malicious attempts to sow the seeds of discord among brethren\. Falsehood′, in all its ramifications′, would be banished from the intercourse of society\. No longer would the votaries of falsehood triumph over blasted hopes\, cruel disappointments\, ruined credit′, and blackened reputation\.

Ambition would no longer wade through slaughter to a throne′,

nor trample on the rights of an injured people‵. All would regard as an eternal disgrace to the human character′, that scourge which has drenched the earth with human gore‵; convulsed every nation under heaven‵; produced tenfold more misery than all the destructive elements of nature′; and swept from existence so many millions of mankind‵. No longer should we behold the fire blazing on the mountain-tops, to spread the alarm of invading armies‵; nor the city which was once full of inhabitants′, "sitting solitary‵." Nation would not lift up sword against nation′, nor would they learn war any more‵. The instruments of cruelty′, the stake‵, the rack‵, the knout‵, and the lash′, would no longer lacerate and torture the wretched culprit‵; no more would be forged cannons‵, guns‵, swords′, and darts‵; but the influence of reason and affection′, would preserve order and harmony throughout every department of society‵.—Dick.

Remark. The phrase, "the instruments of cruelty," *includes* the whole of the succeeding series, viz. "stake," "rack," "knout," and "lash," and does not form a *part* of it.

LESSON XVIII.

Select Paragraphs in Prose.

In these paragraphs, notice the inflections proper to *antithesis* and *series*.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

Before that asssembly every man's good′ deeds will be declared, and his most secret sins‵ disclosed. As no elevation of rank′ will then give a title to respect′, no obscurity of condition‵ shall exclude the just from public honor,′ or screen the guilty from public shame‵. Opulence‵ will find itself no longer powerful′; poverty′ will be no longer weak‵. Birth‵ will no longer be distinguished′; meanness′ will no longer pass unnoticed‵. The rich′ and the poor‵ will indeed strangely mingle together‵; all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear‵, and the conqueror′ and his captive‵; the monarch′ and his subject‵; the lord′ and his vassal‵; the statesman′ and the peasant‵; the philosopher‵ and the unlettered hind′; shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions‵.—Anonymous.

DRYDEN AND POPE.

Dryden knew more of man in his general nature′, and Pope in his local manners‵. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation′, those of Pope by minute attention‵.

There is more dignity\' in the knowledge of Dryden', more certainty' in that of Pope\'. The style of Dryden is capricious' and varied', that of Pope cautious\' and uniform\'. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind'; Pope constrains\' his mind to his own rules of composition\'. Dryden's page is a natural field', rising into inequalities', and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation'; Pope's is the velvet lawn\', shaven by the sythe\', and leveled by the roller\'. If the flights of Dryden are higher', Pope continues longer on the wing\'. If, of Dryden's fire', the blaze is brighter', of Pope's the heat is more regular\' and constant\'. Dryden often surpasses' expectation, and Pope never falls below\' it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment', and Pope with perpetual delight\'.—JOHNSON.

LAS CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete'? Battle'! against whom\'? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate\', but who', insulted\' or victorious', still sues for peace\'. Against a people', who never wronged the living being their Creator formed\'; a people'! who received you as cherished guests\', with eager hospitality and confiding kindness\'. Generously and freely did they share with you', their comforts', their treasures', and their homes\'; you repaid them by fraud\', oppression', and dishonor\'. Pizarro', hear\' me! Hear\' me, chieftains'! And thou', All-powerful'! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock', whose lightnings can pierce the core of the riven and quaking earth', O let thy power give effect to thy servant's words', as thy spirit gives courage to his will'! Do not\', I implore you, chieftains',—do not\', I *implore*\' you, renew the foul barbarities your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched', unoffending race\'. But hush\', my sighs'!—fall not\', ye drops of useless sorrow'!—heart-breaking anguish', choke not my utterance\'.—SHERIDAN.

REMARK. In the first of the above extracts, it will be observed that the clause ending with the words "the philosopher, and the unlettered hind," consists of a series of members, each of which contains two antithetic or contrasted terms. In the last member, therefore, the inflections are used in the inverted order, that this member may close with the rising inflection, according to the law of the series.

LESSON XIX.

Select Paragraphs.

THE PULPIT.

The pulpit, therefore′, (and I name it, filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing′,)—
The pulpit′ (when the satirist has, at last,
Strutting and vap′ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte′)—
I say the pulpit′ (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers′)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand′,
The most important and effectual guard′,
Support′, and ornament′ of virtue's cause‵.
There, stands the messenger of truth‵: there, stands
The legate of the skies‵: His theme′, divine‵;
His office′, sacred‵; his credentials′, clear‵.
By him′, the violated law speaks out
Its thunders‵; and, by him′, in strains as sweet
As angels′ use, the Gospel whispers peace‵.—Cowper.

LIBERTY.

Meanwhile′, we'll sacrifice to liberty‵.
Remember‵, O my friends′, the laws‵, the rights,
The generous plan of power delivered down′,
From age to age′, by your renowned forefathers‵,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood‵;)
O let it never perish in your hands′,
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty′, inspire our souls‵,
And make our lives in thy possession happy′,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defense‵.—Addison.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say′?
Methought I heard Horatio say,—to-morrow
Go to‵—I will not hear‵ of it—to-morrow′!
′Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury′
Against thy plenty‵; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought′, but wishes′,* hopes′,* and promises,
The currency of idiots‵;—injurious bankrupt′,
That gulls the easy creditor‵.—To-morrow′!
It is a period nowhere to be found′
In all the hoary registers of Time‵,
Unless perchance in the fool's‵ calendar.
Wisdom disclaims‵ the word, nor holds society
With those who own‵ it. No‵, my Horatio′,

* Rule XI, Note.

'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.—COTTON.

HUMANITY.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are *all*, the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.—COWPER.

LESSON XX.

* CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose power terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience, pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest; acknowledged no criterion

* This lessson is inserted in the Fourth Reader of this series, but a portion of it is introduced again here, because it is so good a specimen of antithesis and series.

but success\; he worshiped no God′ but ambition\, and with an eastern devotion,′ he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry\. Subsidiary to this′, there was no creed′ that he did not profess\, there was no opinion′ that he did not promulgate\: in the hope of a dynasty′, he upheld the crescent\; for the sake of a divorce′, he bowed before the cross\; the orphan of St. Louis′, he became the adopted child of the republic\; and with a parricidal ingratitude\, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune′, he reared the throne of his despotism\. A professed catholic′, he imprisoned the Pope\; a pretended patriot′, he impoverished the country\; and in the name of Brutus′, he grappled without remorse\, and wore without shame′, the diadem of the Cesars\.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs′, and the miracle of their execution\. Scepticism′ bowed to the prodigies of his performance\; romance′ assumed the air of history\; nor was there aught too incredible for belief\, or too fanciful for expectation′, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica′ waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals\. All the visions of antiquity became common-place in his contemplation\: kings were his people\; nations were his out-posts\; and he disposed of courts,\ and crowns\, and camps\, and churches\, and cabinets′, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board\! Amid all these changes′, *he* stood immutable as adamant\. It mattered little whether in the field′, or in the drawing-room\; with the mob′, or the levee\; wearing the jacobin bonnet′, or the iron crown\; banishing a Braganza′, or espousing a Hapsburg\; dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia\, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsig′;* he was still the same military despot\.

In this wonderful combination′, his affectations of literature must not be omitted\. The jailer of the press′, he affected the patronage of letters\; the proscriber of books′, he encouraged philosophy\; the persecutor of authors′, and the murderer of printers′, he yet pretended to the protection of learning\; the assassin of Palm′, the silencer of De Stäel′, and the denouncer of Kotzebue′; he was the friend of David′, the benefactor of De Lille\, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England\.

Such a medley of contradictions\, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency′, were never united in the same character\. A royalist\—a republican′ and an emperor\—a Mohammedan\—a catholic′ and a patron of the synagogue\—a subaltern

* This member of the series must close with the rising inflection, according to the rule for series; therefore, in the antithesis, contrary to the general rule, the falling inflection is placed first, and the rising, last. The same remark is true of several other sentences in this lesson. Most of the members of these series, it will be observed, are compound, containing antitheses. See remark at the close of Lesson XVIII.

and a sovereign\'—a traitor and a tyrant\'—a christian\' and an infidel\'—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern\', impatient\', inflexible\' original\'—the same mysterious\', incomprehensible\' self\'—the man\' without a model\', and without a shadow\'.

[PHILLIPS.

LESSON XXI.

ODE TO AN INFANT SON.

The following lesson presents an example, in which the matter inclosed in parenthesis, is disconnected with the main subject, and is, therefore subject to the general principles of inflection.

Thou happy, happy elf\'!
(But, stop\', first let me kiss away that tear\',)
Thou tiny image of myself\'!
(My love\', he\'s poking peas into his ear\',)
Thou merry\', laughing sprite\',
With spirits feather light\',
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin\',—
(My dear\', the child is swallowing a pin\'!)

Thou little tricksy Puck\'!
With antic toys so funnily bestruck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
(The door\'! the door\'! he\'ll tumble down the stair\'!)
Thou darling of thy sire\'!
(Why\', Jane\', he\'ll set his pin-afore\' afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy\'!
In love\'s dear chain so bright a link\',
Thou idol of thy parents\',—(Hang\' the boy!
There goes my ink\'.)

Thou cherub, but of earth\';
Fit play-fellow for fairies, by moonlight pale\',
In harmless sport and mirth\',—
(*That dog will bite\' him, if he pulls his tail\'!)
Thou human humming-bee\', extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows\',
Singing in youth\'s Elysium ever sunny\',—
(Another tumble\'! That\'s his precious nose\'!)
Thy father\'s pride and hope\'!
(He\'ll break the mirror with that skipping rope\'!)
With pure heart newly stampt from nature\'s mint
(Where did he learn that squint\'?)
Thou young domestic dove\'!
(*He\'ll have that jug\' off with another shove\',)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest\'!
(Are these torn clothes his best\'?)

* See Remark at the close of Lesson VI.

Little epitome of man′!
(He′ll climb upon the table‵, that′s‵ his plan,)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life′,—
(He′s got a knife‵!)

Thou enviable being′!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing′,
Play on‵, play on‵,
My elfin John′!
Toss‵ the light ball, bestride‵ the stick,—
(I knew‵ so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque′, and antic brisk′,
With many a lamb-like frisk‵!
(He′s got the scissors′, snipping at your gown‵!)
Thou pretty opening rose′!
(Go to your mother‵, child′, and wipe your nose‵!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south′,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth‵!)
Bold as the hawk‵, yet gentle as the dove′,—
(I′ll tell you what‵, my love′,
I cannot write′, unless he′s sent above‵.)—Hood.

LESSON XXII.

HAMLET′S SOLILOQUY.

To be′, or not‵ to be? That is the question‵.
Whether ′tis nobler in the mind, to suffer′
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune′,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing′, end‵ them? To die′; to sleep‵;
No more: and, by a sleep′, to say we end
The heart-ache′, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir′ to; ′tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished‵. To die‵; to sleep‵;
To sleep′! perchance to dream—Aye‵, there′s the rub‵;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come′,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil′,
Must give us pause‵: There′s′ the respect
That makes calamity of so long life‵;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time‵,
The oppressor′s wrong‵, the proud man′s contumely,
The pangs of despised love‵, the law′s delay‵,
The insolence of office‵, and the spurns
That patient merit, of the unworthy takes′;
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin‵? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life′,
But that the dread of something after′ death,
That undiscovered country′, from whose bourn′

No traveler returns', puzzles the will';
And makes us rather bear the ills we have',
Than fly to others that we know not of'?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all';
And thus the native hue of resolution'
Is sicklied o'er with the pale' cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment',
With this regard, their currents turn awry',
And lose the name of action'.—SHAKSPEARE.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

Some lessons will now be given, exemplifying, in addition to the inflections, the principles of emphasis, as follows, viz.

1. *Absolute emphasis*, or where a word is emphasized on account of its own independent importance.
2. *Relative emphasis*, or where ideas are contrasted with each other; which contrast may be expressed or implied.
3. The *emphatic phrase*, or where several words are emphasized in succession.
4. *Emphasis* and *accent*, or where emphasis changes accent.
5. *Emphasis* and *inflection*, or where the inflection is changed by emphasis.
6. *Emphatic pause*, or the pause before or after an emphatic word or phrase.

NOTE. The emphatic words are denoted, as usual, by italics, or capitals; and the emphatic pause, by a dash, thus, (—).

LESSON XXIII.

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

MR. PRESIDENT.—It is natural for man' to indulge in the illusions of hope'. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth', and listen to the song of that siren' till she transforms us into beasts'. Is *this'*—the part of *wise men'*, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for *liberty'?* Are we disposed to be of the number of *those'*, who, having *eyes'*,—*see'* not, and having *ears'*, —*hear'* not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation'? For *my'*—part', whatever anguish of spirit it may *cost'*, I am willing to know the *whole truth'*; to *know'* the *worst*, and to *provide'* for it.

I have but *one'* lamp, by which *my'* feet are guided; and *that'* —is'—the *lamp* of *experience'*. I know of no way of judging of the *future'*, but by the *past'*; and, *judging* by the *past'*, I

wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years', to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house'? Is it that *insidious smile'* with which our petition has been lately received'? *Trust it not'*, sir: it will prove a *snare'* to your feet'. Suffer not yourself to be *betrayed* with a *kiss'*. Ask' yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition', comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land'. Are *fleets'*—and *armies'*—necessary to a work of *love'* and *reconciliation'?* Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling'* to be reconciled, that *force'*—must be called in to win back our love'? Let us not *deceive'* ourselves, sir. These are the implements of *war'* and *subjugation'; the last* arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen', what *means* this *martial array'*, if its purpose be *not'* to force us into submission'? Can gentlemen assign any *other—possible—motive'* for it? Has Great Britain any *enemy'*—in this quarter of the world', to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies'? No', sir', she has *none'*. They are meant for *us'*: they *can'* be meant' for no *other'*. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains', which the British ministry have been so long forging'. And what have we to *oppose'* to them? Shall we try *argument'?* Sir', we have *been trying that'*, for the *last—ten—years'*. Have we any thing *new'* to offer upon the subject'? Nothing'. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was *capable'; but* it has been all in vain'.

Shall we resort to *entreaty'* and *humble supplication'?* What *terms'* shall we *find'*, which have not been already *exhausted'?* Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer'. Sir', we have done every thing' that *could be done'*, to avert the storm which is now coming on'. We have petitioned'; we have *remonstrated'; we* have SUPPLICATED'; we have PROSTRATED' ourselves at the foot of the throne', and implored its interposition' to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament'. Our *petitions'* have been *slighted'; our remonstrances'* have produced *additional violence* and *insult'; our supplications'* have been *disregarded'; and* we have been *spurned'*, with *contempt'*, from the foot of the throne'.

In vain, after these things', may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation'. *There is no longer any room'* for hope. If we wish to be *free'; if* we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending'; if we mean not basely to *abandon'* the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves *never'* to abandon, until the glorious object of our

contest shall be obtained'; we *must fight*'! I repeat it', sir', WE MUST FIGHT'!! An appeal to *arms*' and the *God of Hosts'*, is all that is left' us.

They tell us, sir', that we are *weak*'; *unable*' to *cope*' with so formidable an adversary. But *when*' shall we be *stronger*'? Will it be the *next week'*, or the *next year'?* Will it be', when we are totally *disarmed'*, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house'? Shall we gather *strength* by *irresolution* and *inaction'?* Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance' by lying supinely on our backs', and hugging the delusive phantom of hope', until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot'? Sir', we are *not*' *weak*, if we make a proper use of those means', which the God of nature hath placed in our power'.

Three millions of people', armed in the holy cause of *liberty'*, and in *such*' a country as that which *we'* possess, are invincible by *any force*' which our enemy can send against' us. Besides', we shall not fight our battles—*alone'*. There is a *just God*' who presides over the destinies of nations'; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for' us. The battle', sir, is not to the *strong' alone;* it is to the *vigilant*'—the *active*'—the *brave*'. Besides, we have no election'. If we were base enough to *desire*' it, it is now too late to retire from the contest'. There is no retreat' but in submission and slavery'! Our chains' are forged'. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston'! The war is *inevitable*'; and'—*let it come*'!! I repeat it, LET IT COME'!!!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter'. Gentlemen may cry *peace'*, *peace';* but there is *no*' peace. The war is actually begun'. The next gale that sweeps from the north', will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms'! Our *brethren'* are *already* in the field! Why stand *we*'—here idle? What is it that gentlemen *wish*'? What would they *have*'? Is life *so dear'*, or peace *so sweet'*, as to be purchased at the price of *chains'* and *slavery'?* Forbīd īt Almīghty Gōd! I know not what course *others*' may take; but as for *me'; give* me *liberty'*, or GIVE ME DEATH'.—P. HENRY.

REMARK. In the above extract, may be found an illustration of most of the principles of emphasis.

The most important emphatic words and pauses only are marked. On this point there is always room for difference of opinion. Scarcely any two persons would pronounce a sentence with *precisely* the same emphasis. Observe, in the above lesson the all-controlling power of emphasis in determining to the falling inflection. The words "eyes," "ears," and "my," in the first paragraph, the word "that" in the second, and "spurned" and "contempt" in the fourth paragraph, are examples of this.

LESSON XXIV.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER

In Broadstreet building′,(on a winter night′,)
Snug by his parlor-fire′, a gouty wight
Sat all alone‵, with *one* hand rubbing
His feet′, rolled up in fleecy hose′,
With *t'other* he'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger , in whose columns grubbing′,
He noted all the sales of hops‵,
Ships‵, shops′, and slops‵;
Gum‵, galls′, and groceries‵; ginger‵, gin‵,
Tar‵, tallow‵, turmeric‵, turpentine′, and tin‵;
When lo′! a decent personage in black′,
Entered and most politely said′—
"Your *footman*′, sir′, has gone his nightly track′
To the King's head‵,
And left your *door ajar*‵, which *I*
Observed in passing by‵;
And thought it *neighborly*′ to give you *notice* ."
"*Ten thousand thanks*‵; how *very few*′ do get,
In time of danger′,
Such *kind attentions* from a *stranger*‵!
Assuredly, that fellow's throat′ is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate‵:
He *knows*′, too, (the unconscionable elf′,)
That there's *no soul* at home′ except *myself*‵."
"*Indeed*′," replied the stranger′ (looking grave′,)
"Then he's a *double*‵ knave;
He knows that *rogues*′ and *thieves*′ by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors‵:
And see, how *easily*‵ might one
Of these domestic foes′,
Even beneath your *very nose*‵,
Perform his knavish tricks‵;
Enter your room, as *I*‵ have done,
Blow out′ your *candles*‵—*thus*‵—and *thus*‵—,
Pocket′ your *silver candlesticks* ,
And′—*walk off*‵—*thus*‵"—
So said′—so done‵—he made no more remark′,
Nor waited for replies‵,
But marched off with his prize′,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.‵—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON XXV.

SPEECH IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT.

I WAS unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate', while it was carried on with calmness and decency', by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason', or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit\.

I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric', and such vehemence of gesture\; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed', with having no regard to any interests but their *own*\, and with making laws' only to consume paper\, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents', and the loss of their influence', upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance\. Nor, do I *now*\ answer him for any other purpose', than to remind him how little the *clamor* of *rage*\ and *petulency* of *invective'*, contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together\; how little the discovery of *truth* is *promoted*\, and the *security*\ of the nation *established*,' by *pompous diction'* and *theatrical emotion*\.

Formidable sounds and *furious declamation'*, *confident assertions*\ and *lofty periods'*, may affect the *young'* and *inexperienced**;* and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory', by conversing more with those of his *ŏwn age'*, than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge', and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments\. If the heat of temper would permit him to attend to those', whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority', he would learn in time to *reason'*, rather than *declaim**;* and to prefer *justness* of *argument'* and an accurate *knowledge* of *facts'*, to *sounding epithets*\ and *splendid superlatives*\, which may disturb the imagination' for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind\. He would learn', that to *accuse*\ and *prove'* are very *different**;* and that *reproaches*\, unsupported by *evidence'*, affect only the character of *him'* that *utters*\ them.

Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory', are indeed pardonable in *young' men*, but in *no other**;* and it would surely contribute more', even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak\, (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration\), to *prove'* the inconveniences and injustice of this bill', than barely to *assert*\ them, with *whatever magnificence* of *language'*, or *appearance* of *zeal'*, *honesty'*, or *compassion*\.—SIR R. WALPOLE.

LESSON XXVI.

REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

(Observe in this, examples of antithesis and relative emphasis.)

THE atrocious crime of being a *yŏŭng man*, which the honorable gentleman has′, with such *spirit′* and *decency′*, charged′ upon me, I shall neither attempt to *palliate′* nor *deny‵;* but content myself with hoping, that I may be one of *those′* whose *follies cease* with their *youth*,′ and not of *that* number, who are *ignorant′* in *spite* of *experience‵*. Whether *youth‵* can be imputed to a man as a *reproach′*, I will not assume the province of determining‵; but surely *ăge* may become *justly contemptible‵*, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without *improvement′*, and *vice‵* appears to *prevail′*, when the *passions′* have *subsided‵*. The *wretch′*, who, after having seen the consequences of a *thousand errors*, continues *still* to *blunder′*, and whose age has only added *obstinacy‵* to *stupidity′*, is surely the object either of *abhorence′* or *contempt‵*, and deserves not that his gray hairs′ should secure him from insult‵. Much more is *he‵* to be abhorred′, who, as he has *advanced′*—in *age‵*, has *receded‵*—from *virtue′*, and become *more wicked′*—with *less temptation‵;* who prostitutes himself for *money‵* which he cannot *enjoy′*, and spends the remains of his life′, in the ruin of his country‵.

But *yŏŭth′* is not my *only‵* crime; I am accused of acting a *theatrical‵ part*. A *theatrical part′* may either imply some peculiarity of *gesture′*, or a *dissimulation′* of my *real sentiments‵*, and an adoption′ of the opinions and language of *another‵ man*. In the *first′* sense, the charge is too *trifling′* to be *confuted‵;* and deserves only to be *mentioned′*, that it may be *despised‵*. *I′* am at liberty, like every *other‵* man, to use my *own‵ language;* and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman′, I shall not lay myself under any *restraint′*, nor very solicitously copy *his diction′* or *his mien‵*, however matured by *age′*, or modeled by *experience‵*.

But, if any man shall′, by charging me with theatrical behavior′, imply′, that I utter *any sentiments‵* but *my own′*, I shall treat him as a *calumniator′* and a *villain‵;* nor shall *any protection‵* shelter him from the treatment′ he deserves‵. I shall, on such an occasion′, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench‵ themselves, nor shall *any thing* but *age′* restrain my resentment‵; *ăge*, —which always brings *one‵* privilege, that of being *insolent′* and *supercilious′*, without *punishment‵*.

But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I *had‵* acted a borrowed part′, I should have *avoided*

their censure: the *heat* that *offended'* them, was the *ardor* of *conviction*\, and that *zeal*\ for the service of my *country'* which neither *hope'* nor *fear*\ shall influence me to suppress\. I will *not sit unconcerned'* while my liberty is invaded\, nor look in *silence'* upon public *robbery*\. I will exert my endeavors, at *whatever hazard'*, to *repel*\ the aggressor, and *drag* the thief to *justice*\, *whoever*\ may *protect'* him in his villanies, and *whoever'* may *partake'* of his *plunder*\.—PITT.

LESSON XXVII.

CHARACTER OF MR. PITT

THE secretary' stood alone\. Modern degeneracy had not reached\ him. Original' and unaccommodating', the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity\. His august mind' overawed majesty itself\, No state chicanery\, no narrow system of vicious politics\, no idle contest for ministerial victories', sunk him to the vulgar level of the great\; but overbearing\, persuasive\, and impracticable', his object was England', his ambition was fame\. Without *dividing'*, he *destroyed'* party; without *corrupting'*, he made a *venal* age *unanimous*\. France sunk beneath\ him. With *one*\ hand he smote the house of Bourbon', and wielded in the *other'* the democracy of England\. The sight of his mind was infinite\; and his schemes were to affect, not *England'*, not the *present' age* only, but *Europe*\ and *posterity*\. Wonderful were the means' by which these schemes were accomplished\; always *seasonable*\, always *adequate*\, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor', and enlightened by prophecy\.

The ordinary feelings' which make life amiable and indolent' were *unknown*\ to him. No domestic *difficulties'*, no domestic *weakness*\ reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life', and unsullied by its intercourse', he came occasionally into our system', to counsel and decide\. A character so exalted', so strenuous\, so various\, so authoritative', *astonished*\ a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt', through all classes of venality\. Corruption imagined', indeed, that she had found *defects*\ in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory\, and much of the ruin of his victories\; but the history of his country', and the calamities of the enemy', *answered'* and *refuted'*\ her.

Nor were his *political'* his *only*\ talents. His eloquence' was an *era*\ in the senate; peculiar, and spontaneous\; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom\; not like the torrent of Demosthenes\, or the splendid conflagration of Tully';

it resembled sometimes the *thunder*', and sometimes the *music*` of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation', nor was he ever on the rack of exertion`; but rather *lightened*` upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind', which, like those of the *eye*`, were *felt*', but could not be *followed*`.

Upon the whole', there was in this man something that could create', subvert', or reform`; an understanding`, a spirit`, and an eloquence', to summon mankind to society', or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority`; something that could *establish*', or *overwhelm*` empires, and strike a *blow*' in the world that should resound through the *universe*.`—ROBERTSON.

LESSON XXVIII.

VANITY OF LIFE.

MAN', born of woman',
Is of few days',
And full of trouble`.
He cometh forth as a flower', and is cut down`;
He fleeth also as a shadow',
And continueth not`.
2 Upon *such*' dost thou open thine eye,
And bring me unto judgment with thee'?
Among the impure is there *one pure*'?
Not one`.
3 Are his days so determined'?
Hast thou numbered his months',
And set fast his bounds' for him,
Which he can never pass'?
Turn` then from him that he may *rest*`,
And enjoy', as an hireling', his day`.
4 The *tree*' hath *hope*`, if it be cut down';
It becometh *green*` again,
And *new shoots*` are put forth.
If even the root is *old*` in the earth,
5 And its stock *die*` in the ground,
From vapor of water' it will bud`,
And bring forth boughs' as a young plant`.
But *man*' dieth, and his power is gone`:
He is taken away', and *where is he*`?
6 Till the waters waste from the sea',
Till the river faileth and is dry land',
Man lieth low', and riseth not again`.
Till the heavens are old', he shall not awake',
Nor be aroused from his sleep`.
7 Oh! that thou wouldst *conceal*' me
In the realm of departed souls`!

Hide me in secret′, till thy wrath be past‵;
Appoint me then a new term′,
And remember me again‵.
But alas‵! if a man die′,
Shall he *live′* again?
So long, then, as my toil endureth′,
Will I wait′, till a change‵come to me.
Thou wilt call′ me, and I shall answer‵;
Thou wilt pity the work of thy hands‵.
Though *now‵* thou numberest my steps′,
Thou shalt *then′* not watch for my sin‵.
My transgression will be sealed in a bag‵,
Thou wilt bind up′ and remove my iniquity‵.
Yet alas‵! the mountain falleth′ and is swallowed up,
The rock is removed out of its place‵,
The waters hollow out the stones‵,
The floods overflow the dust of the earth‵,
And thus′, thou destroyest the hope of man‵.
Thou contendest′ with him, till he faileth‵,
Thou changest his countenance′, and sendest him away‵
Though his sons become great′ and happy′,
Yet *he‵* knoweth it not′;
If they come to *shame‵* and *dishonor‵*,
He′ perceiveth it not‵.—HERDER'S HEBREW POETRY.

EXERCISES IN POETRY.

Some lessons will now be given for the purpose of illustrating the principles applicable to the reading of poetry. It will be recollected that these have already been stated as follows, viz.

1. The *rising inflection* and *monotone* are used more frequently in poetry than in prose.
2. Avoid changing the *accent* or *emphasis* for the sake of accommodating the *metre*.
3. At the end of each line, there should generally be a slight pause, especially in rhyme.
4. In most kinds of poetry, there should be, somewhere near the middle of each line, a *slight* pause, which is called a *cesura*, and sometimes there should be one or two additional pauses still *slighter* than the cesura. These latter are called *demi-cesuras*. The *cesura* is marked thus, (‖), and the demi-cesura thus, (|).
5. A simile in poetry should be read in a lower tone than the rest of the passage.

LESSON XXIX.

POETIC STYLE.

In this lesson, the cesural pauses are *all* marked. Let it be remembered that these should never be permitted to interfere, in any considerable degree, with the proper expression of the sense, however much the *melody* may be thereby increased. A word should *never be divided* by the cesura. It is *desirable* also to avoid separating a noun from its *preceding* adjective or article, and a verb from its adverb. These pauses must be *very slight*, especially the demi-cesura, which indeed should be scarcely perceptible. For more particular directions upon this subject, see Kaimes' Elements of Criticism.

But most | by numbers ‖ judge | a poet's song,
And smooth | or rough, ‖ with them | is right or wrong;
In the bright | muse, ‖ though thousand | charms conspire,
Her voice | is all ‖ these tuneful | fools admire,
Who haunt | Parnassus ‖ but to please | the ear,
Not mend | their minds; ‖ as some | to church repair,
Not for the | doctrine, ‖ but the | music there.
These, | equal syllables ‖ alone | require,
Though oft | the ear ‖ the open | vowels tire;
While | expletives ‖ their feeble aid | do join,
And ten | low words ‖ oft creep | in one dull line:
While they | ring round ‖ the same | unvaried chimes,
With sure | returns ‖ of still | expected rhymes;
Where'er | you find ‖ "the cooling | western breeze,"
In the | next line ‖ it "whispers | through the trees:"
If crystal | streams ‖ "with pleasing | murmurs creep,"
The reader 's | threatened ‖ (not in vain) | with "sleep:"
Then | at the last ‖ and only | couplet fraught
With some | unmeaning ‖ thing they call | a thought,

A needless | Alexandrine || ends | the song,
That, | like a wounded snake, || drags | its slow length along.

Leave such | to tune || their own dull rhymes, | and know
What 's roundly | smooth || or languishingly | slow;
And praise | the easy || vigor | of a line,
Where Denham's | strength, || and Waller's | sweetness join

'True ease | in writing || comes from art, | not chance,
As those | move easiest, || who have learned | to dance.
'Tis not | enough || no harshness | gives offense,
The sound | must seem || an echo | to the sense:
Soft | is the strain || when Zephyr | gently blows,
And | the smooth stream || in smoother | numbers flows;
But when | loud surges || lash | the sounding shore,
The hoarse | rough verse || should | like the torrent roar.
When Ajax | strives || some rock's | vast weight to throw,
The line | too labors, || and the words | move slow.
Not so | when swift || Camilla | scours the plain,
Flies | o'er th' unbending corn, || and skims | along the main.

POPE.

REMARKS. In the third line, the melody would require that the cesural pause should be after "though," but the sense is more fully expressed by placing it after "muse." In the eighth line, the cesura would come after the first syllable in the word "syllables;" but it is desirable to avoid dividing a word, and therefore it is removed to the end of the word. For the same reason, in the twentieth line, to avoid dividing the word "Alexandrine," the cesura is removed three syllables beyond its natural place.

LESSON XXX.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

In the two succeeding lessons, the cesuras are all marked, but the *demi-cesuras* are but partially noted.

NOT a drum | was heard', || not a funeral note',
As his corse || to the rampart we hurried';
Not a soldier | discharged || his farewell | shot'
O'er the grave || where our hero was buried'.

We buried him | darkly', || at dead | of night',
The sods' || with our bayonets | turning';
By the struggling *moonbeam's'* || misty light',
And the *lantern* || dimly burning.

No useless | *coffin'* || enclosed | his breast',
Not in *sheet'* | nor in *shroud'* || we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior || taking his rest',
With his martial *cloke'* || around him.

Few and short' || were the *prayers'* we said,
And we spoke || not a word of sorrow';

But we steadfastly gazed ‖ on the face of the dead′,
And we *bitterly* thought ‖ of the *morrow*‵.

We thought′, ‖ as we hollowed his narrow bed′,
And smoothed down ‖ his lonely pillow′,
That the *foe*‵ | and the *stranger*‵ ‖ would tread | o'er his head,
And *we*′ | far away ‖ on the billow‵.

Lightly | they 'll talk ‖ of the spirit | that 's gone′,
And o'er his cold ashes ‖ upbraid‵ him,
But little *he 'll*‵ reck, ‖ if they 'll let him sleep on
In the grave′ ‖ where a *Briton*‵ has laid him.

But half | of our heavy task ‖ was done′,
When the clock ‖ struck the hour for retiring‵;
And we heard ‖ the distant random gun′
That the foe ‖ was sullenly firing‵.

Slowly′ and sadly′ ‖ we laid him down‵,
From the field of his fame ‖ fresh and gory‵;
We carved not a *line*‵, ‖ and we raised not a *stone*′—
But left him ‖ alone with his glory‵.—Wolfe.

LESSON XXXI.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers | of midnight ‖ the Sailor-boy lay‵,
His hammock | swung loose′ ‖ at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn | and weary, ‖ his cares | flew away′,
And visions | of happiness ‖ danced | o'er his mind‵.

He dreamed of his home‵, ‖ of his dear native bowers‵,
And pleasures′ that waited ‖ on life's merry morn‵;
While Memory each scene ‖ gayly covered with flowe-s′,
And restored every rose′, ‖ but secreted the thorn‵.

Then Fancy her magical pinions ‖ spread wide‵,
And bade the young dreamer′ ‖ in ecstasy rise‵;
Now, far, far behind him ‖ the green waters glide′,
And the cot of his forefathers ‖ blesses his eyes‵.

The jessamin clambers ‖ in flower o'er the thatch′,
And the swallow sings sweet ‖ from her nest in the wall‵;
All trembling with transport ‖ he raises the latch′,
And the voices of loved ones ‖ reply to his call‵.

A father bends o'er him′ ‖ with looks of delight‵;
His cheek is impearled′ ‖ with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy ‖ in a love-kiss unite′
With the lips of the maid ‖ whom his bosom holds dear‵.

'The heart of the sleeper' || beats high in his breast',
Joy quickens his pulse', || all his hardships seem o'er';
And a murmur of happiness' || steals through his rest'—
"O God'! thou hast blest me, || I ask for no more'."

Ah! whence is that flame || which now bursts on his eye'?
Ah! what is that sound || that now larums his ear'?
'Tis the lightning's red glare || painting hell on the sky'!
'Tis the crashing of thunders', || the groan of the sphere!

He *springs*' from his hammock, || he *flies*' to the deck';
Amazement confronts him' || with images dire';—
Wild winds' and mad waves' || drive the vessel a wreck',
The masts fly in splinters', || the shrouds are on fire'!

Like mountains' the billows || tumultuously swell',
In vain the lost wretch' || calls on mercy to save';—
Unseen hands of spirits || are ringing his knell',
And the death-angel flaps || his broad wings o'er the wave'.

Oh, Sailor-boy'! || woe to thy dream of delight'!
In darkness || dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss';—
Where now is the picture || that Fancy touched bright';
Thy parents' fond pressure, || and love's honeyed kiss'?

Oh, Sailor-boy'! Sailor-boy'! || never again
Shall home', love', or kindred', || thy wishes repay';
Unblessed and unhonored', || down deep in the main'
Full many a score fathom, || thy frame shall decay'.

No tomb shall e'er plead || to remembrance for thee',
Or redeem form or fame || from the merciless surge';
But the white foam of *waves*' || shall thy winding-sheet be',
And winds, in the midnight || of winter, thy dirge'.

On beds of green sea-flower' || thy limbs shall be laid',
Around thy white bones' || the red coral shall grow';
Of thy fair, yellow locks, || threads of amber be made',
And every part suit || to thy mansion below'.

Days', months', years', and ages', || shall circle away',
And still the vast waters || above thee shall roll';
Earth loses thy pattern || for ever and aye'—
Oh, Sailor-boy'! Sailor-boy'! || peace to thy soul'.—DIMOND.

LESSON XXXII.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

WHERE is she', the poor maniac', whose wildly-fixed eyes'
Seem a heart overcharged to express'?
She weeps not', yet often and deeply she sighs';
She never complains'; but her silence implies'
The composure of settled distress'.

No aid', no compassion', the maniac will seek';
Cold and hunger' awake not her care';
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak'
On her poor withered bosom', half bare'; and her cheek'
Has the deadly pale hue of despair'.

Yet cheerful and happy', nor distant the day',
Poor Mary', the maniac, has been':
The traveler remembers', who journeyed this way',
No damsel so lovely', no damsel so gay',
As Mary', the Maid of the Inn'.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight',
As she welcomed them in with a smile';
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright',
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night',
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle'.

She loved'; and young Richard had settled the day',
And she hoped' to be happy for life':
But Richard was idle' and worthless'; and they
Who knew' him would pity poor Mary', and say',
That she was too *good*' for his wife'.

'Twas in autumn', and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door';
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright';
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight',
They listened' to hear the wind' roar.

"'Tis pleasant'," cried one', "seated by the fire-side',
To hear the wind whistle without'."
"A fine night for the Abbey'!" his comrade replied':
"Methinks a man's courage' would now well be tried',
Who would wander the ruins about'.

"I *myself*', like a school-boy', should tremble to hear'
The hoarse ivy shake over my head';
And could fancy I saw', half persuaded by fear',
Some ugly, old abbot's white *spirit*' appear,
For this wind' might awaken the dead'."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried',
"That *Mary*' would venture there *now*':"

"Then *wager*', and *lose*'," with a sneer he replied';
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side',
And faint' if she saw a *white cow*'!"

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow'?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile';
"I shall win', for I know' she will venture there now',
And earn a new bonnet', by bringing a bough'
From the alder that grows in the aisle'."

With fearless good humor' did Mary comply',
And her way' to the Abbey she bent';
The night' it was gloomy', the wind it was high';
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold' as she went'.

O'er the path so well known', still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight';
Through the gateway', she entered'; she felt not afraid';
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild', and their shade'
Seemed to deepen' the gloom of the night'.

All around her was silent', save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile';
Over weed-covered fragments' still fearless she passed',
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last',
Where the *alder-tree*' grew in the aisle'.

Well pleased did she reach' it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough';
When the sound of a *voice*' seemed to rise on her ear
She paused', and she listened', all eager to hear',
And her heart panted fearfully now'!

The wind blew', the hoarse ivy shook over her head':
She listened'; nought else' could she hear'.
The wind ceased', her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins'—*distinctly*'—the tread'
Of *footsteps*' approaching her near.

Behind a wide column', half breathless with fear',
She crept, to conceal herself there';
That instant', the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear'
And she saw in the moonlight two *ruffians*' appear,
And between them', a *corpse*' did they bear.

Then Mary could feel' her heart-blood curdle cold'!
Again the rough wind hurried by';
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold',
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled';
She fell'; and expected to die'!

"*Curse*\ the hat," he exclaims\; "Nay\, come on , and fast hide'
The dead body\!" his comrade replied\.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side\,
She seizes the hat\, fear her courage supplied'\,
And fast through the Abbey she flies\!

She ran with wild speed\, she rushed in' at the door\,
She look'd horribly eager around\:
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more\;
But exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor'\,
Unable to utter a sound\.

Ere yet her pale lips could her story impart,'
For a moment, the *hat*\ met her view\:—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,\
For'\, O Heaven\! what cold horror thrilled through her heart'\,
When the name of her *Richard*\ she knew\!

Where the old Abbey stands'\, on the common hard by\,
His gibbet is now to be seen\;
Not far from the inn'\, it engages the eye\;
The traveler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh'\,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn\.—SOUTHEY.

LESSON XXXIII.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES\, the year is growing old'\,
And his eye is pale and bleared\;
Death'\, with frosty hand and cold'\,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely\, sorely\!

The leaves are falling\, falling'\,
Solemnly' and slow\;
Caw\! caw\! the rooks are calling,'
It is a sound of woe\,
A sōund of wōe\!

Through woods and mountain-passes'
The winds like anthems roll\;
They are chanting solemn masses\,
Singing'\;—Prāy fōr this pōōr sōul\!
Prāy\! prāy\!

The hooded clouds'\, like friars'\,
Tell their beads in drops of rain\,
And patter their doleful prayers\;—
But their prayers' are all in vain\,
All in vain\!

There he stands′, in the foul weather′,
The foolish, fond Old Year‵,
Crown'd with wild flowers and with heather′,
Like weak, despised Lear‵,
A king‵,—a king‵!

Then comes′ the summer-like day‵,
Bids the old man rejoice‵!
His joy‵! his last‵! O‵, the old man gray′
Loveth‵ her ever soft voice′,
Gentle′ and low‵.

To the crimson woods he saith′,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air,′ like a daughter's breath′,
Pray, do not mock me so‵!
Do not laugh at me‵!

And now′, the sweet day is dead‵;
Cōld in his ārms it lies,
No stain from its breath is spread′
Over the glassy skies′,
No mist or stain‵!

Then′, too′, the *Old Year*‵ dieth,
And the forests′ utter a moan‵,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone′,
Vex not his ghost‵!

Then comes′, with an awful roar′,
Gathering′ and sounding on′,
The storm-wind‵ from Labrador‵,
The wind Euroclydon‵,
The storm-wind‵!

Howl‵! howl‵! and from the forest′
Sweep the red leaves away‵!
Would′, the sins that thou abhorrest′,
O soul′, could thus decay′,
And be swept away′!*

For there shall come a mightier blast′,
There shall be a darker day‵;
And the stars from heaven downcast,
Like red leaves be swept away‵!
Kȳrie Elēȳson!
Chrīste Elēȳson!†—LONGFELLOW.

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* See Rule II—1. Remark.

† These words mean, "Lord, have mercy! Christ, have mercy!"

LESSON XXXIV.

THE SOLDIER'S REST.

Sodlier', rest'! || thy warfare o'er',
Sleep the sleep' || that knows not breaking';
Dream of battle-fields || no more',
Days of danger', || nights of waking'.
In our isle's enchanted hall',
Hands unseen || thy couch are strewing',
Fairy strains of music' || fall,
Every sense' || in slumber dewing'.
Soldier', rest'! || thy warfare o'er',
Sleep the sleep || that knows not breaking';
Dream of battle-fields || no more',
Morn of toil', || nor night of waking'.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear',
Armor's clang', or war steed champing',
Trump nor pibroch summon here',
Mustering clan', or squadron' tramping.
Yet the *lark's'* shrill fife may come',
At the daybreak from the fallow',
And the *bittern'* sound *his* drum',
Booming from the sedgy shallow'.
Ruder' sounds shall *none'* be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here'.
Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing',
Shouting clans' or squadrons stamping'.

Huntsman', rest'! thy chase is done';
While our slumbrous spells assail' ye,
Dream not with the rising sun',
Bugles here shall sound *reveille'.
Sleep'! the deer is in his den';
Sleep'! thy hounds' are by thee lying';
Sleep'! nor dream in yonder glen',
How thy gallant steed lay dying'.
Huntsman'! rest'! thy chase is done';
Think not of the rising sun',
For at dawning to assail' ye,
Here no bugle sounds reveille'.—Scott.

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* Pronounced *re-vel'-ya.*

LESSON XXXV.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent',
To listen for his coming'.
I have thought',
A *brother's'* and a *sister's'* love was much'.
I *know'* a *brother's'* is, for I have loved'
A trusting sister'; and I know how broke
The heart may be' with its own tenderness'.
But the affection of a *delicate child'*
For a *fond father'*, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life', and living on
Through all earth's changes',
Must be holier'!
The wind bore on'
The leaden tramp of thousands'. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals';
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts',
Returning from the battle, poured from far',
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea'.

Jephthah led his warriors on'
Through Mizpeh's streets'. His helm' was proudly set',
And his stern lip curled slightly,' as if *prăise*
Were for the hero's *scôrn.* His step was *firm*,
But *free'* as India's leopard'; and his mail',
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear',
Was lighter than a *tassel'* on *his* frame.
His crest' was Judah's kingliest', and the look
Of his dark', lofty eye'
Might quell a lion'. He led on'; but thoughts'
Seemed gathering round which troubled' him. The veins
Upon his forehead were distinctly seen';
And his proud lip' was painfully compressed'.
He trod less firmly'; and his restless eye'
Glanced forward frequently', as if some ill
He dared not meet, were there'. His home was near;
And men were thronging', with that strange delight'
They have in human passions', to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride'.
He gazed intensely forward'.
A moment more',
And he had reached his home'; when lo! there sprang
One' with a bounding footstep,' and a brow
Like light', to meet' him. Oh'! how beautiful'!
Her dark eye flashing' like a sun-lit gem',
And her luxuriant *hair'*—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions'. He stood still',
As if the sight had *withered'* him. She threw
Her arms about his neck'; he heeded not'.

She called′ him "Father‘," but he answered not′.
She stood and *gazed*‘ upon him. Was he *wroth′?*
There was no *anger′* in that blood-shot eye′.
Had *sickness′* seized him? She unclasped his helm‘,
And laid her white hand′ gently on his brow‘.
The touch aroused‘ him. He raised up his hands′,
And spōke the nāme of Gōd in āgony.
She knew that he was stricken‘ then, and rushed
Again into his arms′, and with a flood
Of tears she could not stay′, she sobbed a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness‘.
He *told*‘ her, and a momentary flush′
Shot o'er her countenance‘: and then′, the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened‘, and she stood
Calmly and nobly up′, and said′, "Tis well‘—
And I will die!"

And whēn the sūn had sēt,
Thēn shē wās dēad—but nōt by vīolence.—Willis.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells‘?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main′!
Pale glistening pearls‘, and rainbow-colored shells‘,
Bright things′, which gleam unrecked′ of and in vain
Keep‘, *keep*‘ thy riches, melancholy sea′!
We ask not *sŭch* from thee‘.

Yet *more*, thy depths have *more*‘!—What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies‘!
Thou hast the starry gems′, the burning gold′,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies‘.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main′!
Earth claims not *thêse* again!

Yet *more*, thy depths have *more*‘! Thy waves have rolled′
Above the cities of a world gone by‘.
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old′,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry‘.
Dash o'er them‘, ocean, in thy scornful play‘!
Man yields *thĕm* to decay.

Yet *more*‘! thy billows and thy depths have *more*‘!
High hearts′ and brave′ are gathered to thy breast‘.
They *hear not now*‘ the booming waters roar′,—
The battle-thunders will not break *their*‘ rest.
Keep thy *red gŏld* and *gêms*, thou stormy grave′!
Give back the *true* and *brave*‘.

Give back the *lost*\ and *lovely*\!—*Those*′, for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long\,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song\!
Hold fast thy *buried isles*\, thy *towers o'erthrown*′,
But *all* is *not thine own*\!—Mrs. Hemans.

EXERCISES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

Those parts to be read in a low tone are marked (*l*,) and those requiring a high tone are marked (*h*.) This lesson also illustrates the manner in which *simile* should be read in poetry.

LESSON XXXVII.

HECTOR'S ATTACK ON THE GRECIAN WALLS.

Then godlike Hector and his troops contend′
To force the ramparts and the gates to rend\;
Nor Troy could conquer\, nor the Greeks would yield′,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field\:
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar′,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air\;
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.\
(*l*) So′, pressed with hunger′, from the mountain brow
Decends a lion\ on the flocks below;
So′, stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain′,
In sullen majesty and stern disdain\:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar′,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war\;
Regardless,′ furious,′ he pursues his way\;
He foams\, he roars′, he rends the panting prey\.

Unmoved, the embodied Greeks their fury dare′,
And fixed, support the weight of all the war\;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers′,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers\
(*l*) As, on the confines of adjoining grounds′,
Two stubborn swains\ with blows dispute their bounds,
They tug′, they sweat\; but neither gain\ nor yield′
One foot′, one inch′ of the contested field\:
Thus, obstinate to death, they fight′, they fall\;
Nor these can *keep*′, nor those can *win*\ the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard′, and rattling arms resound\;
The copious slaughter covers all the shore′,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore\.
(*l*) As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads\,
From side to side′ the trembling balance nods′,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her wooly store′,)

Till′, poised aloft′, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight‵; nor *this*′, nor *that*‵ descends.
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With fates prevailing′, turned the scale of fight‵.

(*h*) Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies′,
And fires his hosts with loud repeated cries‵.
Advance, ye Trojans′! lend your valiant hands‵,
Haste to the fleet‵, and toss the blazing brands‵!
They hear‵, they run‵; and gathering at his call′,
Raise scaling engines′, and ascend the wall‵:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up′, and all the rising host appears‵.

A ponderous stone‵ bold Hector heaved to throw,
Pointed above′, and rough and gross below‵:
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in *these*‵ degenerate days.
Yet *this*′, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece′, he tossed,′ and shook in air‵:
Thus armed′, before the folded gates he came′,
Of massy substance′, and stupendous frame‵;
With iron bars′ and brazen hinges strong′,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung‵:
Then thundering through the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock‵; the solid beams give way‵;
The folds are shattered‵; from the crackling door′
Leap the resounding bars′, the flying hinges roar‵.

Now rushing in′, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night′, and shakes two shining spears‵:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armor came′,
And from his eyeballs flash'd the living flame‵.
He moves a god‵, resistless′ in his course‵,
And seems a match for more than mortal force‵.
Then pouring after′, through the gaping space′,
A tide of Trojans flows′, and fills the place‵;
The Greeks behold‵, they tremble′, and they fly;
The shore is heaped with death′, and tumult rends the sky.

POPE'S HOMER.

LESSON XXXVIII.

(This lesson is adapted to the cultivation of a low tone.)

BATTLE IN HEAVEN.

To whom′, in brief′, thus Abdiel stern replied‵:
Reign *thou* in hell, *thy*‵ kingdom; let *me* serve,
In heaven, *God* ever blest′, and *his* divine
Behests′ obey‵, worthiest to be obeyed‵;
Yet *chains*‵ in hell, not *realms*′, expect‵: meanwhile,
From me′, (returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,)
This′ greeting on thy impious crest receive‵.

So saying′, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not‵, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan′, that no *sight*,
Nor motion of swift *thought*′, less could his *shield*′,
Such ruin intercept‵. Ten paces huge
He back recoiled‵; the tenth′, on bended knee
His massy spear upstayed‵; as if on earth
Winds under ground′, or waters forcing way′
Sidelong, had pushed a *mountain*‵ from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines.

Now storming fury rose‵,
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
Was never‵; arms on armor clashing′, bray′d
Horrible discord‵, and the maddening wheels′
Of brazen chariots raged‵; dire was the noise
Of conflict‵; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew‵,
And flying,′ vaulted either host with fire‵.
So′, under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main′, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage‵. All heaven
Resounded‵; and had earth been then′, all earth
Had to her center shook‵. What wonder‵? where
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side′, the least of whom could wield
These elements′, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions‵.

Long time in even scale′,
The battle hung‵; till Satan′, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal′, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused′, at length,
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
Squadrons at once‵; with huge two-handed sway′,
Brandished aloft′, the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting‵; such destruction to withstand
He hasted‵, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield
Of vast circumference‵. At his approach′
The great Archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased‵, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven′, th' arch-foe subdued‵.

Now waved their fiery swords‵, and in the air
Made horrid circles‵; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite′, while expectation stood
In horror‵; from each hand with speed retired′,
Where erst was thickest fight′, the angelic throng,
And left large fields‵, unsafe within the wind′
Of such commotion‵; such as, to set forth
Great things by small′, if, nature's concord broke′,

Among the constellations war were sprung,'
Two *planets*\ rushing from aspect* malign
Of fiercest opposition', in mid-sky'
Should combat\, and their jarring spheres confound\.—MILTON.

LESSON XXXIX.

(This should be read in a middle tone.)

PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

THEN said Agrippa unto Paul': "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself\." Then Paul stretched forth his hand' and answered for himself\.

I think myself happy', king Agrippa', because I shall answer for myself, this day, before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews\; especially', because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews\: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently\. My manner of life from my youth', which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem,' know all the Jews\; who knew me from the *beginning*\, if they would testify', that, after the most straitest sect of our religion', I lived a Pharisee\.

And now', I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers\; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come\. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa,' I am accused of the Jews\. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the *dead*? I verily thought with myself', that I *ought*\ to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth\. Which things I also *did*\ in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief-priests\, and when they were put to death', I gave my voice against\ them.

And I punished them oft in every synagogue', and compelled them to blaspheme\; and being exceedingly mad' against them, I persecuted them, even unto strange cities\. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus', with authority and commission from the chief-priests', at mid-day, O king', I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with\ me. And when we were all fallen to the earth', I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue', Saul', Saul', why persecutest thou me\?

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* Observe the improper pronunciation of the word "aspect," required by the poetic accent. In this case an equal degree of force may be given to each syllable.

it is hard for thee to kick against the goads\. And I said,' Who art\ thou, Lord'?

And he said', I am Jesus\, whom thou persecutest\. But rise and stand upon thy feet\: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose', to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen', and of those things in the which I will appear\ unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles', unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes', and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God\; that they may receive forgiveness of sins', and inheritance among them which are sanctified', by faith that is in me\.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa', I was not *disobedient*\ unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus', and at Jerusalem', and throughout all the coasts of Judea', and then to theGentiles', that they should repent and turn to God', and do works meet for repentance\. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple', and went about to kill\ me. Having, therefore, obtained help of God', I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small' and great\, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come\; that Christ should suffer\, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead\, and should show light unto the people', and to the Gentiles\.

And as he thus spake for himself', Festus said with a loud voice, "Paul', thou art *beside*\ thyself, much learning hath made thee mad.\'" But he said, "I am not mad', most noble Festus', but speak forth the words of truth and soberness\. For the king *knoweth*\ of these things', before whom I speak freely\; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him\; for this thing was not done in a corner'. King Agrippa', believest thou the prophets'? I *know*\ that thou believest."

Then Agrippa said unto Paul'; "Almost thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian." And Paul said', "I would to God that not only *thou'*, but also *all* that *hear me this day'*, were both *almost'*, and *altogether*\ such as *I* am, except these bonds\." And when he had thus spoken', the king rose up, and the governor and Bernice, and they that sat with them\. And when they were gone aside', they talked between themselves, saying'; "This man doeth nothing worthy of death' or of bonds'." Then said Agrippa unto Festus'; "This man might have been set at *liberty*, if he had not appealed' unto Cesar\."—Bible.

LESSON XL.

SPEECH OF HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.

(This lesson requires a high key.)

ONCE more unto the breach', dear friends', once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead'.
In *peace'*, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility';
But when the blast of *war* blows in our ears',
Then', imitate the action of the tiger';
Stiffen the *sinews'*, *summon up* the *blood'*,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage':
Then', lend the eye a terrible aspect';
Let it pry through the portage of the head',
Like the brass cannon'; let the brow o'erwhelm' it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now *set* the *teeth'*, and *stretch* the *nostril wide*,
Hold hard the *breath'*, and *bend' up* every *spirit'*
To its full height'! *On'*, *on'*, you noble English!
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof';
Fathers', that, like so many Alexanders',
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument';
Be copy now to men of grosser blood',
And teach them how to war'!
And *you'*, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England', show' us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding', which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base',
That hath not noble luster in your eyes'.
I see you start like grayhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start'. The game's afoot';
Follow your spirit': and, upon this charge',
Cry'—*God* for *Harry'! England'!* and *St. George'!*

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON XLI.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

I COME not here to *talk'*. You know too well'
The story of our thralldom'. We are—*slaves'!*
The bright sun rises to his course' and lights
A race of—*slaves'!* He sets', and his last beams'
Fall on a—*slave'*; not *such'* as swept along
By the full tide of power', the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame':

(*l*) But—*base*‵—*ignoble*‵—slaves; slaves′ to a horde
Of *petty tyrants*‵, *feudal despots*‵, *lords*,
Rich′ in some dozen′ *paltry villages*‵;
Strong′ in some *hundred spearmen*‵; *only great*′
In that *strange spell*′;—a NAME‵.
Each hour, dark fraud′,
Or open rapine′, or protected murder′,
Cry out against‵ them. (*h*) But *this very day*‵,
An honest man′, my neighbor,—there he stands′,—
Was *struck*‵,—*struck*′ like a—*dog*‵, by one who wore
The badge of Ursin‵; because, forsooth′,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air‵,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts′,
At sight of that great ruffian‵! (*hh*) Be we *men*′,
And suffer *such*′ dishonor? *men*′, and wash not
The stain away in *blood*′? (*l*) Such shames are common,
I have known *deeper*‵ wrongs; *I*‵, that speak‵ to ye,
(*ll*) I had a *brother*‵ once′—a gracious boy‵,
Full of gentleness′, of calmest hope′,
Of sweet and quiet joy‵;—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face′, which limners give
To the beloved disciple‵.
How I *loved*′
That gracious boy‵! Younger by fifteen years‵,
Brother at once′, and son‵! He left my side,
A summer bloom′ on his fair cheek‵; a smile′
Parting his innocent lips‵. In *one short hour*′,
The *pretty*, *harmless boy* was *slain*‵! I saw
The cōrse, the mangled cōrse, and then (*h*) I cried′
For *vengeance*‵! (*hh*) Rouse‵ ye, Romans′! ROUSE‵ ye, SLAVES′
Have ye *brave sons*′? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die*‵. Have ye *fair daughters*′? Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms*‵, *distained*‵,
Dishonored‵; and if ye *dare call for justice*′,
Be answered by the *lash*‵.
(*l*) Yet *this*′—is *Rome*‵,
That sat on her seven hills‵, and, from her throne
Of beauty′, ruled the *world*′! Yet *we*′ are *Romans!*
(*h*) Why‵, in that elder day, to be a *Rŏman*,
Was greater than a *king!*
And once again,—
(*hh*) *Hear*‵ me, ye *walls*′, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! *Once again*, I *swear*′,
The eternal city shall be free‵.—MISS MITFORD

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES WITH RHETORICAL NOTATION.

The remaining exercises of Part II. are promiscuously arranged, and are intended to illustrate all the principles which have been explained.

LESSON XLII.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

HARLEY sat down on a large stone, by the way-side, to take a pebble from his shoe', when he saw, at some distance', a *beggar*\ approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat mended with different colored rags\, amongst which the blue' and russet' were predominant\. He had a short, knotty stick in his hand\; and on the top' of it was stuck a ram's horn\; he wore no shoes', and his stockings had entirely lost that part' of them which would have coverd his feet and ancles\; in his face, however,' was the plump appearance of good humor\; he walked a good round pace', and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels\.

"Our delicacies'" said Harley to himself', "are fantastic\; they are not in nature\! That *beggar'* walks over the *sharpest*\ of these stones *barefooted'*, whilst *I* have lost the most delightful dream in the world', from the *smallest'* of them happening to get into my *shoe*\."—The beggar had by this time come up\, and pulling off a piece of a hat', asked charity\ of Harley. The dog began to beg too\. It was impossible to resist both\; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings' had made both unnecessary\, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before\. The beggar', on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number\; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance', said to Harley "that if he wanted to have his fortunes told'"—Harley turned his eye briskly upon the beggar\; it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction', and silenced the prophet immediately\. "I would much rather learn'," said Harley', "what it is in your *power*\ to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining\ one; sit down on this stone', and let me know something of your profession\; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller', for a week or two, myself'."

"Master'," replied the beggar', "I like your frankness much\; for I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child\; but there is no doing with it in this world\; we must do as we can\; and *lying'* is, as you call it, my profession\. But I was in some sort *forced'* to the trade', for I once dealt in telling the *truth*\. I was a laborer\, sir', and gained as much as to make me live\. I never laid by', indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag\, and your wags', I take it, are seldom rich\, Mr. Harley'." "So\," said Harley\, "you seem to know\ me." "Aye\, there are few

folks in the country' that I *don't* know *something*\ of: How should I tell fortunes\ else ?" "True\; but go on with your story\; you were a laborer\, you say, and a wag\; your industry', I suppose, you left with your *old*\ trade; but your humor' you preserved to be of use to you in your *new*\."

"What signifies sadness\, sir? a man grows lean\ on't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees\; sickness\ first disabled' me, and it went against my stomach to work ever after\. But in truth I was for a long time so weak', that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work\. I had no relation' living, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to *joke*\. Thus I was forced to beg my bread', and a sorry trade I have found\ it, Mr. Harley'. I told all my misfortunes truly', but they were seldom believed\; and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed', did it with a shake of the head', and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story\. In short', I found that people don't care to give alms without some *security*\ for their money,—such as a *wooden leg*\, or a *withered arm*\, for example. So I *changed*\ my plan, and instead of telling my *own'* misfortunes, began to prophesy happines to *others*\.

This I found by much the better way\. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own\, and of *many* who say they do not believe in fortune-telling', I have known *few* on whom it had not a very sensible effect\. I pick up the names of their acquaintance\; amours' and little squabbles' are easily gleaned among servants and neighbors\; and indeed', people *themselves*\ are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose\. They dare not puzzle' us for their *own*\ sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe\; and they who repeat' it, to laugh at it when they have done', are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine\. With a tolerably good memory', and some share of cunning', I succeed reasonably well as a fortune-teller\. With this,' and showing the tricks of that dog', there, I make shift to pick up a livelihood\.

My trade is none of the most honest\, yet people are not *much* cheated after all\, who give a few half pence for a *prospect'* of happiness, which I have heard some persons say, is all a man can arrive at, in this\ world. But I must bid you good day\, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon', to inform some boarding-school young ladies', whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm', or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time\."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket\; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow\ it. Virtue held back his arm\; but a milder form', a younger sister' of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue\, nor so serious as Pity', smiled\ upon him;

his fingers lost their compression'; nor did Virtue' appear to catch the money as it fell'. It had no sooner reached the ground', than the watchful cur' (a trick he had been taught') snapped it up'; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship', delivered it immediately into the hands of his master'.—MACKENZIE.

LESSON XLIII.

HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

WRITERS of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in *us*', and not in the *objects'* offered for our amusement'. If the *soul'* be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment', and distress will almost want a name'. Every occurrence passes in review', like the figures of a procession'; some' may be awkward', others' ill-dressed'; but none but a *fool'* is, on that account', enraged with the master of ceremonies'.

I remember to have once seen a slave, in a fortification in Flanders', who appeared no way touched with his situation'. He was maimed', deformed', and chained'; obliged to toil from the appearance of day' till night-fall', and condemned to this' for life'; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness', he sung', would have danced', but that he wanted a leg', and appeared the merriest, happiest man' of all the garrison'. What a practical philosopher was here'! A happy constitution supplied philosophy'; and though seemingly destitute' of wisdom, he was really wise'. No reading or study' had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around' him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth'; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool'; he was *such'* an idiot', as philosophers should wish to imitate'.

They who, like that slave', can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasant light', will find something in every occurrence, to excite their good humor'. The most calamitous events', either to themselves' or others', can bring no new affliction'; the world is to them a theater', on which only comedies' are acted. All the bustle of heroism' or the aspirations of ambition', seem only to heighten the absurdity of the scene', and make the humor more poignant'. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress', or the complaints of others', as the *undertaker'*, though dressed in black', feels sorrow at a funeral'.

Of all the men I ever read' of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness in the highest degree'. When fortune wore her angriest look', and he fell into the power of Cardinal Mazarine', his most deadly enemy', (being confined a close pris-

oner in the castle of Valenciennes',) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy', for he pretented to neither'. He only laughed at himself' and his persecutor', and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation'. In this mansion of distress', though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life', and entirely cut off from all intercourse with his friends', he still retained his good humor', laughed at the little spite of his enemies', and carried the jest so far' as to write the life of his jailor'.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes'. The cardinal's example will teach us to be good-humored in circumstances of the highest affliction'. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility' or idiotism'; it is happiness to ourselves'; and none but a fool could measure his satisfaction' by what the *world*' thinks of it.

The happiest fellow I ever knew', was of the number of those good-natured creatures', that are said to do no harm to any body but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery', he called it "seeing life'." If his head was broken by a chairman', or his pocket picked by a sharper', he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one', or the more fashionable cant of the other'. Nothing came amiss' to him. His inattention to money matters had concerned his father to such a degree', that all intercession of friends was fruitless'. The old gentleman was on his death-bed'. The whole family' (and Dick was among the number') gathered around' him.

"I leave my second son', Andrew," said the expiring miser', "my whole estate'; and desire him to be frugal'." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone', (as is usual on such occasions',) prayed heaven to prolong his life and health, to enjoy it himself'. "I recommend Simon, my third son', to the care of his elder brother', and leave him, besides', four thousand pounds'." "Ah, father'!" cried Simon', (in great affliction, to be sure',) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself'!" At last turning to poor Dick'; "As for you', you have always been a sad dog'; you'll never come to good', you'll never be rich';—I leave you a shilling to buy a *halter*'." "Ah father'!" cries Dick, without any emotion', "*May heaven give you life and health' to enjoy it yourself*'!"

GOLDSMITH.

LESSON XLIV.

LAFAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES.

(Extract from an address delivered at a Sunday-School Celebration.)

It is but a few years, since we beheld the most singular and memorable pageant in the annals of time. It was a pageant more sublime and affecting than the progress of Elizabeth through England after the defeat of the armada; than the return of Francis I. from a Spanish prison to his own beautiful France; than the daring and rapid march of the conqueror at Austerlitz from Frejus to Paris. It was a pageant, indeed, rivaled only in the elements of the grand and the pathetic, by the journey of our own Washington, through the different states. Need I say that I allude to the visit of La Fayette to America?

But La Fayette returned to the land of the *dead*, rather than of the *living*. How many who had fought with him in the war of '76, had died in arms, and lay buried in the grave of the soldier or the sailor! How many who had survived the perils of battle, on the land and the ocean, had expired on the death-bed of peace, in the arms of mother, sister, daughter, wife! Those who survived to celebrate with him the jubilee of 1825, were stricken in years, and hoary-headed; many of them infirm in health; many the victims of poverty, or misfortune, or affliction. And, how venerable that patriotic company; how sublime their gathering through all the land; how joyful their welcome, how affecting their farewell to that beloved stranger! But the pageant has fled, and the very *materials* that gave it such depth of interest, are rapidly perishing: and a *humble*, perhaps a *nameless* grave, shall hold the last soldier of the Revolution. And shall they ever meet again? Shall the patriots and soldiers of '76—the Immortal Band, as history styles them,—meet again in the amarinthine bowers of spotless purity, of perfect bliss, of eternal glory? Shall their's be the Christian's Heaven, the kingdom of the Redeemer? The *heathen* points to his fabulous Elysium, as the Paradise of the soldier and the sage. But the *Christian* bows down with tears, and sighs, for he knows that *not many* of the patriots, and statesmen, and warriors of Christian lands, are the disciples of Jesus.

But we turn from La Fayette, the favorite of the old and the new world, to the peaceful benevolence, the unambitious achievements of *Robert Raikes*. Let us imagine him to have been still alive, and to have visited our land to celebrate this day with us. No national ships would have been offered to bear *him*, a nation's guest, in the pride of the star-spangled banner, from the bright shores of the *rising*, to the brighter shores of the *setting* sun.

No cannon would have hailed *him*′ in the stern language of the battle-field′, the fortunate champion of Freedom′, in Europe and America′. No martial music would have welcomed *him*′ in notes of rapture, as they rolled along the Atlantic′, and echoed through the valley of the Mississippi′. No military procession would have heralded *his*′ way through crowded streets, thick-set with the banner and the plume′, the glittering saber and the polished bayonet′. No cities would have called forth beauty and fashion′, wealth and rank′, to honor him′ in the ball-room and theater′. No states would have escorted him′ from boundary to boundary, nor have sent their chief-magistrate to do him′ homage. No national liberality would have allotted to him′ a nobleman's domain, and princely treasure′. No national gratitude would have hailed him′ in the capitol itself, the nation's guest, because the nation's benefactor′; and have consecrated a battle-ship′, in memory of his wounds and his gallantry‵.*

Not such would have been the reception of Robert Raikes′, in the land of the Pilgrims′ and of Penn‵, of the Catholic′, the Cavalier′, and the Huguenot‵. And who does not rejoice‵, that it would be impossible *thus* to welcome this primitive Christian′, the founder of Sunday-schools‵. *His*′ heralds would be the preachers of the Gospel‵, and the eminent in piety′, benevolence′ and zeal′. *His*′ procession would number in its ranks the messengers of the Cross′ and the disciples of the Savior‵, Sunday-school teachers′ and white-robed scholars′. The temples of the Most High‵ would be the scenes of *his*′ triumph. Homage and gratitude to *him*′, would be anthems of praise′ and thanksgiving to God‵.

Parents would honor him as more than a brother‵; children would reverence him as more than a father‵. The faltering words of age′, the firm and sober voice of manhood′, the silvery notes of youth′, would bless him as a Christian patron‵. The wise and the good would acknowledge him every where′, as a national benefactor‵, as a patriot even to a land of strangers‵. He would have come a *messenger*′ of peace to a *land*‵ of peace. No images of camps′, and sieges′, and battles′; no agonies of the dying and the wounded′, no shouts of victory‵, or processions of triumph′, would mingle with the recollections of the multitudes who welcomed *him*‵. *They* would mourn over no common dangers′, trials′, and calamities‵; for the road of duty has been to *them* the path of pleasantness′, the way of peace‵. *Their*′ memory of the past would be rich in gratitude to God′, and love to

* This paragraph may be considered as a *series* of sentences, and may receive the corresponding inflections, or each clause may receive the inflections appropriate to negative sentences.

man\; *their'* enjoyment of the present would be a prelude to heavenly bliss\; *their'* prospects of the future, bright and glorious as faith and hope\. * * * * *

Such was the reception of *La Fayette*, the *warrior'; such'* would be that of *Robert Raikes*, the *Howard* of the *Christian church*. And which is the nobler benefactor*, patriot', and philanthropist*? Mankind may *admire* and *extol La Fayette'*, more than the *founder* of the *Sunday-schools*; but religion*, philanthropy*, and enlightened common sense', must ever esteem *Robert Raikes'* the superior of *La Fayette*. *His** are the virtues', the services', the sacrifices' of a more enduring and exalted order of being*. *His* counsels and triumphs' belong less to *time'* than to *eternity*. The fame of La Fayette* is of *this'* world; the glory of Robert Raikes' is of the Redeemer's *everlasting kingdom*. La Fayette lived chiefly for his *own' age*, and chiefly for *his'* and *our' country*. But Robert Raikes has lived for *all** ages, and *all** countries. Perhaps the historian and biographer may never interweave his name' in the tapestry of national or individual renown*. But the records of every single church', honor him as a patron*; the records of the Universal Church', on earth* and in heaven', bless him as a benefactor*.

The time *may come'* when the name of La Fayette will be forgotten*; or when the star of his fame', no longer glittering in the zenith', shall be seen, pale and glimmering, on the verge of the horizon*. But the name of *Robert Raikes'* shall *never** be forgotten; and the lambent flame of *his'* glory is that eternal fire which rushed down from heaven to devour the sacrifice of Elijah*. Let *mortals** then admire and imitate La Fayette', more than Robert Raikes*. But the *just* made perfect', and the *ministering spirits* around the throne of God', have welcomed him as a fellow-servant of the same Lord*; as a fellow-laborer in the same glorious cause of man's redemption*; as a co-heir of the same precious promises' and eternal rewards*.—GRIMKE.

LESSON XLV.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

OH! show me where is He',
The high and holy One*,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st', "Thy will be done*!"
I hear thy song of praise',
And lo! no *form** is near:
Thine *eyes** I see thee raise',
But where doth God appear*?

Oh! teach me who *is*\ God, and where his glories shine\,
That I may kneel and pray', and call *thy*' Father *mine*\.

"Gaze on that arch above\;
The glittering vault admire\.
Who taught those orbs to move\?
Who lit their ceaseless fire\?
Who guides the moon to run'
In silence through the skies\?
Who bids that dawning sun'
In strength and beauty rise\?
There view immensity\! behold\! my God is there:
The sun\, the moon\, the stars', his majesty declare\!

"See where the *mountains*\ rise;
Where thundering *torrents*\ foam;
Where, vailed in towering skies',
The *eagle*\ makes his home:
Where savage nature dwells',
My God is present too\;
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue\:
He\ reared those giant cliffs', supplies that dashing stream,
Provides the daily food' which stills the wild bird's scream\.

"Look on that world of *waves*'
Where finny nations glide\;
Within whose deep, dark caves
The ocean-monsters hide\:
His power is sovereign there,
To raise', to quell\ the storm;
The depths this bounty share',
Where sport the scaly swarm\:
Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice',
Which rules the earth and skies', and bids far worlds rejoice\.

"No human thoughts can soar'
Beyond his boundless might\;
He swells the thunder's roar',
He spreads the wings of night\.
Oh! praise his works divine\!
Bow down thy soul in prayer\;
Nor ask for other sign',
That God is every where\:
The viewless spirit', He\—immortal\, holy', blest\—
Oh! worship him in faith', and find eternal rest\!"—HUTTON.

LESSON XLVI.

SATAN, SIN, AND DEATH.

(The following lesson requires variety of tone.)

MEANWHILE the adversary of God and man,′
Satan′, with thoughts inflamed of highest design′,
Puts on swift wings′, and towards the gates of hell′,
Explores his solitary flight‵: sometimes‵
He scours the *right*′ hand coast, sometimes′ the *left*‵;
Now‵, shaves with level wing the deep′, then′, soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high‵.

At last, appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof′,
And thrice three-fold the gates‵; three folds were brass‵,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire′,
Yet unconsumed‵. Before the gates there sat′,
On either side′, a formidable shape‵:
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair‵;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold′
Voluminous and vast‵, a serpent′, armed
With mortal sting‵; about her middle round′,
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked′,
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud′, and rung
A hideous peal‵.

The other shape′,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none′
Distinguishable in member′, joint′, or limb′;
Or *substance*‵ might be called that *shadow*′ seemed,
For each‵ seemed either′; black′ it stood as night‵,
Fierce′ as ten furies‵, terrible′ as hell‵,
And shook a dreadful dart‵; what seemed his head′,
The likeness of a kingly crown‵ had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward′, came as fast
With horrid strides‵; hell trembled as he strode‵.
The undaunted fiend what this might be′, admired,
Admired‵, not *feared*′; God and his Son except′,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunned‵;
And with disdainful look thus first began‵:

(*h*) "Whence and what art‵ thou, execrable shape′?
That dar'st, though grim and terrible′, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates‵? through them I mean to pass‵,
That be assured‵, without leave asked of thee‵:
Retire‵, or taste‵ thy folly; and learn by proof′,
Hell-born′, not to contend with spirits * of heaven‵."

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* Milton uniformly pronounces this word in one syllable *sp'rit*.

To whom the goblin′, full of wrath′, replied‵:
(*h*) "Art thou that traitor-angel′, art thou he
Who first broke peace in heaven′, and faith, till then
Unbroken′; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured * against the highest′, for which, both thou′
And they′, out-cast from God′, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain′?
And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven′,
Hell doomed′! and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where *I*′ reign king; and to enrage thee more′,
Thy‵ king and lord′? Back‵ to thy punishment‵,
False fugitive′! and to thy speed′ add wings‵;
Lest with a whip of scorpions′, I pursue
Thy lingering‵, or, with one stroke of this dart′,
Strange horror seize thee′, and pangs unfelt‵ before."

So spake the grizly terror‵, and in shape
So speaking and so threatening′, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform‵. On the other side′,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified‵, and like a comet burned′,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky′, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war‵. Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim‵; their fatal hands′
No *second*‵ stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other′, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught′, come rattling on
Over the Caspian‵; they stand front to front′,
Hovering a space′, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air‵.

So frowned the mighty combatants′, that hell
Grew darker at the frown‵: so matched′ they stood‵:
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe‵. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung′,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by hell gate′, and kept the fatal key′,
Risen′, and with hideous outcry rushed between‵.—MILTON

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* Con-jured′, *conspired.*

LESSON XLVII.

IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT.

DEBT is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

Society is composed of two classes, debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion, is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience. The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor!"—and "the unfortunate debtor!" On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard hearted" are the epithets allotted to the creditor. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor" spoken of? No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, until he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor, but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts, that he begins to be compassionated.

A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him; many have interest in his well-being: his movements are of concern: he cannot disappear unheeded; his name is in many mouths; his name is upon many books; he is a man of note—of *promissory* note; he fills the speculation of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him, wonder and conjecture whether he *will pay*. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired after every hour of the day. *Judges* hear of him and know him. Every meal he swallows, every coat he puts upon his back, every dollar he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare *his* notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor, of the man who has nothing but *claims* on the world—a landlord, or fund-holder, or some *such* disagreeable, hard character.

The man who *pays* his way is *unknown* in his neighborhood. You ask the milk-man at his door, and he cannot tell his name. You ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he tells you that he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he will tell you that there is no such person in the neighborhood. People that have his *money* fast in their pockets, have no thought of his *person* or *appellation*.

His *house*\ only is known. No. 31′ is good pay\. No. 31′ is ready money\. Not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31\. It is an *anonymous*\ house ; its owner pays his way to obscurity\. No one knows anything about him′, or heeds his movements\. If a carriage be seen at his door′, the neighborhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away\. If a package be moved from his house′, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker\. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind\; no one has any hopes′ or fears′ about\ him.

The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour, single man′, with grizzled hair′, a scowling countenance′, and a peremptory air\, who lives in a dark apartment′, with musty deeds′ about him, and an iron safe′, as impenetrable as his heart\, grabbing together what he does not enjoy′, and what there is no one about\ him to enjoy. The debtor′, on the other hand′, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters′, bound together in affection′ and misery\, full of sensibility′, and suffering without a fault\. The creditor′, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit\. He has no wife and children to pity\. No one ever thinks it desirable that *he*\should have the means of living′. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive′, in order to pay\. It is not in the imagination of man to *conceive*\ that his creditor has demands upon him′ which must be satisfied\, and that he must do to others′, as others′ must do to him\. A creditor is a personification of exaction\. He is supposed to be always\ taking in,′ and never′ giving out\.

People idly fancy′, that the possession of riches is desirable\. What blindness\! Spend and regale\. Save a shilling′ and you lay it by for a thief\. The *prudent men*′ are the men that live beyond their means\. Happen what may′, *they* are safe\. *They*′ have taken time by the forelock\. *They*′ have anticipated fortune\. "The wealthy fool′, with gold in store′," has only denied himself so much enjoyment′, which another will seize at his expense\. Look at these people in a *panic*\. See who are the fools *then*\. You know them by their long faces\. You may say, as one of them goes by′, in an agony of apprehension′, "There is a stupid fellow′ who fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand dollars in bank\." The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, "spend, and regale\." Whatever is laid up beyond the *present hour*′, is put in jeopardy\. There is no certainty but in instant enjoyment\. Look at school-boys sharing a plum-cake\. The knowing ones′ eat, as for a race\; but a *stupid*\ fellow′ *saves his*\ portion,—just nibbles a bit′, and "keeps the rest for another time\." Most provident blockhead\! The

others', when they have gobbled up *their'* shares, set upon *him'*, plunder' him, and thresh him for crying out'.

Before the terms "depreciation'," "suspension'," and "going into liquidation'," were heard, there might have been some reason in the practice of "laying up';" but *now'* it denotes the darkest blindness'. The *prudent men* of the present time', are the men in debt'. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors', and the debtor party acquiring daily new strength', every one is in haste to get into the favored class'. In any case, the *debtor'* is safe'. He has put his enjoyments *behind'* him—they are safe' —no turns of fortune can disturb' them. The substance he has eaten up, is irrecoverable'. The future' cannot trouble his past'. He has nothing to apprehend'. He has anticipated' more than fortune would ever have granted' him. He has *tricked'* fortune; —and his creditors'—bah! who feels for creditors'? What *are'* creditors? Landlords' [redacted]pitiless and unpitiable tribe'—all griping extortioners'! W[redacted] would become of the world of debtors', if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class'?—ANON.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE MISERIES OF IMPRISONMENT.

BESHREW the sombre pencil'! said I vauntingly'—I envy not its powers', which paint the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring'. The mind *herself'* sits terrified at the objects' which she herself has magnified and blackened': reduce them to their proper light and hue', she overlooks' them. 'Tis true', said I', correcting the proposition—the Bastile* is an evil' not to be despised'; but strip it of its towers'; fill up the foss'; unbarricade the doors'; call it simply a confinement', and suppose it is some tyrant of a *distemper'*—not a *man'*—which holds' you in it; *half'* the evil vanishes', and you bear the *other'* half, without complaint'.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy', with a voice, which I took to be that of a child', which complained', "it could not get out'." I looked up' and down' the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child', I went out, without farther attention. In my return back through the passage', I heard the same words repeated twice over'; and, looking up', I saw it was a starling', hung in a little cage': "*I can't get out'!—I can't get out'!*" said the starling'.

I stood looking at the bird'; and to every person who came

* A strong castle in Paris, for a long time used as a place of confinement for state prisoners.

through the passage', it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached' it, with the same lamentations of its captivity\; "*I can't get out*\," said the starling\. "God help' thee!" said I', "but I will *let*\ thee out, cost what it may\." So I turned about the cage', to get at the door\. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire', there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces\. I took both hands\ to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance', and thrusting his head through the trellis', pressed his breast against it as impatient\. "I fear, poor creature!" said I', "that I cannot set thee at liberty\:" "No\," said the starling', "*I can't get out*\, *I can't get out*\!" said the starling.

I never had my affections more tenderly awakened\; nor do I remember an incident in my life', where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble were so suddenly called home\. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted', that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile\; and I heavily walked up stairs', unsaying every word I had said going down\ them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt', yet, still, oppression, thou art a bitter draught\! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink' of thee, thou art no less bitter on *that*\ account. 'Tis thou', Liberty'! thrice sweet and gracious goddess'! whom all in public or private worship', whose taste is grateful\, and ever will' be so, till nature herself shall change\. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle', or chimic power turn thy scepter into iron\. With thee, to smile upon him, as he eats his crust', the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose courts thou art exiled\. Gracious Heaven\! Grant me but health\, thou Great Bestower' of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion', and shower down thy honors', if it seem good unto thy divine Providence', upon those heads which are aching\ for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room\. I sat down close by my table\, and leaning my head upon my hand', I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement\. I was in a right frame\ for it, so I gave full scope to my imagination\. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures', born to no inheritance but misery\'; but finding, however affecting the picture was', that I could not bring it near' me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it, did but distract' me, I took a single captive\, and having first shut him up in his dungeon', I then looked through the twilight of his grated door', to take his picture\. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement\, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is', which arises from hope deferred\. Upon looking nearer', I saw

him pale and feverish'; in thirty years', the western breeze had not once fanned his blood'; he had seen no sun', no moon', in all that time'; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman' breathed through his lattice'; his children'—but here my heart began to bleed'—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait'.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw', in the farthest corner of his dungeon', which was alternately his chair and bed'. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head', notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed' there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail' he was etching *another* day of misery to add to the heap'. As I darkened the little light he had', he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door', cast it down', shook his head', and went on with his work of affliction'. I heard his chains upon his legs', as he turned [illegible]body', to lay his little stick upon the bundle'; he gave a de[illegible]gh'; I saw the iron enter into his soul'; I burst into tears'—I could not sustain the picture of confinement' which my fancy had drawn'.—STERNE.

LESSON XLIX.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look' on him: through his dungeon-grate',
  Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round' him, dim and late',
  As if it loathed the sight'.
Reclining on his strawy bed',
His hand upholds his drooping head';
His bloodless cheek' is seam'd and hard';
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard';
And o'er his bony fingers flow'
His long, dishevel'd locks of snow'.

No grateful fire before him glows',
  And yet the winter's breath is chill':
And o'er his half-clad person goes'
  The frequent ague-thrill'.
Silent', save ever and anon',
A sound, half-murmur and half-groan',
Forces apart the painful grip'
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip'.
O, sad and crushing is the fate'
Of old age chain'd and desolate'.

Just God'! why lies that old man there'?
  A murderer shares his prison-bed',

Whose eyeballs, through his horrĭd hair′,
  Gleam on him fierce and red‘;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer′
Fall ever on his loathing ear‘;
And, or in wakefulness′ or sleep‘,
Nerve‘, flesh‘, and fiber′ thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb′,
Crimsoned with murder, touches him

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done‘?
  Has murder stain'd his hands with gore′?
Not so‘: his crime's a fouler‘ one:
  Gŏd made the ōld man pōōr!
For *this*′, he shares a felon's‘ cell,
The fittest earthly type of hell‘;
For *this*′, the boon for which he pour'd
His young blood on the invader's sword′,
And counted light the fearful d[redacted]
His *blood-gain'd liberty*′—is lost

And so, for such a place of rest′,
  Old prisoner′, pour'd thy blood as rain
On Concord's field′, and Bunker's crest′,
  And Saratoga's′ plain?
Look forth‘, thou man of many scars′,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars‘!
It must be joy′, in sooth‘, to see
Yon mŏnument * uprear'd to thee′;
Piled granite′ and a prison-cell‘!
The land repays thy service well!

Go‘, ring the bells‘, and fire the guns‘,
  And fling the starry banner out‘;
Shout′ "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
  Give back their cradle-shout‘;
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty′, and fame‘;
Still let the poet's strain be heard′,
With "glory" for each second word‘,
And every thing with breath agree′
To praise "our glorious liberty‘!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
  That prison's cold and gloomy wall′,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
  Rise on the wind, and fall′;
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer′?
Think ye *his*′ dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry′?

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* Bunker's Hill monument.

Sorrowing of soul', and chain'd of limb',
What is *your'* carnaval to *him'*?

Down with the law that binds him thus''
Unworthy freemen', let it find
No refuge from the withering curse'
Of God and human kind''!
Open the prisoner's living tomb',
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code',
To the free sun and air of God''!
No longer dare as crime to brand'
The chastening of the Almighty's hand''!—WHITTIER.

LESSON L.

THE TOURNAMENT.*

* * * THE music of the challengers breathed, from time to time, wild bursts, expressive of triumph or defiance; while the clowns grudged a holyday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented the decay of martial spirit, and spoke of the triumphs of their younger days. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, † who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

At length, as the music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, ‡ it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance, from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the single word "Disinherited." He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists,

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* Formerly, when the chief business of all mankind was fighting, it was customary for knights to try their courage and skill, by fighting with each other with their usual weapons, the lance and sword. This was the favorite amusement of the times, and was called a *tournament*, (pronounced *turn-a-ment.*)

† Pronounced *Bwah Guil-bare.*

‡ *List*, the enclosure within which tournaments were held.

he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies, by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield, touch the Hospitaller's shield; *he* has the least sure seat; *he* is your cheapest bargain."*

The champion moving onward amid the well meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more so than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of his pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, Guilbert, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?" "I am fitter to meet death than *thou* art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the book of the tourney. "Then take your place in the lists," said De Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise." "Gramercy† for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse, and a new lance, for, by my honor, you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precaution which he recommended, the Templar did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

* The challenge to combat was given, by touching the shield of the knight whom the challenger wished to encounter. The challenge to a contest with headless or blunt lances, was given by touching the shield gently with the reversed spear, while a *blow* with the *point* denoted a challenge to mortal conflict.

† Many thanks.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators. The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment, that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its hanches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by the use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other, for an instant, with eyes that seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each retired to the extremity of the lists, and received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken in the encounter. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid to breathe. A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, the trumpets again sounded the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and met in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In the second encounter, the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fairly and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Templar on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, Bois-Guilbert sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace, and the acclamations by which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from

his steed′, and also unsheathed his sword‵. The marshals of the field′, however, spurred their horses between‵ them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament′ did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter‵, but that to the "Disinherited Knight′" the meed of victory was fairly and honorably awarded‵.—WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON LI.

PULASKI'S BANNER.

Pulaski fell at the taking of Savannah, during the American revolution. His standard of crimson silk was presented to him by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

WHEN the dying flame of day′
Through the chancel shot its ray′,
Far the glimmering tapers shed′
Faint light on the cowled head‵,
And the censer burning swung′,
Where, before the altar, hung
That proud banner′, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there‵,
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while′,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle‵.

"Take thy banner‵!—may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave′,
When the battle's distant wail′
Breaks the sabbath of our vale‵,
When the clarion's music thrills′
To the heart of these lone hills‵,
When the spear in conflict shakes′,
And the strong lance shivering breaks‵.

Take thy banner!—and beneath
The * war-cloud's encircling wreath′
Guard′ it—till our homes are free‵;
Guard‵ it—God will prosper thee.
In the dark and trying hour′,
In the breaking forth of power′,
In the rush of steeds and men′,
His right hand will shield thee then‵.

Take thy banner‵! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight′,
If the vanquished warrior bow′,

* According to the *metre*, the word "the" would require a prominence which its proper relation to the other words forbids. It should, however, be passed over slightly, and the vowel in "war" should be prolonged. That is to say, the letter "e" in "the" is short, and must continue so, while, to make up the quantity required by the poetry, the "a" in "war" must be lengthened.

Spare' him!—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears',
By the mercy that endears',
Spare' him!—he our love hath shared',
Spare him!—as thou would'st be spared'.

Take thy banner'!—and if e'er
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier',
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet',
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloke and shroud for thee'."
And the warrior took that banner proud',
And it was his martial cloke' and shroud'.—LONGFELLOW.

LESSON LII.

DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

OH! sacred Truth'! thy triumph ceased awhile',
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile',
When leagued oppression poured to northern wars'
Her whisker'd pandours'* and her fierce huzzars',†
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn',
Pealed her loud drum', and twanged her trumpet-horn';
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van',
Presaging wrath to Poland',—and to man'!

Warsaw's last champion,‡ from her heights surveyed',
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid';
(*h*) "Oh! heaven'!" he cried', "my bleeding country save,
"Is there no hand on high to shield the brave'?
"Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains',
"Rise'! fellow-men'! our *country*' yet remains!
"By that dread name we wave the sword on high',
"And swear' *for her*'—to *live*'—*with her*'—to *die*'!"

(*l*) He said', and on the rampart-heights arrayed'
His trusty warriors', few, but undismayed';
Firm-paced and slow', a horrid front they form',
Still as the breeze', but dreadful as the storm';
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly',
Revenge', or *death*',—the watch-word' and reply';
(*h*) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm',
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm'.

In vain', alas'! in vain', ye gallant few'!
From rank to rank, your volleyed thunder flew'!

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* Pandour, a Hungarian soldier. † Huzzar, a Hungarian horseman.
‡ Kosciusko.

Oh bloodiest picture in the book of time\',
Sarmatia fell\', unwept\', without a crime\';
Found not a generous friend\', a pitying foe\',
Strength in her arms\', nor mercy in her woe\'!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye\', and curbed her high career\';
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell\',
And *freedom shrieked*\'—as *Kosciusko* fell\'!

The sun went down\', nor ceased the carnage there\',
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air\';
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow\',
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below\';
The storm prevails\', the rampart yields away\',
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay\'!
Hark\'! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call\'!
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky\',
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry\'!

(*h*) Oh righteous heaven! ere Freedom found a grave\',
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save\'?
Where was *thine*\' arm, O Vengeance\'! where thy rod\',
That smote the foes of Zion and of God\'?
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car\'
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar\'?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast\';
Then\', bade the deep in wild commotion flow\',
And heaved an ocean on their march below\'?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead\'!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled\'!
Friends of the world\'! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van\'!
Yet\', for Sarmatia's tears of blood\', atone\',
And make her arm puissant as your own\'!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return\'
The patriot TELL\'—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBOURN\'!—CAMPBELL.

LESSON LIII.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

IF there be *one state* in the Union, Mr. President\', that may challenge comparison with any other\', for a uniform\', zealous\', ardent\', and uncalculating\' devotion to the Union\', *that state* is *South Carolina*\'. Sir\', from the very commencement of the revolution\', up to this hour\', there is no sacrifice, however great\', she has not cheerfully made\'; no service\' she has ever hesitated to perform\'.

She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least *equal* honor is due to the South. *Never* was there exhibited, in the history of the *world*, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The *whole state*, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

"The plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even *there*, the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters, and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her *soil* might be overrun, the *spirit* of her *people* was invincible.—Hayne.

LESSON LIV.

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, *one* and *all*—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans *all*—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the *whole* country, and their renown is of the treasures of

the whole country. *Him*\, whose honored name the gentleman *himself*\ bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for *his*' patriotism, or sympathy for *his*' suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina'! Sir', does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom'? No\, sir,—increased *gratification*\ and *delight*\ rather. Sir', I thank God\, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies', I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit', which would drag angels down\.

When I shall be found, sir', in my place here in the senate', or elsewhere', to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my *own*' state or neighborhood'; when I refuse for any such cause', or for *any*\ cause, the homage due to American talent', to elevated patriotism', to sincere devotion to liberty and the country'; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven'; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South'; and if, moved by local *prejudice*\, or gangrened by state *jealousy*\, I get up here to abate a *tithe* of a *hair*\ from his just character and just fame', may my tongue cleāve to the rōōf of my mouth.

Mr. President', I shall enter on *no encomium* upon Massachusetts\. She *needs*\ none. There she is\; behold' her, and judge for yourselves\. There is her history\; the world knows it by heart\. The *past*', at least, is secure\. There is Boston\, and Concord\, and Lexington', and Bunker-hill\; and there they will remain forever\. And, sir', where American liberty raised its first voice', and where its youth was nurtured and sustained', there it still lives\, in the strength of its manhood', and full of its original spirit\. If discord and disunion shall wound' it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear' it; if folly and madness', if uneasiness under salutary restraint', shall succeed to separate it from that Union', by which alone its existence is made sure', it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked'; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain', over the friends who gathered around\ it; and it will fall at last, if *fall*\ it must', amid the proudest monuments of its glory', and on the very spot of its origin\.

WEBSTER.

LESSON LV.

MODULATION.

'Tis not enough the *voice*' be sound and clear',
'Tis *modulation'* that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroes grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone',
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes',
Can only make the yawning hearers doze'.
The voice' all modes of passion can express',
That marks the proper word with proper stress':
But none emphatic can that speaker call',
Who lays an *equal'* emphasis on *all*'.

Some', o'er the tongue the labored measures roll',
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll';
Point every stop', mark every pause so strong',
Their words like stage processions stalk along'.

All affectation but creates disgust';
And e'en in *speaking*', we may seem too just'.
In vain for *them*' the pleasing measure flows',
Whose recitation runs it all to prose';
Repeating what the poet sets not down',
The verse disjointing from its favorite noun',
While pause', and break', and repetition' join
To make a discord in each tuneful line'.

Some' placid natures fill the alloted scene'
With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene';
While *others'* thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar'.
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper', than tempestuous tone';
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze',
More powerful terror to the mind conveys',
Than he', who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom of the stage'.

He who, in earnest', studies o'er his part',
Will find true nature cling about his heart'.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief' and mournful drawl';
A single *look*' more marks the internal woe',
Than all the windings of the lengthened *Oh'!*
Up to the face the quick sensation flies',
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes:
Love', transport', madness', anger', scorn', despair',
And all the passions', all the soul is there'.—LLOYD.

LESSON LVI.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

(This should be read in a middle tone.)

Most potent', grave', and reverend seigniors',
My very noble and approved good masters',
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter',
It is most *true*\; true', I have *married*\ her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent\, no more\.

Rude am I in speech',
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace\,
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted', they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field\;
And little of this great world can I speak'
More than pertains to feats of *broil'* and *battle*\;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause',
In speaking of *myself*\. Yet, by your gracious patience',
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs\, what charms\,
What conjuration\ and what mighty magic',
(For such proceeding I am charged withal',)
I won his daughter\ with.

Her father loved\ me; oft invited\ me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year\; the battles\, sieges\, fortunes',
That I have passed\.
I ran it through\, even from my boyish days',
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances\,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field\;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach\;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery\; of my redemption thence';
And with it, all my travel's history\.

These things to hear'
Would Desdemona seriously incline\:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence\;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch',
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse\: which I observing',
Took once a pliant hour', and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard',
But not attentively\.

I did consent';
And often did beguile her of her tears',
When I did speak of some distressful stroke',
That my youth suffered'. My story being done',
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs':
She said',—In faith', 'twas *strange*', 'twas *passing* strange;
'Twas *pitiful*', 'twas *wondrous*' pitiful;
She wished she had not heard' it; yet she wished',
That heaven had made her such' a man,

She thanked' me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd' her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story',
And that would woo' her. On this hint', I spake':
She lov'd' me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her', that she did pity' them.
This' only is the witchcraft' I have used'.—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON LVII.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold',
And used to war's alarms';
But a cannon-ball took off his *legs*',
So he laid down his *arms*'.

Now', as they bore him off the field',
Said he', "Let *others*' shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-second foot'."

The army surgeons made him limbs';
Said he', "They 're only pegs',
But there 's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs'."

Now Ben', he loved a pretty maid',
Her name' was Nelly Gray';
So he went to *pay* her his *devoirs*',
When he 'd *devoured* his *pay*'.

But when he called on Nelly Gray',
She made him quite a scoff',
And when she saw his wooden legs',
Began to *take them off*'.

"O, Nelly Gray'! O, Nelly Gray'!
Is *this* your love so warm'?
The love that loves a scarlet coat',
Should be more *uniform*'."

Said she', "I loved a *soldier*` once',
For he was blithe and brave`;
But I will never have a man'
With both legs in the grave'.

"Before you had these *timber* toes',
Your love I did allow`,
But then', you know', you stand upon
Another *footing*` now."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray',
I know why you refuse`:
Though I 've no *feet*'—some *other*' man
Is standing in *my shoes*`.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face';
But, now, a long farewell`!
For you will be my death`;—alas`!
You will not be my NELL`!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray',
His heart so heavy got',
And life was such a burden grown',
It made him take a knot`.

So, round his melancholy neck'
A rope he did entwine`,
And for the *second* time in life',
Enlisted in the Line`.

One end he tied around a beam',
And then removed his pegs`,
And, as his *legs* were *off*', of course,
He' soon was *off* his *legs*`.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town`—
For though distress had cut him *up*',
It could not cut him *down*`.—HOOD.

LESSON LVIII.

In this lesson, notice the relative emphasis and antithetic inflections.

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

UPON the whole', as to the *comparative*' merit of these two great princes of epic poetry', Homer` and Virgil', the *former*` must undoubtedly be admitted to be the greater *genius*'; the *latter*' to be the more correct *writer*`. Homer was an *original*` in his art, and discovers both the *beauties*' and the *defects*` which

—are to be expected in an *original* author, compared with those who succeed him; more *boldness*, more *nature* and *ease*, more *sublimity* and *force*; but greater *irregularities* and *negligences* in composition.

Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon *Homer*; in many places, he has not so much *imitated*, as he has literally *translated* him. The description of the *storm*, for instance, in the first Æneid, and Eneas's *speech* upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the Odyssey; not to mention almost all the *similes* of Virgil, which are no other than *copies* of those of Homer. The pre-eminence in *invention*, therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in *judgment*, though many critics are disposed to give it to *Virgil*, yet, in *my* opinion, it hangs *doubtful*. In *Homer*, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in *Virgil*, all the Roman stateliness. *Homer's* imagination is by much the most rich and copious; *Virgil's* the most chaste and correct. The strength of the *former* lies in his power of warming the *fancy*; that of the *latter*, in his power of touching the *heart*.

Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The *first* has, on many occasions, a *sublimity* to which the latter *never* attains; but the *latter*, in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic *dignity*, which cannot be so clearly pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to *both* these great poets, most of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the Æneid, *this* excuse ought to be admitted, that it was left an unfinished work.—BLAIR.

LESSON LIX.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL SCENERY.

WHATEVER leads the mind habitually to the Author of the universe; whatever mingles the voice of nature with the inspiration of the Gospel; whatever teaches us to see in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of *Him*, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Savior of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere *devotion*, that these reflections are favorable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature.

When our Savior prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea, to in-

hale', we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes', and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father', amid the sublimest of his works'. It is with similar feelings', and to worship the same Father', that the *Christian'* is permitted to enter the temple of nature, and, by the spirit of his religion', there is a language infused into the objects which she presents', unknown to the worshiper of former times'. To all, indeed, the same objects appear', the same sun shines', the same heavens are open'; but to the Christian alone' it is permitted to know the *Author'* of these things; to see his spirit "move in the breeze', and blossom in the spring';" and to read, in the changes which occur in the material world', the varied expression of eternal love'. It is from the influence of Christianity', accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature'. It was only when the *spirit of God'* moved on the face of the deep', that order and beauty were seen in the world'.

It is, accordingly, peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature'*, as felt in modern times', seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity'. They described', occasionally, the scenes in which they dwelt'; but,'—if we except Virgil', whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the Gospel',—never with any deep feeling of their beauty'. *Then'*, as *now'*, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun', and her temples flamed in his setting beam'; but what Athenian writer ever described the matchless glories of the scene'? *Then'*, as *now'*, the silvery clouds of the Ægean sea rolled round her verdant isles', and sported in the azure vault of heaven'; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight'?

The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky', and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them'; yet even Eustace' tells' us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets'. The Alps *themselves*,'

> "The palaces of nature', whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps',
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity', where forms and falls
> The avalanche'—the thunderbolt of snow',"—

even *these'*, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold', were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror'; as a barrier from hostile nations', or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes'. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature'; they knew not the language which she spoke', nor felt that holy spirit, which, to the Christian', gives the sublimity of these scenes'.

There is something, therefore, in religious reflections on the

objects' or the changes' of nature, which is peculiarly fitting in a Christian teacher\. No man will impress them on his heart without becoming happier and better\, without feeling warmer gratitude for the beneficence of nature', and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence' which revelation has afforded\. "Behold the lilies of the field'," says our Savior\; "they toil not', neither do they spin\: yet, verily I say unto to you', that even *Solomon*\, in all his glory', was not arrayed like one of these\." In these words', we perceive the deep sense which he entertained of the beauty even of the minutest of the works of nature\. If the admiration of external objects is not directly made the object of his precepts', it is not, on that account, the less allied to the spirit of religion\; it springs from the revelation which he has made', and grows with the spirit which he inculcates\.

The cultivation of this feeling, we may suppose', is purposely left to the human mind', that man may be induced to follow it from the charms which novelty confers\; and the sentiments which it awakens are not expressly enjoined', that they may be enjoyed as the spontaneous growth of our own imagination\. While they seem, however, to spring up unbidden in the mind', they are, in fact, produced by the spirit of religion\; and those who imagine that they are not the fit subject of Christian instruction', are ignorant of the secret workings', and finer analogies', of the faith which they profess\.—Anonymous.

LESSON LX.

VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.*

On the eighth of November, from the highland near Baccano', and about fourteen miles distant', I first saw Rome\; and, although there is something very unfavorable to impression in the expectation that you *are* to be greatly *impressed'*, or that you *ought*\ to be, or that such is the *fashion\;* yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by *such'*, or any *other*\ influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you *may*\, the scene will lay hold' upon you, as with the hand of a giant\. I scarcely know how to *describe*\ the impression, but it seemed to me', as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind', swept around those eternal towers\; the storms of time, that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world', seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and sol-

* *Pronounced* Col-i-sé-um.

emn air\; ages of history passed before\ me; the mighty procession of nations\, kings\, consuls\, emperors\, empires\, and generations,' had passed over that sublime theater. The fire', the storm', the earthquake' had gone by\; but there was yet left the still small voice\ like that', at which the prophet "wrapped his face in his mantle\."

I went to see the Coliseum' by moonlight\. It is the monarch' the majesty' of all ruins\; there is nothing *like*\ it. All the associations of the place', too, give it the most impressive character\. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches', and grand terraces of masonry', rising one above another', you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdoms\; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater', you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans', assembled to witness these bloody spectacles\. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings\, and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies\! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine, *more* than *three hundred thousand*\ persons could be seated' in the Circus Maximus\!

But to return to the Coliseum\; we went up under the conduct of a guide', upon the walls and terraces, or embankments', which supported the ranges of seats\. The *seats'* have long since disappeared\; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride', and power', and wealth', and beauty' of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments\. What thronging life was here then\! What voices\, what greetings\, what hurrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance\! and *now'*, as we picked our way carefully through decayed passages', or cautiously ascended some moldering flight of steps', or stood by the lonely walls'—ourselves silent', and, for a wonder, the guide silent too' —there was no sound here but of the bat\, and none came from without', but the roll of a distant carriage' or the convent bell', from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline\.

It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of *moonlight*\ upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls,' through a hundred lonely arches', and blackened passage-ways', it streamed in', pure\, bright\, soft\, lambent\, and yet distinct and clear', as if it came there at once to reveal', and cheer', and pity' the mighty desolation\. But if the Coliseum is a mournful' and desolate' spectacle as seen from *within'—without*\, and especially on the side which is in best preservation', it is glorious\. We passed around\ it; and, as we looked upward', the moon shining through its arches', from the opposite side' it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens\, so *vast*\ was it—or like a glorious crown' upon the brow of night\.

I feel that I *do not* and *cannot* describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for "*un dono*," as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my *cloke*, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight.—DEWEY.

LESSON LXI.

THE RUINS OF HERCULANEUM.

AN inexhaustible mine of ancient curiosities exists in the ruins of Herculaneum, a city lying between Naples and Mount Vesuvius, which in the first year of the reign of Titus was overwhelmed by a stream of lava from the neighboring volcano. This lava is now of a consistency which renders it extremely difficult to be removed; being composed of bituminous particles, mixed with cinders, minerals, and vitrified substances, which altogether form a close and ponderous mass.

In the revolution of many ages, the spot it stood upon was entirely forgotten; but in the year 1713 it was accidentally discovered by some laborers, who, in digging a well, struck upon a statue on the benches of the theater. Several curiosities were dug out and sent to France, but the search was soon discontinued; and Herculaneum remained in obscurity till the year 1736, when the king of Naples employed some men to dig perpendicularly eighty feet deep; whereupon not only the city made its appearance, but also the bed of the river, which ran through it.

In the temple of Jupiter were found a statue of gold, and the inscription that decorated the great doors of the entrance. Many curious appendages of opulence and luxury have since been discovered in various parts of the city, and were arranged in a wing of the palace of Naples, among which are statues, busts, and altars; domestic, musical, and surgical instruments; tripods; mirrors of polished metal; silver kettles; and a lady's toilet furnished with combs, thimbles, rings, ear-rings, etc.

A large quantity of manuscripts was also found among the ruins; and very sanguine hopes were entertained by the learned, that many works of the ancients would be restored to light, and that a new mine of science was on the point of being opened; but the difficulties of unrolling the burnt parchments, and of deciphering the obscure letters, have proved such obstacles, that very little progress has been made in the work.

The streets of Herculaneum seem to have been perfectly

straight and regular; the houses well built, and generally uniform; and the rooms paved either with large Roman bricks, mosaic work, or fine marble. It appears that the town was not filled up so unexpectedly with the melted lava, as to prevent the greater part of the inhabitants from escaping with their richest effects; for there were not more than a dozen skeletons found, and but little gold or precious stones.

The town of Pompeii was involved in the same dreadful catastrophe; but was not discovered till near forty years after the discovery of Herculaneum. Few skeletons were found in the streets of Pompeii; but in the houses, there were many in situations which plainly proved that they were endeavoring to escape, when the tremendous torrent of burning lava intercepted their retreat. KOTZEBUE.

LESSON LXII.

THE ROMAN SOLDIER;—LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM

THERE was a man,'
A Roman soldier', for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws', in dungeon low
Chained down'. His was a noble spirit', rŏugh,
But generous', and brave', and kind'.
He had a son'; it was a rosy boy',
A little copy of his faithful sire',
In face and gesture'. From infancy', the child
Had been his father's solace and his care'.
Every sport'
The father shared and heightened'. But, at length',
The rigorous law had grasped' him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness'.

The captive's lot',
He felt in all its bitterness':—the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh'
And heart-heaved groan'. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion'; and the boy',
Thenceforth a frequent visitor', beguiled
His father's lingering hours', and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropt healing'. But, in this terrific hour',
He was a poisoned *arrow*' in the breast'
Where he *had* been a cure'.

With earliest morn'
Of that first day of darkness and amaze',
He came'. The iron door was closed',—for them'
Never to open more'! The day', the night'
Dragged slowly by'; nor did they know the fate'

Impending o'er the city' Well they *heard'*
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath',
And *felt* its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew *hot*',at length', and *thick*'; but in his straw'
The boy was sleeping': and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by'; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child', nor tell
The dangers of their state.

(*l*) On his low couch
The fettered soldier sank', and, with deep awe',
Listened the fearful sounds': with upturned eye',
To the grēat gŏds he brēathed a prāyer; then', strove
To *calm'* himself, and lose in *sleep*' awhile
His useless terrors'. But he *could*' not sleep:
His body *burned*' with feverish heat'; his chains
Clanked *loud*', although he moved not'; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable *thunders*'; sounds',
Fearful and ominous', arose' and died',
Like the sād mōanings of Novēmber's wīnd,
In the blānk mīdnight. (*ll*) Dēēpest hŏrror chīlled
His blŏod that būrned befōre;—cōld, clāmmy swēats
Cāme ō'er hīm;—then anon', a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins'. Now', at his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear';—now', upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound',
And longed to cope with death'.

He *slept*',at last,'
A troubled, dreamy sleep'. Wĕll had he slept
Never to waken more'! His hours are few,
But *terrible* his agony'.

Soon the storm
Burst' forth; the lightnings glanced'; the air'
Shook' with the thunders. They awoke'; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet'. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine'—and was dark':
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell',
Dying awāy upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints', as stunning *sound*'
Dies throbbing', ringing' in the ear'. With intensest awe,
The soldier's frame was filled'; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind',
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring' and lifting',—and the massive walls',
Heard harshly grate' and strain': yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts', what deep and cureless wound
Fate had *already*' given.—*Where*', man of woe'!
Where, wretched father'! is thy *boy*'? Thou callest
His name in vain':—he cannot answer' thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child':—
No voice replied.'' Tremblingly and anxiously'
He searched their couch of straw'; with headlong haste'

Trod round his stinted limits′, and, low bent′,
Groped darkling on the earth‵:—nō child was there‵.
(*h*) Again‵ he called:—again‵, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters′,—till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears′, and from his eyes
Fire flashed′, he strained with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread′, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's *garment*‵. Useless toil‵!
Yet still renewed‵:—still round and round he goes,
And *strains*, and *snatches*‵,—and with dreadful cries
Calls‵ on his boy

(*hh*) Mad *frenzy*‵ fires him now:
He plants against the wall his feet‵; his chain
Grasps‵; *tugs*‵ with giant strength to *force away*′
The deep-driven staple‵; *yells*‵ and *shrieks*′ with rage·
And, like a desert lion in the snare′,
Raging to break his toils′,—to and fro bounds‵.
(*l*) But see! the ground is opening‵:—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving‵,—noiseless‵:—thin and cold
It seems′, and like a rainbow‵ tint, not flame;
But by its luster′, on the earth outstretched′,
Behōld the lifeless child! his dress is singed‵,
And, o'er his face serene, a darkened line′
Points out the lightning's track‵.

(*ll*) The father saw′,—
And all his fury fled‵:—a dead calm fell
That instant on‵ him:—speechless′—fixed′—he stood,
And with a look that *never wandered*′, gazed
Intensely on the corse‵. Those laughing eyes′
Were not yet closed‵,—and round those ruby lips′
The wonted smile returned‵.

Silent and pale′
The father stands‵:—no tear is in his eye′:—
The thunders bellow‵;—but he *hears*‵ them not′:—
The ground lifts like a sea‵; he *knows*‵ it not′:—
The strong walls grind and gape‵:—the vaulted roof′
Takes shape like bubble tossing in the wind‵:
See! he looks up and smiles‵;—for death to him
Is happiness‵. Yet could one last embrace
Be given′, 'twere still a *sweeter*‵ thing to die.

It *will*‵ be given. (*h*) Look‵! how the rolling ground′,
At every swell′, nearer and still more near′
Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy‵:
Once he has touched his garment‵:—how his eye
Lightens with love‵, and hope′, and anxious fears‵!
Ha‵! see‵! he *has*‵ him now!—he *clasps*‵ him round;
Kisses‵ his face; puts back the curling locks′,
That shaded his fine brow‵; looks‵ in his eyes;
Grasps‵ in his own′ those little dimpled hands‵;
(*l*) Then folds him to his breast′, as he was wont

To lie when sleeping‘; and resigned′ awaits
Undreaded death‘.

(*ll*) And dēath came sōōn, and swĭft,
And pāngless——The hūge pile sūnk dŏwn at ōnce
Into the ōpening ēarth. Walls —arches′—roof′—
And deep foundation stones′—āll—mingling—fell‘!

ATHERSTONE.

LESSON LXIII.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here‘!
Father′, mother ,
Sister′, brother‘,
All who hold each other dear‘.
Each chair is filled‘—we ’re all *at home*‘:
To-night′, let no cold stranger come‘:
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we ’re found′:
Bless then the meeting and the spot‘
For once′, be every care forgot‘;
Let gentle Peace assert her power′,
And kind Affection rule the hour‘;
We ’re *all*′—*all*′ here‘.

We ’re *not*‘ all here!
Some are away‘—the *dead*‘ ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth′,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth‘.
Fate, with a stern relentless hand′,
Look’d in and thinn’d our little band‘:
Some′, like a night-flash, passed away‘,
And some′ sank lingering day by day‘;
The quiet grave-yard‘—some′ lie there‘—
And cruel Ocean′ has *his*‘ share:
We ’re *not*‘ all here.

We *are*‘ all here!
Even *they*‘, the *dead*‘—though dead′, so dear‘,
Fond Memory, to her duty true′,
Brings back *their*‘ faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years′,
Each well-remembered face appears‘!
We see them as in times long past‘,
From each to each′ kind looks are cast‘;
We hear their *words*‘, their *smiles*‘ behold,
They ’re round′ us, as they were of old‘—
We *are*‘ all here.

We are all here‘!
Father′, mother′,
Sister′, brother‘,

You that I love′ with love so dear‵.
This may not long of us be said′;
Soon must we join the gathered dead′,
And by the hearth we now sit round′,
Some *other*′ circle will be found‵.
Oh! then′, that wisdom may we know′,
Which yields a life of peace below‵;
So′, in the world to follow this′,
May each repeat, in words of bliss′,
We 're *all*′—*all*′—*here*‵!—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

LESSON LXIV.

I 'M PLEASED AND YET I 'M SAD

WHEN twilight steals along the ground′,
And all the bells are ringing round′,
One′, two′, three′, four′, and five′,
I at my study window sit′,
And, wrapped in many a musing fit′,
To bliss am all alive‵.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat′,
And I am *inly glad*′,
The tear-drop stands in either eye‵,
And yet I cannot tell thee why′,
I 'm *pleased*′, and yet I 'm *sad*‵.

The silvery rack that flies away′
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray′,
Does *that*′ disturb my breast?
Nay‵, what have *I*‵, a studious man‵,
To do with life's unstable plan′,
Or *pleasure's*‵ fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop′,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
Must bend my lonely way′?
No‵, surely no‵! for give but me′
My own fireside′, and I shall be
At home′, where'er I stray‵.

Then is it that yon steeple there′,
With music sweet shall fill the air′,
When *thou* no more canst hear′?
Oh, no‵! oh, no‵! for then forgiven′,
I shall be with my God in heaven′,
Released from every fear‵.

Then whence it is′ I cannot tell‵,
But there *is*‵ some mysterious spell′

That holds me when I 'm glad';
And so the tear-drop fills my eye',
When yet, in truth, I know not why',
Or wherefore', I am sad'.—H. K. White.

LESSON LXV.

ELIJAH.

And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done', and withal', how he had slain all the prophets with the sword'. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah', saying, So let the gods do to me', and more also', if I make not *thy'* life as the life of one of *them'*, by to-morrow about this time'. And when he saw that', he arose and went for his *life'*, and came' and sat down under a juniper-tree', and he requested for himself that he might die'; and said', It is enough'; now, O Lord', take away my life'; for I am not better than my fathers'.

And as he lay and slept under a juniper-tree', behold, then an angel' touched him, and said unto him', Arise', and eat'! And he looked', and, behold, there was a cake baked on the coals', and a cruse of water at his head'. And he did eat' and drink', and laid him down' again. And the angel of the Lord came again the *second'* time, and touched him, and said', Arise' and eat'; because the journey is too great' for thee. And he arose', and did eat' and drink', and went in the strength of that meat, forty days' and forty nights', unto Horeb', the mount of God'.

And he came thither unto a cave', and lodged' there; and behold, the word of the Lord came' to him, and he said unto him', What dost thou *here'*, Elijah'? And he said', I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts'; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant', thrown down thine altars', and slain thy prophets with the sword': and I', even *I'* only, am left'; and they seek *my'* life, to take it away.

And he said', Go forth', and stand upon the mount before the Lord'. And, behold, the Lord passed by', and a great and strong wind rent the mountains', and brake in pieces the rocks', before the Lord'; but the Lord was *not* in the wind': and after the wind' an earthquake'; but the Lord was *not* in the earthquake': and after the earthquake', a fire'; but the Lord was *not* in the fire': and after the fire', a still, small voice'. And it was so', when Elijah heard' it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle', and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave'.

And behold there came a voice unto him', and said', What dost thou *here'*, Elijah'? And he said', I have been very jealous for

the Lord God of hosts'; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant', thrown down thine altars', and slain thy prophets with the sword'; and *I*', even *I*' only', am left'; and they seek my life, to take it away. And the Lord said unto him', Go', return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus': and when thou comest', anoint Hazael' to be king over Syria'; and Jehu' the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel'; and Elisha' shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room' And it shall come to pass', that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael', shall Jehu' slay; and him that escapeth the sword of Jehu', shall Elisha' slay. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel', all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal', and every mouth which hath not kissed' him. So, he departed thence'.—BIBLE.

LESSON LXVI.

ELIJAH AT MOUNT HOREB.

"Go forth'," it had been said to Elijah', "and stand upon the mount before the Lord'." The prophet hears' it, and leaves his cave'; and no sooner is he gone forth', than signs occur which announce to him the approach of the Almighty'. The sacred historian here, indeed, depicts in simple language', a most sublime scene'. The first sign was a tremendous wind'. Just before', probably, the deepest silence had prevailed throughout this dreary wilderness'. The mountain-tempest breaks forth, and the bursting rocks thunder, as if the four winds', having been confined there, had in an instant broken from their prisons to fight' together. The clouds are driven about in the sky', like squadrons of combatants rushing to the conflict'. The sandy desert is like a raging sea', tossing its curling billows to the sky'. Sinai is agitated', as if the terrors of the law-giving were renewing around' it. The prophet feels the majesty of Jehovah'; it is awful and appalling'. It is not a feeling of peace', and of the Lord's blissful nearness', which possesses Elijah's soul in this tremendous scene'; it is rather a feeling of distressing distance'; "a strong *wind*' went before the Lord, but the Lord was *not*' in the wind'."

The terrors of an *earthquake*' next ensue. The very foundation of the hills shake' and are removed'. The mountains and the rocks which were rent by the mighty wind', threaten now to fall upon one another'. Hills sink down', and valleys rise'; chasms yawn', and horrible depths unfold', as if the earth were removed out of his place'. The prophet, surrounded by the ruins

of nature′, feels still more of that divine majesty′, which "looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth‵." But he still remains without any gracious communication of Jehovah in the inner man‵. The *earthquake′* was only the *second herald* of the Deity‵. It went *before′* the Lord, "but the Lord was *not′* in the *earthquake*‵."

When this had ceased, an awful *fire*‵ passes by. As the *winds* had done *before′*, so *now* the *flames*‵ come upon him from every side′, and the deepest shades of night are turned into the light of day‵. Elijah, lost in adoring astonishment′, beholds the awfully sublime spectacle‵, and the inmost sensation of his heart′ must have been that of surprise and dread‵; but he enjoys, as yet′, no delightful sensation of the divine presence‵; "the Lord was *not′* in the *fire*‵."

The fire disappears‵, and tranquillity′, like the stillness of the sanctuary′, spreads gradually over all nature‵; and it seems as if every hill and dale‵, yea, the whole earth and skies‵, lay in silent homage′ at the footstool of eternal Majesty‵. The very mountains seemed to worship‵; the whole scene is hushed to profound peace‵; and now′, he hears a "stĭll, smăll vōice." "And it was so when Elijah heard′ it, he wrapt his face in his mantle," in token of reverential awe′ and adoring wonder‵, and went forth′, "and stood at the entrance of the cave‵."—Krummacher.

LESSON LXVII.

DISCONTENT.—AN ALLEGORY.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates′, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species′, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of‵, before that which would fall to them by such a division‵. Horace has carried this thought a good deal further‵, and supposes that the hardships or misfortunes we lie′ under, are more easy to us, than those of any other person would be′, in case we could change conditions‵ with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks′, and seated in my elbow-chair′, I insensibly fell asleep‵; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter′, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities′, and throw them together in a heap‵. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose‵. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching, one after another′, and throwing down their several loads‵, which immediately

grew up into a prodigious mountain', that seemed to rise above the clouds'.

There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape', who was very active' in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands', and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres', that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind'. There was something wild and distracted in her looks'. Her name was Fancy'. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack', and laying it upon his shoulders'. My heart melted within' me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens', and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before' me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion' upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a pack very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloke', which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be *poverty*'. Another, after a great deal of puffing', threw down his baggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his *wife*'. There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames'; but, what was very odd', though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities', they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up' to it; but, after a few faint efforts', shook their heads and marched away, as heavy laden as they came'.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their *wrinkles*', and several young ones who stripped themselves of a *tawny skin*'. There were very great heaps of red noses', large lips', and rusty teeth'. The truth of it is', I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of *bodily deformities*'. Observing one advancing toward the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back', I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a *natural hump*', which he disposed of, with great joy of heart', among this collection of human miseries'. There were, likewise, *distempers*' of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more *imaginary* than *real*'. One little packet I could not but take notice' of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature', and was in the hand of a great many fine people'. *This*' was called the *spleen*'. But what most of all surprised me was', that there was not a single *vice*' or *folly*' thrown into the whole heap': at which I was very much astonished', having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his *passions*', *prejudices*', and *frailties*'.

I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow', who, I did not question, came loaded with his *crimes*', but upon searching his bundle', I found, that instead of throwing his *guilt*' from him, he had only laid down his *memory*'. He was followed by another worthless rogue', who flung away his *modesty*' instead of his *ignorance*'.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast away their burdens', the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion', seeing *me* an idle spectator of what had passed', approached' toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence', when, of a sudden', she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes'. I no sooner saw my *face*' in it, than I was startled at the *shortnesss*' of it, which now appeared in its utmost aggravation'. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance', upon which', I threw it from me like a mask'. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down *his*' visage, which, it seems, was too *long*' for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most *shameful length*'; I believe the very *chin*' was, modestly speaking', as long as my *whole face*'. We had both of us an opportunity of mending' ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in', every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another' person.

As we stood round the heap', and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed', there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude', who did not discover what he thought *pleasures* and *blessings* of life'; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as *burdens* and *grievances*'. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries', this chaos of calamities', Jupiter issued a second proclamation', that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as he should select'. Upon this', Fancy began to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity', recommended to every one his particular packet'. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed'. Some observations, which I made at the time', I shall communicate to the public'.

A venerable gray-headed man', who had laid down the colic', and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate', snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father'. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard', and had liked to have knocked his brains' out; so that the true father coming towards him with a fit of the gripes', he begged him to take his *son*' again, and give him back his *colic*'; but they were incapable', either of them, to recede from the choice they had made'. A poor galley

slave, who had thrown down his *chains'*, took up the *gout'* in their stead, but made such wry faces', that one might easily perceive he was no great *gainer'* by the bargain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for *features'*; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs' for a carbuncle', and another was making over a short waist' for a pair of round shoulders'; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the *new'* blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the *old'* one.

I must not omit my own particular adventure'. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face', but he made such a grotesque figure' in it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself', insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance'. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule', that I found he was ashamed of what he had done'. On the other side', I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph', for as I went to touch my forehead', I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip'. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent', I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face', and aiming at some other' part of it.

I saw two other' gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances'. These had made a foolish swap, between a couple of thick bandy legs', and two long trap-sticks that had no calves' to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts', and was so lifted up in the air, above his ordinary height', that his head turned round' with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk', that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters'. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow', I stuck my cane in the ground', and told him I would lay a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a straight line', in a quarter of an hour'.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes', who made a most piteous sight', as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens'. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints', groans and lamentations'. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals', ordered them a *second'* time to lay down their loads', with a design to give every one his *own'* again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions', was commanded to disappear'. There was sent in her stead', a goddess of quite a *different'* figure: her motions' were steady and composed', and her aspect serious', but cheerful'. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven', and fixed them on Jupiter'. Her name was Patience'.

She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows', but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree' that it did not appear a third' so big as before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity', and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner', he marched off with it contentedly', being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice', as to the kind of evil which fell to his lot'.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision', I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes', or to envy the happiness of another'; since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings'; for which reason also', I am determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints', but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures' with sentiments of humanity and compassion'.

ADDISON.

LESSON LXVIII.

THE KNAVE UNMASKED.

Scene I.—Camp before Florence.

Enter Count Rozencrantz, *the captain of horse in the Duke of Florence's army, and* Capt. Dumain *and his brother, two officers under the Count.*

1*st Capt. Dumain.* Nay', good my lord', try' him. If your lordship find him not a knave', take *me* henceforth for a fool'.

2*d Capt. Dumain.* On my life', my lord', he is a mere bubble'.

Count Rozencrantz. Do you think I am so far deceived' in him?

1*st Capt. D.* Believe it', my lord'. To my certain knowledge', without any malice', but to speak of him as gently as if he were my *kinsman*', he's a notorious coward', an infinite and endless liar', an hourly promise'-breaker, and the owner of no one *good* quality worthy your lordship's respect'.

2*d Capt. D.* It is important that you should understand' him, lest, reposing too far in a virtue', which he hath not, he might, on some important occasion', in some pressing danger', fail' you.

Count R. I would I knew in what particular action to try' him.

2*d Capt. D.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum', which you heard him so confidently undertake' to do.

1*st Capt. D.* I', with a troop of Florentines', will suddenly surprise' him. I will have men whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy'. We will bind and hoodwink him so', that he shall suppose that he is carried into the enemy's camp', when we bring him to our tents'. Be but your lordship present at the examination'; if he do not', for the promise of his life', and under the compulsion of base fear', vilify *us all*', offer to *betray*' you, and deliver all the intelligence in

his power against' you, and *that*' with the forfeit of his soul upon oath', never trust my judgment in any' thing.

2*d Capt. D.* O for the love of laughter', let him fetch his drum'; he says he has a stratagem' for't. When your lordship sees the upshot of this affair', and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted', if you give him not John Drum's entertainment', your partiality is indeed beyond the influence of reason'. Here he comes'.

Enter DELGRADO.

1*st Capt. D.* O, for the love of laughter', hinder not the humor of his design'; let him fetch off his drum', any' how.

Count R. How now', Monsieur'? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition'.

2*d Capt. D.* Hang' it, let it go'; 'tis but a drŭm.

Delgrado. But a drum'! Is't but a drum'? A drum *so* lost'!

2*d Capt. D.* It was a disaster of war that Cesar *himself*' could not have prevented', if he had been there to command'.

Count R. Well', we have reason to be satisfied with our success'. Some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum', but it is not to be recovered'.

Del. It *might*' have been recovered.

Count R. It *mĭght*, but it *is* not *now*'.

Del. It *is*' to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attached to the real performer', I would have *that*' drum or *another*', or *hic jacet*'.

Count R. Why', if you have a *stomach*' to't, Monsieur', if you think your skill in stratagem can *recover*' this instrument of honor, be magnanimous in the enterprise', and go on'. I will do honor to the attempt as a worthy exploit'. If you speed *well*' in it, the Duke shall both *speak*' of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness', even to the utmost extent of your merit'.

Del. By the hand of a soldier', I will undertake' it.

Count. R. But you must not now slumber' in it.

Del. I'll about it this evening'. I will contrive my plans', prepare myself for the encounter', and, by midnight', look to hear further' from me.

Count R. I know thou art valiant'. Farewell'!

Del. I love not many words'. [*Exit.*

1*st Capt. D.* No more than a *fish*' loves *water*'. Is not this a strange fellow', my lord', that so confidently undertakes this business', which he knows is not to be done'?

2*d Capt. D.* *You*' do not *know*' him, my lord', as *we*' do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor', and for a week escape discovery', but when you find him out', you have him ever after'.

Count R. Why', do you think that he will make no attempt at the deed, which he so boldly and seriously promises'?

1*st Capt. D.* None in the world'; but return with an invention', and clap upon you two or three plausible lies'; but we have almost encompassed' him; you shall see him fall to-night'; for, indeed', he is not worthy of your lordship's confidence'. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter 1st CAPTAIN DUMAIN, *with five or six soldiers in ambush.*

1*st Capt. D.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner'. When you sally' upon him, speak what terrible language you will'; though you understand it not *yourselves*', no matter'; for we must not seem to understand' him; but some one among us must be an interpreter'.

1st *Soldier.* Good Captain', let *me*' be the interpreter.

1*st Capt. D.* Are you not *acquainted'* with him? Knows he not your *voice'*?

1*st Sold.* No', sir, I warrant' you.

1*st Capt. D.* But what linsey-woolsey have you to speak to *us* again?

1*st Sold.* Even such as you speak to me'.

1*st Capt. D.* He must think us some band of *strangers'* in the enemy's army'. Now, he hath a smack of all neighboring languages'; therefore we must all gabble', each after his own fancy'; so *we seem'* to know what we say, is to know straight to our purpose'. As for you', interpreter', you must seem very politic'. But, hide': ho! here he comes'; to beguile two hours in sleep', and then to return and swear to the lies he forges'.

Enter DELGRADO.

Del. Ten o'clock': within these two hours 'twill be time enough to go home', What shall I say I have done'? It must be a very *plausible invention* that carries' it. They begin to smoke' me; and disgraces have, of late, knocked too often at my door'. I find my *tongue* is too fool-hardy'; but my *heart* hath the fear of Mars' before it, and of his creatures', not daring to make good' the reports of my tongue'.

1*st Capt. D.* This is the *first truth'* that thy tongue was ever guilty of. [*Aside*

Del. What *madness*' should move me to undertake the recovery of this *drum*'; being not ignorant of the impossibility', and *knowing*' I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts', and say', I got them in the exploit'. Yet *slight* ones will not carry' it: they will say';—Come you off with so *little'*?—and *great* ones I *dare*' not give. Tongue', I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth', and buy another of Bajazet's mute', if you prattle me into *these*' perils.

1*st Capt. D.* Is it possible', he should *know'* what he is, and *be'* what he is! [*Aside.*

Del. I would the cutting of my garments would serve' the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword'.

1*st Capt. D.* We cannot let you off so. [*Aside.*

Del. Or the shaving of my beard', and say it was in stratagem'.

1*st Capt. D.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Del. Or to drown my clothes', and say', I was stripped'.

1*st Capt. D.* Hardly serve'. [*Aside.*

Del. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel'—

1*st Capt. D.* How deep'? [*Aside.*

Del. Thirty fathom'.

1*st Capt. D.* *Three great oaths* would scarce make that be believed'. [*Aside.*

Del. I would I had any drum of the enemy's'; I would *swear*', I had recovered it.

1*st Capt. D.* You shall *hear*' one anon. [*Aside.*

Del. A drum now of the enemy's'! [*Alarum within.*

1*st Capt. D.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par cargo, cargo.

Del. O! ransom'! ransom'!—Do not hide mine eyes'. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1*st Sold.* Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Del. I know you are the Muskos' regiment',
And I shall lose my life for want of language';
If there be here German', or Dane', Low Dutch'
Italian', or French', let him *speak*' to me;
I will discover that', which shall *undo*'
The Florentine.

1*st Sold.* Boskos vanvado:—
I understand' thee, and can speak thy tongue';—
Kerely bonto:—Sir',
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poinards
Are at thy bosom'.

Del. Oh! oh! oh!

1*st Sold.* O, pray', pray', pray',—
Manka revania dulche.

1*st Capt. D.* Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.

1*st Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet';
And, hood-winked as thou art', will lead thee on
To gather news' from thee; perhaps', thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life'.

Del. O, let me live',
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show';
Their force', their purposes'; nay I'll speak that',
Which thou wilt wonder' at.

1*st Sold.* But wilt thou speak truly'?

Del. If I do not', hang' me for a spy.

1*st Sold.* Acordo linta—
Come on', thou art granted space'. [*Exit, with Delgrado guarded.*

1*st Capt. D.* Go', tell Count Rozencrantz', and my brother',
We have caught the woodcock', and will keep him muffled',
Till we do hear' from them.

2*d Sold.* Captain', I will'.

1*st Capt. D.* He will betray us all unto ourselves':
Inform 'em *that*'.

2*d Sold.* So I will', sir.

1*st Capt. D.* Till then' I'll keep him dark and safely locked'. [*Exeunt.*

Scene. III—The Florentine Camp.

Enter Captain Dumain, *his brother, and soldiers.*

1*st Capt. D.* Shall we not have the Count to-night'?

2*d Capt. D.* Yes, at the appointed hour'.

1*st Capt. D.* That approaches apace': I would gladly have him see his follower anatomized', that he might take a measure of his own judgment, in which he hath set him so high'.

2*d Capt. D.* We will not meddle' with him till he come'. But here is his lordship now'.

Enter COUNT ROSENCRANTZ.

Count R. Come, shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier'? Bring forth this counterfeit model'; he has *deceived'* me, ike a double meaning prophesier'.

1*st Capt. D.* Bring him forth'. [*Exeunt soldiers.*] He has sat in the stocks' all night', pōōr knave.

Count R. No matter'; his heels have *deserved'* it, in usurping *spurs'* so long. How does he *carry'* himself?

1*st Capt. D.* I have told your lordship *already'*; the stocks carry *him'*. But, to answer you as you would be understood', he weeps like a sick wench': he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance', to the very instant of his setting in the stocks'. And what think you he has confessed'?

Count R. Nothing of *me'*, has' he?

2*d Capt. D.* His confession is taken', and shall be read to his face'. If your lordship' be in it, as I believe you are', you must have the patience to hear' it——.

Re-enter Soldiers, with DELGRADO.

Count R. A *plague'* upon him! muffled'! he *can'* say nothing of me'; hush'! hush'!

2*d Capt. D.* Porto tartarossa.

1*st Sold.* He calls for tortures'; what will you say without' them?

Del. I will confess what I know without constraint'; if ye pinch me like a *pasty*, I can say no more'.

1*st Sold.* Bosko chimurcho.

2*d Capt. D.* Boblibindò chicurmusco.

1*st Sold.* You are a merciful general'. Our general bids you answer to what I ask you out of a note'.

Del. And *truly'*, as I hope to live.

1*st Sold.* [*Reading.*] *First demand of him'*, *how many horse the Duke is strong'*. What say you to *that'*?

Del. Five or six thousand', but *very weak'* and *unserviceable'*; the troops are all scattered', and the commanders very poor rogues', upon my reputation and credit', and as I hope to live'.

1*st Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so'?

Del. Do. I'll take my sacrament' on't, how and which way you will.

Count R. All's one to him'. What a past-saving slave is this'!

1*st Capt. D.* You are deceived', my lord'; this is *Monsieur Delgrado'*, the gallant *militarist'* (*that* was his *own phrase'*,) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf', and the practice in the sheath of his dagger'.

2*d Capt. D.* I will never trust a man again', for keeping his sword clean'; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly'.

st Sold. Well', *that's* set down.

Del. Five or six thousand horse', I said—I will say true'—or thereabouts': set down'—for I'll speak truth'.

Count R. He is very near the *truth'* in this.

1*st Capt. D.* No thanks to *him,* though.

Del. Poor rogues', I pray you, say.

1*st Sold.* Well', *that's'* set down.

Del. I humbly thank' you, sir': a truth's a truth'; the rogues *are* marvelously poor'.

1*st Sold. Demand of him', of what strength they are afoot'.* What say you to *that'?*

Del. By my troth', sir', if I were to live but this present hour', I will tell true'. Let me see'; Spurio', a hundred and fifty'; Sebastian', so many'; Corambus', so many'; Cosmo', Lodovick', and Gratii', two hundred and fifty each'; mine own company', Lammond', Bentii,' two hundred and fifty each'; so that the muster-file', rotten' and sound', upon my life', amounts not to fifteen thousand full'; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks', lest they shake *themselves'* to pieces.

Count R. What shall be done' to him?

1*st Capt. D.* Nothing', but let him have thanks'. Demand of him my character', and what credit I have with the Duke'.

1*st Sold.* Well, *that's'* set down. [*Reading from a note.*] *You shall demand of him', whether one Captain Dumain' be in the camp: what his reputation is with the Duke', what his valor', honesty', expertness in wars'; or whether he thinks it were possible, with well-weighed sums of gold', to corrupt him to a revolt'.* What say you to *this'?* What do you know' of it?

Del. I beseech you let me answer to the particulars'. Demand them singly'.

1*st Sold.* Do you *know'* this Captain Dumain?

Del. I know' him. He was a butcher's apprentice in Paris', from whence he was whipped' for some paltry theft'.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand to strike him.*

Count R. Nay', by your leave', hold your hands'; though I know', his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls'.

1*st Sold.* Well', is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp'?

Del. Upon my knowledge he is', and a mean', dirty' villain'.

1*st Capt. D.* [*To Count R.*] Nay', look not so upon *me';* we shall hear of your *lordship'* anon.

1*st Sold.* What is his *reputation'* with the Duke?

Del. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine'; and writ to me this other day', to turn him out o' the band'. I think I have his letter in my pocket'.

1*st Sold.* Marry', we'll *search'*.

Del. In good sadness', I do not know': either it is there', or it is upon file', with the Duke's other' letters, in my tent'

1*st Sold.* Here 'tis'; here's a paper'; shall I read it to you'?

Del. I do not know', if it be it', or no'.

Count R. Our interpreter' does it wĕll.

1*st Capt. D.* Excellently'.

1*st Sold.* [*Reads.*] *The count's a fool', and full of gold'.*

Del. *That's* not the Duke's' letter, sir; that is a *notice'* to a certain person to take heed of one *Count Rosencrantz*, a foolish', idle' boy'; for all that', very knavish'. Pray you', sir', put it up' again.

1*st Sold.* Nay', I'll *read'* it first, by your favor.

[*Reading*] When he swears oaths', bid him drop gold', and take' it;
After he scores', he never pays' the score:
Half won' is match well made'; match', and well make' it.
He ne'er pays *after'* debts, take it *before'*.
For count of this', the count's a fool', I *know'* it,
Who pays before', but not when he does *owe'* it.

Count R. He shall be whipped through the army', with these rhymes on his forehead'.

2*d Capt. D.* *This'* is your *devoted friend'*, the *learned linguist'* and the *gallant soldier'*.

Count R. I could endure any thing before but a *cat'*, and now he's a *cat'* to me.

1*st Sold.* I perceive', sir', by the general's looks', we shall be fain to hang' you.

Del. My *life'*, sir', in *any'* case: not that I am *afrăid* to die; but that my offenses being many', I would repent out the remainder of my nature'. Let me *live'*, sir', in a *dungeon'*, in the *stocks'*, or *any'* where, so I may *live'*.

1*st Sold.* We'll see what may be done', so you *confess'* freely; therefore once more to this Captain Dumain'. You have answered to his reputation with the duke', and to his valor'. What is his honesty'?

Del. He will steal', sir, an *egg'* out of a *cloister'*. He *pretends'* not to keep oaths', but in breaking' them is stronger than Hercules'. He will *lie'*, sir, with such volubility', that you would think truth were a fool': *drunkenness'* is his *best virtue'*. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty': he has *every thing'* that an honest man should *not'* have; what an honest man *should'* have, he has *nothing'*.

Count R. Hang' him. He is more and more a cat'.

1*st Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price', I need not *ask* you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Del. Sir, for the fourth part of a French crown, he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation', the inheritance' of it, and cut the entail from all remainders'.

1*st Sold.* What's his *brother'*, the *other'* Captain Dumain.

2*nd Capt. D.* Why does he ask of *me'*?

1st *Sold.* What's *he'*?

Del. E'en a crow of the same nest'; not altogether so great as the other in goodness', but greater a great deal in evil'. He excels his brother for a coward', yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is': in a retreat', he outruns a lackey'; marry', in coming on' he has the cramp'.

1*st Sold.* If your life is saved', will you undertake to betray your friends'?

Del. Aye', the captain of their horse, Count Rozencrantz', and all' of them.

1*st Sold.* I'll whisper with the general and know his pleasure'.

Del. I'll no more drumming'; a *plague'* of all drums. Only to *seem'* to deserve well, and to get the good opinion of that foolish young

boy', the count, have I run into this' danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken'. [*Aside.*

1*st Sold.* There is no remedy', sir', but you must die'. The general says', *you*', that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army', and made such villainous reports of men in high estimation', can serve the world for no honest use'; therefore you *must die*'. Come', headsman', off with his head'.

Del. O lord', sir', let me live', or let me see my death'!

1*st Sold.* That you shall', and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So', look about' you; know you any here'?

Count R. Good-morrow', noble captain'.

2*d Capt. D.* God bless' you, Captain Delgrado.

1*st Capt. D.* God save' you, noble captain'.

2*d Capt. D.* What greeting will you to my lord Lafeu', I'm for France'.

1*st Capt. D.* Good captain', will you give me a copy of your sonnet'? If I were not a very coward, I'd compell it of you; but fare-you-well'. [*Exeunt Count R., Capt. D. and brother.*

1*st Sold.* You are undone', captain'; all but your scarf', *that*' has a *knot*' on't yet'.

Del. Who cannot be crushed with a plot'?

1*st Sold.* I'm for France, too': farewell', we shall speak of you there'. [*Exit.*

Del. Yet I am thankful'. If my heart were *grĕat*,
'Twould *burst*' at *this'*. *Captain'* I'll be no more';
But I will eat', and drink', and sleep as *soft'*
As *captain*' shall; simply the thing I *am'*
Shall make me *live*'. Who knows himself a braggart'
Let him fear this'.
Rust', sword'! cool', blushes'! and, Delgrado', live
Safest in shame'! being fooled', by foolery thrive'!
There's place and means' for every man alive'. [*Exit.*

SHAKSPEARE.

PART THIRD

In this Part, a rhetorical notation is but sparingly introduced, as it is believed that the pupil may now, with advantage to himself, rely upon his own judgment, with such aid as the teacher may think it judicious to give.

LESSON LXIX.

COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

Never have I known such a fireside companion. Great as he was both as a statesman and philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning, than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.

When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us of Johnson. The conversation of the latter, continually reminds one of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary or despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and vociferous; as loud, stormy, and sublime, as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castle which frowned on the dark rolling sea beneath.

But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin, no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence no effort to shine in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand upon either your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plain ness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They only required a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty.

His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of a systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional corruscations; but without any effort or force on his part. It shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, with his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then, the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation; and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been, all his life, a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.—WIRT.

LESSON LXX.

THE SICK SCHOLAR.

SHORTLY after the schoolmaster had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sun-burnt face, appeared at the door, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly dog's-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed. Soon afterwards, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him, a red-headed lad, and then, one with a flaxen poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys, or thereabouts, with heads of every color but gray, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about a half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to vio-

late the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbor, behind his hand.

Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring; playing "odd-or-even" under the master's eye; eating apples openly and without rebuke; pinching each other, in sport or malice, without the least reserve; and cutting their initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson "off the book," looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master *did* chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eye met his, but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or any thing but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

Heat! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him, if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made

for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its brightness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more quiet time; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up, in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by their sick companion, and bid him take it as a model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet—eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no grimaces for full *two minutes* afterwards.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give you an extra half-holyday this afternoon." At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. "You must promise me, first," said the schoolmaster, "that you 'll not be noisy, or, at least, if you are, that you 'll go away first, out of the village, I mean—I 'm sure you would n't disturb your old playmate and companion."

There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness, that he had only shouted in a whisper. "Then pray do n't forget, there 's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and do n't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good by, all!"

"Thank 'ee, sir," and "Good by, sir," were said a great many times in a variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining, and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines, and the birds only sing, on holydays and half-holydays; there were the trees waving to all free boys, to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning towards wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs, and leaps, and long walks, nobody

knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop, the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. "'Tis natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them: "I am very glad they did n't mind me." * * *

Towards night, the schoolmaster walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "Oh dame!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the schoolmaster immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying, that he was his dear, kind friend. "I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster. "You remember my garden, Henry?" whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening-time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them, no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The boys at play, upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they 'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more; and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in

a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

* * * * * * *

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.—DICKENS.

LESSON LXXI.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.—LONGFELLOW.

LESSON LXXII.

SPRING.

The Spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is warm,
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty o'er the earth.

The aged man is in the field;
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret, and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good,
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there.

Mary Howitt.

LESSON LXXIII.

MAY-DAY CAROL.

Queen of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring the warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark, how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be,
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holyday.
And *love*, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, *love* claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!—Heber.

LESSON LXXIV.

THE MOON AND STARS.—A FABLE.

On the fourth day of creation, when the sun, after a glorious, but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already arrayed in the exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water, for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stepped forth into the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone; now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth resplendent companion had joined her, till light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.

The planets and stars, with a superb comet, flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one, from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity; he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the hosts of heaven beside, displayed around him, in graduated splendor. Nor were any undeceived in regard to *themselves*, though all saw their *associates* in their real situations and relative proportions;—self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired either in the sky or below it;—till bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they supposed at first to be a new heaven, peopled with beings of their own species. But when they perceived farther, that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared; they then recognized themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others, whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner.

By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility; but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope, from whence they could identify their true visages in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising; stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye; and though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself nor any part of himself, till he came to reflection. The comet, however, having a long train of brightness, streaming sun-ward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency. Indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was at length acknowledged king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

But the object which attracted most attention, and astonishment too, was a slender thread of light that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after night-fall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon—the first new moon. Timidly, she looked around upon the glittering multitude that crowded the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute indeed they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine forever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction.

When she was gone, the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, "What a figure!" It was

so evident that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the apparition, (though at first they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her; of course, not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic precision from one end of heaven to the other, and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles, as the language of the eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages. Her crooked form and her shyness, were ridiculed and censured from pole to pole. For what purpose such a monster could have been created, not the wisest could conjecture; yet, to tell the truth, every one, though glad to be countenanced in the affectation of scorn by the rest, had secret misgivings concerning the stranger, and envied the delicate brilliancy of her light.

All the gay company, however, quickly returned to the admiration of themselves, and the inspection of each other. Thus, the first night passed away. But, when the east began to dawn, consternation seized the whole army of celestials, each feeling himself fainting into invisibility, and—as he feared—into nothingness, while his neighbors were, one after another, totally disappearing. At length, the sun arose, and filled the heavens, and clothed the earth with his glory. How *he* spent that day, belongs not to this history; but it is elsewhere recorded, that, for the first time from eternity, the lark, on the wings of the morning, sprang up to salute him; the eagle, at noon, looked undazzled on his splendor; and when he went down beyond the deep, the leviathan was sporting amidst the multitude of waves.

MONTGOMERY.

LESSON LXXV.

THE SAME.—CONCLUDED.

IN the evening, the vanished constellations again gradually awoke; and, on opening their eyes, were so rejoiced at meeting together,—not one being wanting of last night's levee,—that they were in the highest good humor with themselves and one another. Decked in all their beams, and darting their benignest influence, they exchanged smiles and endearments, and made vows of affection eternal and unchangeable; while, from this nether orb, the song of the nightingale arose out of darkness, and charmed even the stars in their courses, being the first sound, except the roar of the ocean, that they had ever heard. "The music of the spheres" may be traced to the rapture of that hour.

The little, gleaming horn was again discerned, leaning backward over the western hills. This companionless luminary, they thought—but they must be mistaken—it could not be—and yet they were afraid that it was so—appeared somewhat larger than on the former occasion. But the moon, still only venturing to glance at this scene of magnificence, escaped beneath the horizon, leaving the comet in proud possession of the sky.

On the third evening, the moon was so obviously increased in size and splendor, and stood so much higher in the firmament than at first, though she still hastened out of sight, that she was the sole subject of conversation on both sides of the galaxy, till the breeze that awakened newly-created man from his first slumber in paradise, warned the stars to retire; and the sun, with a pomp never witnessed in our degenerate days, ushered in the great Sabbath of creation, when "the heaven and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of them."

The following night, the moon took her station still higher, and looked brighter than before. Still, however, she preserved her humility and shame-facedness, till her crescent had exceeded the first quarter. Hitherto she had only grown lovelier, but now she grew prouder at every step of her preferment. Her rays, too, became so intolerably dazzling, that fewer and fewer of the stars could endure her presence, but shrouded themselves in her light as behind a vail. When she verged to maturity, the heavens seemed too small for her ambition. She "rose in clouded majesty," but the clouds melted at her approach, or spread their rich and rainbow-tinted garments in her path.

She had crossed the comet in her course, and left him as wan as a vapor behind her. On the night of her fullness, she triumphed gloriously in mid heaven, smiled on the earth, and arrayed it in a softer day; for she had repeatedly seen the sun, and though she could not rival him when he was above the horizon, she fondly hoped to make his absence forgotten. Over the ocean she hung, enamored of her own beauty reflected in the abyss. The few stars that still could stand amidst her overpowering effulgence, converged their rays, and shrunk into bluer depths of ether, to gaze at a safe distance upon her. "What more can she be?" thought these scattered survivors of myriads of extinguished sparklers; "as hitherto she has increased every evening, to-morrow she will do the same; and we must be lost, like our brethren, in her all-conquering resplendence."

The moon herself was not a little puzzled to imagine what might become of her; but vanity readily suggested, that although she had reached her full form, she had not reached her full size; consequently, by a regular nightly expansion of circumference she would finally cover the whole convexity of the sky, not only

to the exclusion of stars, but of the sun himself, since he occupied a superior region of space, and certainly could not shine through her; till man, and his beautiful companion woman, looking upward from the bowers of Eden, would see *all moon* above them, and walk in the light of her countenance forever.

In the midst of this pleasing self-illusion, a film crept upon her, which spread from her utmost verge, athwart her center, till it had completely eclipsed her visage, and made her a blot on the tablet of the heavens. In the progress of this disaster, the stars, which were hid in her pomp, stole forth to witness her humiliation. But their transport and her shame, lasted not long; the shadow retired as gradually as it had advanced, leaving her fairer by contrast than before. Soon afterwards, the day broke, and she withdrew, marveling what would next befall her.

Never had the stars been more impatient to resume their places, nor the moon more impatient to rise, than on the following evening. With tembling hope and fear, the planets that came out first after sunset, espied her disk, broad and dark red, emerging from a gulf of clouds in the east. At the first glance, their keen, celestial sight discovered that her western limb was a little contracted, and her orb no longer perfect. She herself was too much elated to suspect any failing, and fondly imagined that she had continued to increase all round, till she had got above the Pacific; but even then, she was only chagrined to perceive, that her image was no larger than it had been last night. There was not a star in the horoscope—no, not the comet himself—durst tell her she was less.

Another day went, and another night came. She rose as usual, a little later. Even while she traveled above the land, she was haunted with the idea, that her luster was rather feebler than it had been; but when she beheld her face in the sea, she could no longer overlook the unwelcome defect. The season was boisterous; the wind rose suddenly, and the waves burst into foam; perhaps the tide, for the first time, was then affected by sympathy with the moon; and what had never happened before, an universal tempest, mingled heaven and earth in rain, and lightning, and darkness. She plunged among the thickest of the thunder-clouds, and in the confusion that hid her disgrace, her exulting rivals were all likewise put out of countenance.

On the next evening, and every evening afterwards, the moon came forth later, and less, and dimmer; while on each occasion, more and more of the minor stars, which had formerly vanished from her eye, re-appeared to witness her fading honors and disfigured form. Prosperity had made her vain; adversity brought her to her mind again, and humility soon compensated the loss of glaring distinction, with softer charms, which won the regard

which haughtiness had repelled; for when she had worn off her uncouth gibbous aspect, and, through the last quarter, her profile waned into a hollow shell, she appeared more graceful than ever in the eyes of all heaven. When she was originally seen among them, the stars contemned her; afterwards, as she grew in beauty, they envied, feared, hated, and finally fled from her. As she relapsed into insignificance, they first rejoiced in her decay, and then endured her superiority, because it could not last long; but when they marked how she had wasted away every time they met, compassion succeeded, and, on the last three nights, (like a human fair one, in the latest stages of decline, growing lovelier, and dearer to her friends till the close,) she disarmed hostility, conciliated kindness, and secured affection; she was admired, beloved, and unenvied by all.

At length, there came a night when there was no moon. There was silence in heaven all that night. In serene meditation on the changes of the month, the stars pursued their journey from sunset to day-break. The comet had, likewise, departed into unknown regions. His fading lustre had been attributed, at first, to the bolder radiance of the moon in her meridian; but, during her wane, while inferior luminaries were brightening around her, he was growing fainter and smaller every evening, and now, he was no more. Of the rest, planets and stars, all were unimpaired in their light, and the former only slightly varied in their positions. The whole multitude, wiser by experience, and better for their knowledge, were humble, contented, and grateful, each for his lot, whether splendid or obscure.

Next evening, to the joy and astonishment of all, the moon, with a new crescent, was descried in the west; and instantly, from every quarter of the heavens, she was congratulated on her happy resurrection. Just as she went down, while her bow was yet recumbent in the dark purple horizon, it is said that an angel appeared, standing between her horns. Turning his head, his eye glanced rapidly over the universe; the sun far sunk behind him, the moon under his feet, the earth spread in prospect before him, and the firmament all glittering with constellations above. He paused a moment, and then in that tongue, wherein, at the accomplishment of creation, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," he thus brake forth: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! In wisdom hast thou made them all. Who would not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy!" He ceased,—and from that hour there has been harmony in heaven.—MONTGOMERY.

LESSON LXXVI.

SUMMER EVENING.

The summer day has closed—the sun is set:
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and, in their graves, await
Their resurrection.

Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison-shells, or shoved them from their nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight.

In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with earthy walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine! one glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age;
Still the fleet hours run on; and, as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.—W. C. Bryant

LESSON LXXVII.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and cruel spot?
To melt or sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?"
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"Oh, no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou fine and delicate child of the sky:
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;—
But then, I must give thee a lovlier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sun-beams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping;

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamin bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;

"To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
Where Viola's mild blue eye shall weep;
In a tremulous tear or a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be worn in the silvery wreath,
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris,* I 'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes;
A pencil of sun-beams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I 'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending."

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake;
"But bear it in mind, that the choice I make,
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,

* The rainbow.

Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:
For things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow,
By the promise that God hath given."—Miss Gould.

LESSON LXXVIII.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The place in which the impeachment of Warren Hastings was conducted, was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall, which had resounded with acclamations, at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall, which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall, where the eloquence of Stafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall, where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice, with the placid courage which half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clean by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by heralds. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There, were gathered together, from all points of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit, and learning, the representatives of every science and every art.

There, were seated around the queen, the fair-haired, young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There, the embassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There, Siddons,* in the pride of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the

*A celebrated actress.

stage. There, the historian of the Roman Empire* thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa; and there too, were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age; for the spectacle had allured Reynolds from his easel, and Parr from his study. * * * *

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties; had sent forth armies; had set up, and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. A person, small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated, also, habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow, pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face, pale and worn, but on which a great and well-balanced mind was legibly written: such was the aspect with which the great pro-consul presented himself to his judges.

The charges, and the answers of Hastings, were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third day, Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction, which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the Constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility—were in a state of incontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smel-

* Gibbon.

ling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits.

At length, the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it in all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

LESSON LXXIX.

SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF W. HASTINGS.

This extract comprises the concluding part of Mr. Burke's speech, on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. This trial was protracted through a period of nearly eight years, and finally terminated in the acquittal of Mr. Hastings.

MY LORDS:—What is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms. Do you want a criminal, my lords? Where was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

Is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain, as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight, than that of men separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the commons of England resenting as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? No example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. Here, we see that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority what we

all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his majesty. We have here the heir apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people would have the heir apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject; offering a pledge in that situation, for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch

We have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity to guard; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. We have here a new nobility, who have arisen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun: we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects; and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were, the other day, upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from a place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts, in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. You have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and vices, which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says, that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institutions is charity; a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore, appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle, that their welfare was the object of all government; since the person who was the Master of nature, chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them against all oppression; knowing that he who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed, and of those that feed it, made himself the "servant of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him, in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him, in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him, in the name, and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which he has violated.

I impeach him, in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.—BURKE.

LESSON LXXX.

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

In the poem, from which this extract is taken, Marmion is represented as an embassador, sent by Henry VIII., king of England, to James IV., king of Scotland, who were at war with each other. Having finished his mission to James, Marmion was intrusted to the protection and hospitality of Douglas, one of the Scottish nobles. Douglas entertains him, guides him as far as necessary, and then dismisses him on the borders of England. Though Douglas treats him with the respect due to his office, and to the honor of his sovereign, yet he despises his private character. Marmion perceives this, and takes umbrage at it, though he attempts to repress his resentment, and desires to part in peace. Under these circumstances, the scene, as described in this sketch, takes place. Tantallon is the name of Douglas' castle.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by the king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in *friendship*' from your land,
And, noble Earl', *receive my hand*'."
But Douglas round him drew his cloke,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;—
The *hand* of Douglas is his *own*';
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of *such* as *Marmion*' clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And "*This to me*'," he said,
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first', I tell' thee, haughty peer',
He who does *England's*' message here,
Although the *meanest*' in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be *thy*' mate:
And Douglas', *more*' I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here', in *thy hold*', thy vassals near,
I tell thee', *thou 'rt defied*'!
And if thou said'st I am not peer'
To any lord in Scotland here',
Lowland', or Highland', far', or near',
Lord Angus,' *thou—hast—lied*'!"

On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth; "And dar'st thou then
To beard the *lion*' in his *den*',
The *Douglas*' in his *hall*'?
And hop'st thou thence unscathed to go?
No', by St. Bryde, of Bothwell, *no*'!
Up drawbridge', grooms,'—what,' warder', ho',
Let the portcullis' fall,"
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch-way sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:

Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"*Horse'! horse'!*" the Douglas cried', "and *chase!*"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name;
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried;
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride;
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this, his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.—WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON LXXXI.

RED JACKET, THE INDIAN CHIEF

THOU wert a monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages,
To thee and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely, though no poet's magic
Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Unless he had a gamut for the tragic,
And introduced it into pantomime;

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land; and on her herald-roll,
As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
As CŒUR DE LION'S,* of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-stars would frighten
That metal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore in the dance at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's † tartan, for the Highland heather;
Or forest green, for England's Robin Hood.†

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* Cœur de Lion, (pro. *Keur de Lee-on,*) lion-hearted, a name given to Richard I. of England.

† These were celebrated outlaws, the one of Scotland, the other of England.

Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's)
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine, that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches--
The secret of their mastery—they are *short*.

Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perished young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.

The monarch-mind,—the mystery of commanding,
The god-like power, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, molding, wielding, bending,
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding, men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrel-minds, without a blush, have shrouded,
With banner-folds of glory, their dark pall.

Who will believe—not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem:

Who would believe, that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, as caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinch'd fingers in a captive's hair?

That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas-tree:
And, in thy wrath, a nursing cat o' mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee?

And, underneath that face, like summer's ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow,—all, save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;

Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be, by the Great Spirit
Remembered and revenged, when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

HALLECK.

LESSON LXXXII.

THE VOYAGE.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make, is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments, produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres, is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are lanched, at once, into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In traveling by land, there is a continuity of scene, and a connection of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthened chain," at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken. We can trace it back, link by link; and we feel, that the last of them still grapples us to home. But a wide sea-voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes; a gulf subject to tempests, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such at least was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and I had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life, what vicissitudes might occur in it, what changes might take place in me before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander whither he may be driven by the uncertain current of existence, or when he may return, or whether it may be ever his lot to review the scenes of his childhood?

I said, that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then, they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or to climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together, on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds, just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height, at the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface, or the ravenous shark, darting like a specter, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes, a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north, all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked: for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie

whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence and oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the father, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety; anxiety into dread; and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return, for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

W. Irving.

LESSON LXXXIII.

THE SAME.—CONCLUDED.

The sight of the wreck gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer's voyage. As we sat around the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck by a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the day time; but at night, the weather was so thick, that we could not distinguish any object, at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head and a constant watch forward, to look-out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly, the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail a-head!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light.

"We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds, to be swallowed shrieking by the waves; I heard their drowning cry, mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I

shall never forget that cry! It was some time, before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard any thing of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. At times, the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning, that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the moaning waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes, an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dextrous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging, sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears! how she seems to lord it over the deep!—But it is time to get ashore.

It was a fine sunny morning, when the thrilling cry of "land!" was heard from the mast-head. None, but those who have experienced it, can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered. From that time, until the moment of ar-

rival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, my eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plats. I saw the moldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of the village church, rising from the brow of neighboring hill. All were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable, that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers-on, others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other.

I particularly noticed one young woman, of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his mess-mates had spread a matress for him, on deck, in the shade; but of late, his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish, that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck, as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features; it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All was now hurry and bustle; the meetings of acquaintances; the greetings of friends; the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.—W. Irving.

LESSON LXXXIV.

THE PEARL-DIVER.

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,
And wrecks where the brave have striven;
The deep is a strong and fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine,
A wasting task and lone;
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown.

A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free!
Thou 'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read;
Go, for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled.

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all the festive hall—
But who shall think on *thee?*

None;—as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one, 'midst throngs, will say,
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,
For that pale and quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought!—
And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth, the gems of thought?
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below,
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is poured;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But oh! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at last, o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower!

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strewed;
The soul whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude.

And who will think, when the strain is sung,
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?

None, none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee;
Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine
O wrestler with the sea!—Mrs. Hemans.

LESSON LXXXV.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

The curfew tolls'; the knell of parting day'!
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea';
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command',
The threats of pain and ruin to despise',

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land',
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes',

Their lot forbade'; nor, circumscrib'd alone
Their glowing virtues', but, their crimes' confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne',
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind';

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame';
Or heap the shrine of luxury, and pride',
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray:
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spell'd by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
Teaching the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate',
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led',
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate',

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty step, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now, drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn, I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the woods was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-yard path, we saw him borne—
Approach, and read (for *thou canst* read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune, and to Fame, unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul, sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had,—a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father, and his God.—GRAY.

LESSON LXXXVI.

AN EVENING ADVENTURE.

Not long since, a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house.

As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes, formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee-buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time, that

an addition of three or four young gentlemen, was made to their number; most, if not all of them, of the legal profession

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned, by one of the latter, upon the eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made as to the eloquence of the pulpit, and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said pro and con.

During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom those future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think *you* of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was from what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal that he had ever heard or read was made for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered, than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no—it was JOHN MARSHALL, the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON LXXXVII.

OBJECTS OF EDUCATION.

To learn A, B, C, is felt to be extremely irksome by the infant, who cannot comprehend what it is for. The boy, forced to school, cons over his dull lesson because he must, but feels no amusement or satisfaction in it. The labor he is obliged to undergo is not small; the privations of pleasure and activity, he regrets still more; and all for what?—to learn what he does not like; to force into his mind words to which he attaches no ideas, or ideas which appear to him to be of no value; he cannot put them to any present use. Youth is not aware, that not for present use is all this designed. The dull, laborious, but necessary routine, like plowing and sowing the land, is in hopes of reaping abundance, at some not very distant season. Education is not the end, but only the means.

Let us see what is the object it has in view. A person growing to a certain age must appear in the world; he can no longer hide himself at school, nor withdraw behind the routine of the trammels appointed for his minority. He must start forward and become something. What that something is to be, education only can surmise; even talents, genius, fortune, can give little guess. A man must act; whether he is necessitated to labor for his maintenance, or is freed by fortune from all apprehension, and all constrained exertion, yet he must act. It is the intent of education to enable him to act rightly, honorably, successfully. Without pretension to prophetic honors, one may safely say, that a man coming into life is doomed to suffer—and perhaps in various shapes of sorrow. Youth may fancy life one scene of gayety; but reality and fancy differ widely. If education has been rightly conducted, it will teach the man to suffer with dignity, with honor, nay, with profit.

The man lanches into life, and will be exactly, or very nearly, what his actual education purposed. It is well when, guarded, stored, and stimulated, the youth starts forward, and in manhood prospers; answers his own wishes, his parents' expectations, his tutor's labors, by actual success in his station, whatever it may be. The dreary hours of learning will then be recollected with pleasure, and the labor will be abundantly repaid. The end which education had in view will be attained, and its importance, justly acknowledged.

The alternative will show this importance in a still clearer light. The man forced into action, obliged to take perhaps some prominent station, may fail to fill it properly; may fail, notwithstanding his best endeavors, and become unsuccessful in all his

pursuits. To fail for want of knowing what education would have taught him, would be great disgrace; but to fail when conscious of talents exerted, and carefulness ever active, will take away from the man's own mind, and from the opinion of bystanders, all that is disgraceful. He may even gain honor, by the exertions made to prevent, or by the disposition shown during the deep adversity. The lessons of education may be as useful to him in this case as in the other. All that he has learned will help him in some shape, and the labor once endured, will, even in his sorrowing moments, yield him assistance, satisfaction, and perhaps tranquillity, peace, and joy.

If the object of education is then so important, if the effects of it are so strong, so enduring, is it not worth all the labor and privation which it can ever occasion?—TAYLOR.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE AMBITIOUS YOUTH

THE incident described in this lesson is said to have occurred, some years since, at the Natural Bridge, in Virginia. This bridge is an immense mass of rock, thrown by the hand of nature over a considerable stream of water, thus forming a natural passage over the stream.

THERE are three or four lads standing in the channel below the natural bridge, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments, 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands, in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword, as they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambi-

tious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cesar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.

It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name, side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another place for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those notches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals.

This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There was no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on; and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastro-

phe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "*William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!*" The boy didn't look *down*. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there.

He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others, who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut, before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch.

Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave.

At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is with-

in reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God! and mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss: but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.—E. Burritt.

LESSON LXXXIX.

INCENTIVES TO YOUTHFUL DEVOTION.

I earnestly wish that I could induce all young persons to divest religion of every gloomy and repulsive association; to feel that it does not consist,—as some would fain represent it,—in solemn looks and a sanctified demeanor, or in an affected fondness for long sermons or long prayers; but that, properly understood, it is—and especially for the young—a cheerful and lightsome spirit, reposing with affectionate confidence in an Almighty Father, unalloyed with fear, unshaken by distrust.

Would you have within your bosoms, that peace which the world can neither give, nor take away? Would you possess a source of the purest and sweetest pleasures? Would you have that highest of all blessings—a disposition to relish, in their highest perfection, all the innocent and rational enjoyments of life? Then, let me conjure you to cherish a spirit of devotion; a simple-hearted, fervent, and affectionate piety. Accustom yourselves to conceive of God, as a merciful and gracious parent, continually looking down upon you, with the tenderest concern, and inviting you to be good, only that you may become everlastingly happy. Consider yourselves as placed upon earth, for the express purpose of doing the will of God; and remember, if this be your constant object, whatever trials, disappointments, and sorrows, you may be doomed to experience, you will be sustained under them all, by the noblest consolations.

With a view of keeping up a perpetual sense of your dependence upon God, never omit to seek him habitually in prayer, and to connect the thought of him with all that is affecting or impressive, in the events of your lives; with all that is stupendous, and vast, and beautiful, in the productions of his creative power and skill. Whatever excites you; whatever, in the world of nature, or the world of man, strikes you as new and extraordinary;

refer it all to God; discover in it some token of his providence, some proof of his goodness; convert it into some fresh occasion of praising and blessing his holy and venerable name. Do not regard the exercises of devotion as a bare duty, which has a merit in itself, however it is performed; but recur to them as a privilege and a happiness, which ennobles and purifies your nature, and binds you, by the holiest of ties, to the greatest and best of all beings.

When you consider what God is, and what he has done; when you cast your eyes over the broad field of creation, which he has replenished with so many curious and beautiful objects, or raise them to the brilliant canopy of heaven, where other worlds, and systems of worlds, beam upon the wondering view; when day and night, and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest; when the things nearest and most familiar to you, the very structure of your own bodily frame, and that principle of conscious life and intelligence which glows within you; all speak to you of God, and call upon your awakened hearts to tremble and adore; when to a Being thus vast, thus awful, you are permitted to approach in prayer; when you are encouraged to address him by the endearing name of a Father in heaven, and with all the confidence and ingenuousness of affectionate children, to tell him your wants and your fears, to implore his forgiveness, and earnestly to beseech him for a continuance of his mercies: you cannot, my young friends, if you have any feeling, any seriousness about you, regard the exercises of devotion as a task; but must rejoice in it as an unspeakable privilege, to hold direct intercourse with that great and good Being, that unseen but universal Spirit, to whose presence all things in heaven and on earth bear witness, and in whom we all live, and move, and have our being.

Thus excite and cherish the spirit of devotion. Whenever any thing touches your hearts, or powerfully appeals to your moral feelings, give way to the religious impulse of the occasion, and send up a silent prayer to the Power who heareth in secret. And, in your daily addresses to God, do not confine yourselves to any stated form of words, which may be repeated mechanically without any concurrence either of the heart or of the head; but after having reviewed the mercies of your particular condition; after having collected your thoughts, and endeavored to ascertain the wants and weaknesses of your own character; give utterance, in the simple and unstudied language which comes spontaneously to the lips, to all those emotions of gratitude and holy fear, of submission and trust, which cannot fail to arise in your hearts, when you have previously reflected what you are, and find yourselves alone, in the presence of an Almighty God.

TAYLOR.

LESSON XC.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not written of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end and way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust not Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow.

LESSON XCI.

THE JUSTICE AND POWER OF GOD

Behold, God is great; we cannot know him,
Nor search out the number of his years.
Lo, he draweth up the drops of water.
Which form rain from his vapor;
The clouds pour it down,
And distill it upon man in abundance.
Who can understand the spreading of his clouds,
And the rattling of his pavilion?
Behold, he spreadeth around himself his light;
In both hands he holds the lightning;
He commissions it against his enemies.

At this my heart trembleth,
And is moved out of its place.
Hear, O hear the sound of his voice,
And the noise which issueth from his mouth.
He sendeth it through the whole heavens,
And his lightning to the ends of the earth.
After it a voice roareth;
He thundereth with the voice of his majesty,
And restraineth not the tempest, when his voice is heard.

God thundereth marvelously with his voice;
Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.
For he saith to the snow, "Be thou on the earth;"
Likewise to the rain, even the rains of his might.
He sealeth up the hand of every man,
That all his laborers may acknowledge him.
Then, the beasts go into dens,
And abide in their caverns.

Out of the south cometh the whirlwind,
And cold out of the north.
By the breath of God, ice is formed,
And the broad waters are made solid.
He causeth the clouds to descend in rain,
And his lightning scattereth the mists.
He leadeth them about by his wisdom,
That they may execute his commands throughout the world,
Whether he cause them to come for punishment.
Or for his earth, or for mercy.

Give ear unto this, O Job!
Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.
Dost thou know when God ordained them,
And caused the lightning of his cloud to flash?
Dost thou understand the balancing of the clouds,
The wondrous works of him that is perfect in wisdom?

How thy garments become warm
When he maketh the earth sultry by his south wind?
Canst thou, like him, spread out the sky,
Firm, like a molten mirror?
Teach us what we shall say to him,
For we cannot address him by reason of darkness.
If I speak, will it be told him?
Verily, if a man speak to him, he will be consumed.

Men cannot look upon the light
When it is bright in the skies,
When a wind hath passed over them, and made them clear,
And a golden splendor cometh from the firmament;
But with God is terrible majesty!
The Almighty, we cannot find him out;
He is excellent in power and justice,
Perfect in righteousness, but he giveth no account of his doings.
Therefore let man fear him
Whom none of the men of wisdom can behold.

NOYES' TRANSLATION OF JOB.

LESSON XCII.

A BEE HUNT.

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped, abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees, in the decayed trunks of which, wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far west, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them but the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say, that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. They are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little insects as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told, that the wild bee is seldom to be met with, at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it, as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the west pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians, with surprise, found the moldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet, for the first time, upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present, the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if

these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle, as countless as the sands on the sea-shore, while the flowers, with which they are enameled, render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp, when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow, with a homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and with a straw-hat, shaped not unlike a bee-hive. A comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes, and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indians.

After proceeding for some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which he placed a piece of honey-comb. This, I found, was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were soon humming about it, and diving into the cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way, they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole, about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the ax seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations; some arriving, full freighted, into port, others sallying forth, on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrupture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length, down came the tree, with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defense against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge; they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb, with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream-tart before the holyday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone, that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruin of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully, as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way, full freighted, to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches' pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly, about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive, who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where their fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters, on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene, on which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears, and skunks, and raccoons, and 'possums," said he:—"the bears

is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world They 'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they 'll haul out honey, bees, and all."—W. Irving.

LESSON XCIII.

THE MECHANICAL WONDERS OF A FEATHER.

Every single feather is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together, strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable, than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am now writing. If we cast our eye toward the upper part of the stem, we see a material made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith, also, which feeds the feathers, is neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon.

But the most artificial part of the feather is the beard, or, as it is sometimes called, the vane, which we usually strip off from one side, or both, when we make a pen. The separate pieces of which this is composed are called threads, filaments, or rays. Now, the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed either up or down in the line of the stem. He will soon discover, that the threads of which these beards are composed are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, while they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted.

It is also to be observed, that when two threads, separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp. Draw your finger down the feather which is against the grain, and you break, probably, the junction of some of the contiguous threads; draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state. It is no common mechanism by which this contrivance is effected. The threads or laminæ above mentioned are interlaced with one another; and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth, which the threads shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together.

Fifty of these fibres have been counted in one-twentieth of an inch. They are crooked, but curved after a different manner: for those which proceed from the thread on the side toward the extremity, are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas, those which proceed from the side toward the beginning or quill-end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turned upward. When two laminæ, therefore, are pressed together, the crooked parts of the long fibres fall into the cavity made by the crooke parts of the others; just as the latch, which is fastened to a door, enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door-post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door.—PALEY.

LESSON XCIV.

THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To whom the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear, sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship" he said "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has the spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happened, and may happen again,)
That, the visage or countenance had *not* a *Nose*,
Pray, who *would*, or who *could* wear *spectacles* then?

"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles, plainly, were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was, as plainly, intended for them."

Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think them equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light,—*Eyes* should be *shut*.

COWPER.

LESSON XCV.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

St. Keyne was a Welch princess, who lived and died near the well which was named after her. It was popularly believed, that she laid upon this well the spell described in this ballad.

A WELL there is in the West Country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West Country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above,
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water, so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he
"For an* if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman—if one thou hast—
Ever here, in Cornwall been?
For an* if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drunk of the well of St Keyne."

"I have left a good woman, who never was here,
The stranger he made reply;

**An* is here an obsolete word signifying *if*.

"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you, answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,—
God help the husband, then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"*You* drank of the well, I warrant, betimes!"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled, as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, i' faith! she had been wiser than I,
For *she* took a bottle to church."—SOUTHEY.

LESSON XCVI.

ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manner wondrous winning;
She never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux, or more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.—GOLDSMITH.

LESSON XCVII.

ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us, in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can parliament be so dead to its true dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their embassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect.

The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops, than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you *cannot* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst;* but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and

extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever impotent; doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms; *never*—NEVER—NEVER!

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischief of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage? to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country.

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as *Christians*, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, *murdering*, DEVOURING, DRINKING *the blood* of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose their unsullied sanctity; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the

Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation, at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties, and inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! Against whom?—your protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these *horrible hounds of war.*

Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.—Lord Chatham.

LESSON XCVIII.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS, UPON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Webster, in a speech upon the life and character of John Adams, imagines some one opposed to the Declaration of Independence, to have stated his fears and objections before Congress, while deliberating on that subject. He then supposes Mr. Adams to have replied, in language like the following.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to

the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,* is not he, our venerable colleague, near you,† are you not both, already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but *outlaws?*

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I *know* we do not mean to submit. We NEVER *shall submit!* Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself, will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail.

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* John Hancock. † Samuel Adams.

The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression, is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let *them* see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a FREE *country*.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began,

that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

LESSON XCIX.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices, which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy, and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him, that, into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness; would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favorable ear to his apology.

Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favorite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay, and many internal combats, pushed, by resentment and policy, to sign the warrant for his execution.

The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her, *That God might pardon her, but she never could*,—she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She resisted all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance; and throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an intolerable

burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal; but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them.

Ten days and nights, she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind, at last, had so long preyed upon her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice, that as she had held a regal scepter, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined, that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be, but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots! Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied, that she did so, nor did her mind, in the least, wander from Him. Her voice, soon after, left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours; and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion, in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign. So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty luster, in the eyes of all Europe!

There are few great personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet, there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and (what is more) religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled the throne; a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from par-

tiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition; she guarded not herself with equal care and equal success, from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government, were founded equally on her temper, and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendency over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterpising, the least scrupulous, she was able, by her vigor, to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness, meanwhile, remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to a prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable, either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the luster of her chararacter. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require somewhat more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses, by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit, is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress, but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.—Hume.

LESSON C.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY, FROM THE FAVOR OF HENRY VIII.

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,—
Like little, wanton boys, that swim on bladders,—
These many summers, in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That aspect sweet of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honor:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure * with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in public, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord;
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

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* Here used for *disgrace.*

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;—
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in.
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CI.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Queen Catherine. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Griffith. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to 't.
Q. Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For, after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Q. Cath. Alas! poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the Abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continued meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Q. Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law; in the presence,*
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he *was*, mighty;
But his performance, as he *is*, nothing.
Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good, now?
Q. Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour, to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer;
And, though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet, in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Q. Cath. After my death, I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,

* In the presence of the king.

To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes, honor. Peace be with him!—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CII.

CHARACTER OF LOUIS FOURTEENTH.

CONCERNING Louis the Fourteenth, the world seems, at last, to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the word, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what James the First of England called *king-craft*—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects.

Though his internal administration was bad; though the military triumphs which gave splendor to the early part of his reign, were not achieved by himself; though his later years were crowded with defects and humiliations; though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book; though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit, and of a more cunning old woman; he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary, because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze, like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly.

It has been said, that no man is a hero to his valet; and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth, as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his clothes in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayers, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence, the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens, with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night, in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in state, and vomited majestically in the presence of all his nobles. Yet, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze, in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he, to the last, impressed those who surrounded him, with the deepest awe and reverence.

The illusion which he produced on his worshipers, can be

compared only to those illusions, to which lovers are proverbially subject, during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet, it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above the middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared, that the prince whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled, was in truth a little man.

His person and government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers, who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Moliere.* In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindle into a vain and feeble tyrant, the slave of priests and women, little in war, little in government, little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness.

He left to his infant successor, a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humbled army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the army, a schism raging in the court, an immense debt, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and nutriment of the state seemed to have been drawn, to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence. The nation was withered. The court was morbidly flourishing. Yet, it does not appear that the associations, which attached the people to the monarchy, had lost strength during his reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests, but he had struck their imaginations. The very things which ought to have made him unpopular,—the prodigies of luxury and magnificence with which his person was surrounded, while, beyond the inclosure of his parks, nothing was to be seen but starvation and despair,—seemed to increase the respectful attachment which his people felt for him.—MACAULAY.

* Pronounced Bwi-lo and Mo-le-air.

LESSON CIII.

A PETITION TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE CARE OF YOUTH.

I ADDRESS myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us; and the eyes of man do not more closely resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with, each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of my parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us.

From my infancy, I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments; but if I, by chance, touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked: and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her, upon some occasions; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity. No;—my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister; (and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents;) what would be the fate of our poor family! Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a difference between sisters who are perfectly equal? Alas! we must perish from distress; for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honor to prefer you.

Condescend, sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children, equally.

I am, with profound respect,

Sirs, your obedient servant,

THE LEFT HAND.—[FRANKLIN.

LESSON CIV.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to embalm their dead, and to preserve the form and perfect appearance of each limb, even to the fingers and toes, by winding around them narrow strips of linen, prepared in a manner which is not now known. Bodies have been preserved in this manner, for a period of more than two thousand years, and are, to this day, found in great numbers in ancient sepulchers. Some of these have been brought to England and other parts of Europe, and to America. Bodies thus preserved are called *Mummies*, and it was one of these, brought by the celebrated traveler Belzoni, and placed in a museum at London, which gave rise to this poem.

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the sphynx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue that at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain;—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-or-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—

Antiquity appears to have begun,
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen; we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris,* Orus,* Apis,* Isis,*
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climb'd those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CV.

PAPER—A CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRY.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were,
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions, care,—
By one brave stroke, to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear, blank paper, ev'ry infant mind;
Where, still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice, a blot.

* These were Egyptian deities.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

I, (can you pardon my presumption?) I,
No wit, no genius, yet, for once, will try.
Various the paper, various wants produce—
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray, note the fop, half powder, and half lace;
Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling place;
He's the *gilt-paper*, which, apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoir.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed;
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is *coarse brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast—who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys;
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout;
He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems this side always right, and that, stark nought;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves;
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type, his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure;
What is he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
They, and their works, in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden! innocently sweet;
She's fair, *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring;
'Tis the great man, who scorns a little thing;
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone.
True, genuine, *royal-paper*, is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.—FRANKLIN.

LESSON CVI.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly, on being able to anticipate the words, or the wants, of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word. This sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments; and it was this proneness to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

AT the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object, the Duke, by well applied argument and personal application, at length attained; and the gentleman *he* recommended, gained the election. In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested, that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, who was an honest fellow, and would not have thought himself entitled to any *reward*, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments,—thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him, "The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render his grace every assistance in his power, on any future occasion." "My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relative shall have it, the moment the place is vacant, if you will but call my attention to it." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us, in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the Duke, "set out, post-haste, for London; drive directly to my house, and be it by night or by day, thunder at the door; I will leave

word with my porter, to show you up stairs directly; and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend's house in the neighborhood, without a wish or desire to see his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being burdened with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the Duke's humble friend, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post-haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of that nobleman's palace.

The reader should be informed, that just at this time, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned; and the Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote arrived at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected, every minute, a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown up stairs, the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; and the porter, settled for the night, in his arm-chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers. To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders, that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "Bless him, for a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at the prime minister's kindness, "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their word; I verily believe they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks." Having ascended the stairs as he was speaking, he was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awakened from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find the election promise, with all its circumstances, so fresh in the nobleman's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking *a power of doctor's stuff*; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so

short a space of time; and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk, or mad? Where are your dispatches!" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; where, instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bed-side, the well known countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make, in favor of his son-in-law, at the last election."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, the Duke frowned for a moment; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of circumstances, and yielding to the impulse, he sunk upon the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes, with observing, "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relative of his old acquaintance on the throne of His Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to a post *not less honorable*,—he made him an exciseman."—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CVII.

A PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

IN my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but, beyond these, it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of the poet or novel-writer, and which might induce him to people it with creatures of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A "good man of the house" it might possess,—but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female, in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking cottage girl, always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest, except when in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the room, showed you, without your being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior, in a single moment of passing. A clean hearth and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely, but neat and orderly furniture, spoke

comfort; but whether the old dame enjoyed, or merely diffused that comfort, was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike,—the fire shining brightly and peacefully,—the girl seated at her post by the window,—the housewife going to and fro, cattering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning as I went by, there was a change. The dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that action of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her; she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by; till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burning pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen; and, glancing my eye upwards, I perceived the blind close drawn, in the window above. It is so, said I to myself, disease is in progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern—and yet, who knows how it may end? It is thus, that begin those changes that draw out the central bolt that holds families together; which steal away our fire-side faces, and lay waste our affections.

I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same; the fire burning, the hearth beaming clear and cheerful; but the mother was not to be seen; the blind was still drawn above. At length, I missed the girl, and in her place appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a more quiet habit. It was easy to interpret this change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect; the daughter was occupied in intense watching and caring for the suffering mother, and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her side, perhaps from a distant spot, and, perhaps, from her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it, till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn, in the room below, and the window thrown open above. The scene was over; the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind them such lasting effects.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CVIII.

THE DEPARTED.

THE departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant luster burn,
The departed, the departed,
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the surging night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me,
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream, their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I *know* that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate,
To think that they are gone.—PARK BENJAMIN.

LESSON CIX.

THANATOPSIS.

To him, who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his dark musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour, come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while from all around,
Comes a still voice—

"Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.

The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks

That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living; and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their enjoyments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age, cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."—BRYANT.

LESSON CX.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

(Two Voices from the Grave.)

First Voice. How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First Voice. There, riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in the nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice. How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there; but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice. The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave;
'Tis the vulture's abode; 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the dead with their fangs.

Second Voice. There, the cony, at evening, disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod; while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice. There, darkness and dampness, with poisonous breath,
And loathesome decay, fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare.

Second Voice. O! soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet, with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice. The pilgrim, who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by; and, with trembling and fears,
He is lanched on the wreck-covered river.

Second Voice. Here, the traveler, worn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.—KARAMISIN.

LESSON CXI.

THE GRAVE.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound, we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother, who would willingly forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child, that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend, over whom he mourns?

No, the love which survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was, in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet, who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn, even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave! — the grave! — It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom, spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities! — the last testimonies of expiring love! — the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand!—the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence!—the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There

settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure, that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure, that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning, by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth, be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.—W. Irving.

LESSON CXII.

CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth, at times, with that irresistible force which characterizes intellect of such an order. His ambition was lofty and noble, inspiring him with high thoughts, and an anxiety to distinguish himself by great achievements. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same elevated spirit with which he sought renown; they were to rise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance.

His conduct was characterized by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of ravaging the newly found countries, like many of his contemporary discoverers, who were intent only on immediate gain, he regarded them with the eyes of a legislator; he sought to colonize and cultivate them, to civilize the natives, to build cities, introduce the useful arts, subject every thing to the control of law, order,

and religion, and thus to found regular and prosperous empires. That he failed in this, was the fault of the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command, with whom all law was tyranny, and all order oppression.

He was naturally irascible and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the generosity and benevolence of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, braved in his authority, foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person, by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anguish of body and anxiety of mind, enough to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor can the reader of the story of his eventful life, fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been exalted for his skill in controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

His piety was genuine and fervent. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he devoutly returned thanks to God. The voice of prayer and the melody of praise, rose from his ships on discovering the new world, and his first action on landing was, to prostrate himself upon the earth, and offer up thanksgivings. All his great enterprizes were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the Church in the wildest situations. The sabbath was to him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never sail from a port, unless in case of extreme necessity. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure, over his whole deportment; his very language was pure and guarded, and free from all gross or irreverent expressions.

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A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed; namely, that ardent and enthusiastic imagination, which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. A poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings, and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild lands he was discovering, in the enthusiasm with which he extolled the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and

sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal purity of the running streams. It spread a glorious and golden world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colors.

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon kind, and successful in his dreams. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not conceive, when pointed out. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprize of traversing a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his age."

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans, from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! How would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!—W. Irving.

LESSON CXIII.

RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS, ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

The fame of the discovery of a new world, had resounded throughout Spain; and, as the route of Columbus lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road, and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude, pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity, which assailed himself and his companions, at every stage, with innumerable questions. Popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April, that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to greet and welcome him. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold; after these, were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds, and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these, followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were lined with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in the event, that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon

as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy which are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their thrones to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here, the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Spain, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

At length, Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers; among whom he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving, to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than the testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants, of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold, in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth

thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst, in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven; "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, the historian of the occasion, "it seemed as if, in that hour, they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain, celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise; and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace. For many days, he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared, he was surrounded by an admiring multitude.—W. IRVING.

LESSON CXIV.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.*

HENRY the Fourth, on his accession to the French throne, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy, and, from the union of these several nations, their army was called the "army of the league." In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party, at Ivry, a small town in France. Before the battle, he said to his troops, "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume,—you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying "Save the French!" and his clemency added a number of the enemy to his own army.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre.
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eye of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who would thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

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* Pronounced *E-vree.*

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's* hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, and fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme,† to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,‡ now upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage, blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised! the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,—
D'Aumale§ hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew,"‖ was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

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* Coligni, (pronounced *Co-leen-yee.*) a venerable old man, was one of the victims in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

† Oriflamme, (pronounced *or-ree-flam,*) the French standard.

‡ Golden lilies were embroidered upon the French flag.

§ Pronounced *Do-mal.*

‖ On the evening of St. Bartholomew's day, in the year 1572, an indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants throughout France, took place, by order of Charles IX., then king of France

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And honor to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

MACAULAY

LESSON CXV.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I 'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I 'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy, Highland wight,
"I 'll go, my chief—I 'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I 'll forgive your Highland chief;
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.—CAMPBELL.

LESSON CXVI.

SURRENDER OF GRENADA TO THE SPANIARDS.

DAY dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy, he had so ardently cultivated.

"What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves—we kings! Earth resounds with the

crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep—the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst, I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes: I am but leveled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amid gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.

When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace, marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of the vanguard, rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and an inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not the pride of the ecclesiastic. "Go, christian," said he mildly, "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king; may his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and, at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly, the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war, waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Jago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight, the King's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and slackened not his speed, till almost within bow-shot of the first rank of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach, extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured, and glowed, and danced, the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque, halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter, but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. "Oh, king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered." Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistably, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and

there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is my last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality—beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

Boabdil spurred on, at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Armine, (sent on before) awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence, which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye. Suddenly, the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.—BULWER.

LESSON CXVII.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

THE Spaniards gave this name ("The Last Sigh of the Moor,") to the eminence from which, after their expulsion, the Moorish king and his followers took their farewell view of Grenada.

WINDING along, at break of day,
And armed with helm and spears,

Along the martyr's rocky way,
A king comes, with his peers;
Unto the eye a splendid sight,
Making the air all richly bright,
Seen flashing through the trees;
But, to the heart, a scene of blight—
Sadder than death were these.

For brightly fall the morning rays
Upon a conquer'd king;
The breeze that with his banner plays,
Plays with an abject thing.
Banner and king no more will know
Their rightful place 'midst friend and foe—
Proud clarion, cease thy blast!
Or, changing to the wail of woe,
Breathe dirges for the past.

Along, along, by rock and tower,
That they have failed to keep,
By wood and vale, their father's dower,
The exiled warriors sweep:
The chevroned* steed, no more elate,
As if he knew his rider's fate,
Steps languidly and slow,
As if he knew Grenada's gate
Now open to the foe!

Along, along, till all is past,
That once they call'd their own,
Till bows the pride of strength at last,
And knights, like women, moan!
Pausing upon the green hill-side,
That soon their city's towers will hide,
They lean upon their spears;
And hands, that late with blood were dyed,
Are now washed white with tears.

Another look, from brimming eyes,
Along the glorious plain;
Elsewhere may spread as lovely skies,
Elsewhere their monarch reign;
But never more in *that* bright land,
With all his chivalry at hand,
Now dead, or far departed!
And from the hill-side moves the band,
The bravest, broken-hearted.—Miss Jewsbury.

* A *chevron*, is a certain mark used in heraldry.

LESSON CXVIII.

THE APPROACH OF A DEVASTATING ARMY.

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion;
And sound an alarm in mine holy mountain:
Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble:
For the day of the Lord cometh,—for it is near:
A day of darkness and gloom:
A day of clouds, and of thick darkness.
As a dusk spread upon the mountains,
Cometh a numerous people and strong.
Like them, there hath not been of old time,
And after them, there shall not be,
Even to the years of many generations.

Before them, a fire devoureth,
And behind, a flame burneth;
The land is as the garden of Eden before them,
And behind them, a desolate wilderness:
Yea, and nothing shall escape them.
Their appearance shall be like the appearance of horses,
And like horsemen shall they run;
Like the sound of chariots, on the tops of the mountain, shall they leap;
Like the sound of a flame of fire, which devoureth stubble;
They shall be like a strong people, set in battle array.

Before them, shall the people be much pained:
All faces shall gather blackness;
They shall run like mighty men;
Like warriors shall they climb the wall;
And they shall march every one in his way;
Neither shall they turn aside from their paths;
Neither shall one trust another:
They shall march each in his road;
And if they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded.
They shall run to and fro in the city,
They shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up into the houses;
They shall enter in at the window, like a thief.
Before them, the earth quaketh, the heavens tremble:
The sun and moon are darkened;
And the stars withdraw their shining.

And Jehovah shall utter his voice before his army;
For his camp is very great,
And the day of the Lord is very great
And very terrible, and who shall be able to bear it?
Yet, even now, saith Jehovah,
Turn ye unto me with all your heart,
With fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning,
And rend your hearts, and not your garments,

And turn unto Jehovah your God;
For he is gracious and merciful,
Slow to anger, and of great kindness,
And repenteth him of evil.—JOEL, CHAPTER II.

LESSON CXIX.

CHARACTER OF BLANNERHASSETT

IN 1807, Aaron Burr and others, among whom was Blannerhassett, were tried on an indictment for treason against the government of the United States. They were accused of a design to take possession of New Orleans, and to erect the country watered by the Mississippi and its branches, into an independent government. They were acquitted for want of evidence, though it was generally believed that Burr was guilty. The beautiful island, upon which Blannerhassett resided, is situated in the Ohio river, about 270 miles above Cincinnati. His former residence is now, (1845,) in ruins, but the island is still an object of curiosity to the traveler.

LET us put the case between Burr and Blannerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle the question of precedence between them. Who, then, is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him.

The evidence would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it, may enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the

serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great interprises,—for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life.

In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him: and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly," we find shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory!

Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Neither the human heart nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blannerhassett, in fortune, character, and happiness, forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy, by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.—WIRT.

LESSON CXX.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER.

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent any where; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation upon their virtue, overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, and not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it, as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was least to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice;—let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature,—a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet,—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters

through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given!—and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart; and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding men's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle, at the slightest circumstance, into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A

vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy nor assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It *must* be confessed, it *will* be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.—WEBSTER.

LESSON CXXI

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE

CLARENCE, prisoner in the Tower of London.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury. WHY looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked, to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; whence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O then, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the evious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not, with this sore agony?
Clar. O no; my dream was lengthened, after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first, that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow, like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
"*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—*
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I, trembling, waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
——I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!
[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CXXII.

AMBITION.

WHAT is ambition? 'T is a glorious cheat
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceiling with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever as he shuts his wildered eyes,
The phantom comes, and lays upon his lips
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no waters will allay.

He is its slave henceforth. His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours;
His kindred are forgotten or estranged;
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye;
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled
Half into scorn; till the bright, fiery boy,
That 't was a daily blessing but to see.
His spirit was so birdlike and so pure,
Is frozen in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man.

And what is its reward? At best, a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear;
Gold—when the senses, it should please, are dead;
Wreaths—when the hair, they cover, has grown gray;
Fame—when the heart it should have thrilled, is numb.
All things but *love*—when *love* is all we want,
And close behind comes death, and ere we know,
That even these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave.—WILLIS

LESSON CXXIII.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these, thy lowest works; yet these declare

Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light—
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him 'midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him, thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye, five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song resound
His praise, who, out of darkness, called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake! dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise!
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, and lowly creep;
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.—MILTON.

LESSON CXXIV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy wing,
Murmurs the blossomed boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly, straggling flower,
Deck's the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps,
From the dark dell's tangled steeps.

Scant along the ridgy land,
The beans, their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh turned soil, with tender blades,
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half robed appears the hawthorn hedge,
Or to the distant eye displays,
Weakly green, its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims with haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plover idly spring:
The butterfly, gay painted, soon
Explores awhile the tepid noon,
And fondly trusts its tender dyes,
To fickle suns and flattering skies.

Fraught with transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute, on a sudden, is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again,
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
She mounts, and less'ning to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues,
'Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues.

O'er the broad fields, a tender race,
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.
His free-born vigor, yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,

And stretched among the daisies' pride,
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
(In loose luxuriance taught to stray,)
A thousand tumbling rills inlay,
With silver veins, the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard glow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues, o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.—T. WARTON.

LESSON CXXV

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR

ONCE upon a time, in the leafy covert of a wild, woody dingle, there lived (for it was, indeed, a thing of life) a certain little brook, that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well-off, and been content with the station assigned to it by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge and that content, consists the true secret of happiness; and the silly little brook never found out the mystery, until it was too late to profit by it.

I cannot say, positively, from what source the little brook came; but it appeared to well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn; and, collecting together its pellucid waters, so as to form a small pool within that knotty reservoir, it swelled imperceptibly over its irregular margin, and slipped away, unheard,—almost unseen,—among mossy stones and entangling branches. No emerald was ever so green: never was velvet so soft, as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake: and it was gemmed and embroidered, too, by all flowers that love the shade; pale primroses and nodding violets; anemones, with their fair, down-cast heads; and starry clusters of forget-me-not, looking lovingly, with their pale, tender eyes, into the bosom of their native rill.

The hawthorn's branches were interwoven above, with those of a holly; and a woodbine, climbing up the stem of one tree, flung across to the other its flexible arms, knotting together the mingled foliage, with its rich clusters and elegant festoons, like a fair sister, growing up under the guardianship of two beloved brothers, and, by her endearing witchery, drawing together, in closer union, their already united hearts. Never was little brook so delightfully situated; for its existence, though secluded, was neither monotonous nor solitary. A thousand trifling incidents (trifling, but not uninteresting,) were perpetually varying the scene; and innumerable living creatures, the gentlest and loveliest of the sylvan tribes, familiarly haunted its retreat.

Beautiful, there, was every season with its changes! In the year's fresh morning, delicious May or ripening June, if a light breeze but stirred in the hawthorn tops, down on the dimpling water came a shower of milky blossoms, loading the air with fragrance as they fell. Then, came the squirrel with his mirthful antics. Then, rustling through fern and brushwood, stole the timid hare, half startled, as she slaked her thirst at the still fountain, by the liquid reflection of her own large, lustrous eyes. There was no lack of music round about. A song-thrush had his domicil hard by; and, even at night, his mellow voice was heard, contending with a nightingale, in scarce unequal rivalry. And other vocalists, innumerable, awoke those woodland echoes. Sweetest of all, the low, tremulous call of the ring-dove floated, at intervals, through the shivering foliage,—the very soul of sound and tenderness.

In winter, the glossy green and coral clusters of the holly, flung down their rich reflections on the little pool, then visited through the leafless boughs with a gleam of more perfect daylight; and a red-breast, which had built its nest, and reared its young among the twisted roots of that old tree, still hovered about his summer bower, still quenched his thirst at the little brook, still sought his food on its mossy banks; and, tuning his small pipe, when every other feathered throat, but his own, was mute, took up the eternal hymn of gratitude, which began with the birth-day of Nature, and shall only cease with her expiring breath. So every season brought but changes of pleasantness to that happy little brook: and happier still it was,—or might have been,—in one sweet and tender companionship, to which passing time and revolving seasons brought no change.

True it was, no unintercepted sunshine ever glittered on its shaded waters; but, just above the spot where they were gathered into that fairy fount, a small opening in the overarching foliage admitted, by day, a glimpse of the blue sky; and, by night, the mild, pale ray of a bright fixed-star, which looked

down into the stilly water, with such tender radiance as beams from the eyes we love best, when they rest upon us with an earnest gaze of serious tenderness. Forever, and forever, when night came, the beautiful star still gazed upon its earth-born love, which seemed, if a wandering air but skimmed its surface, to stir, as if with life, in responsive intercourse with its bright visitant.

Some malicious whispers went abroad, indeed, that the enamored gaze of that radiant eye was not always exclusively fixed on the little brook; that it had its oblique glances for other favorites. But I take it, those rumors were altogether libelous, mere rural gossip, scandalous tittle-tattle, got up between two old, gray, mousing owls, who went prowling about and prying into their neighbor's concerns, when they ought to have been in their beds, at home. However that may be—though I warrant the kind creatures were too conscientious to leave the little brook in ignorance of their candid conjectures—it did not care one fig about the matter, utterly disregarding every syllable they said. This would have been highly creditable to the little brook, if its light mode of dismissing the subject had not been partly owing to the engrossing influence of certain new-fangled notions and desires, which, in an unhappy hour, had insinuated themselves into its hitherto untroubled bosom.

Alas! that elementary, as well as human natures, should be liable to moral infirmity! But that they are, was strongly exemplified in the instance of our luckless little brook. You must know, that, notwithstanding the leafy recess, in which it was so snugly located, was, to all *inward* appearance, sequestered as in the heart of a vast forest, in point of fact, it only skirted the edge of an extensive plain, in one part of which lay a large pond, to which herds of kine and oxen came down to drink, morning and evening, and wherein they might be seen standing motionless for hours together, during the sultry summer noon; when the waveless water, glowing like a fiery mirror under the meridian blaze, reflected, with magical effect, the huge forms and varied coloring of the congregated cattle, as well as those of a flock of stately, milk-white geese, accustomed to swim upon its bosom.

Now, it so chanced, that from the nook of which we have spoken, encircled as it was by leafy walls, there opened, precisely in the direction of the plain and the pond, a cunning little peep-hole, which must have been perforated by the demon of mischief, and which no eye would ever have spied out, save that of a lynx or an idle person. Alas! our little brook *was* an idle person; she had nothing in the world to do from morning to night, and that is the root of all evil;—so, though she might have found useful occupation, (every body can, if they seek it in right earnest,) she

spent her whole time in peering and prying about, till, one unlucky day, what should she hit upon, but that identical peep-hole, through which, as through a telescope, she discovered with unspeakable amazement the great pond, all glowing in the noon-day sun; the herds of cattle and the flocks of geese, so brilliantly redoubled on its broad mirror.

"My stars!" ejaculated the little brook, (little thought she at that moment of the *one* faithful star.) "My stars! what can all this be? It looks something like me, only a thousand times as big. What can be shining so upon it? and what can those great creatures be? Not hares, sure, though they have legs and tails; but such tails! And those other white things, that float about, they cannot be birds, for they have no legs, and yet they seem to have feathers and wings. What a life of ignorance have I led huddled up in this poor, little, dull place, visited only by a few, mean, humdrum creatures, and never suspecting that the world contained finer things and grander company!"

Till this unfortunate discovery, the little brook had been well enough satisfied with her condition; contented with the society of the beautiful and gentle creatures which frequented her retreat, and with the tender admiration of her own "bright unchanging star." But now there was an end to all content, and *no* end to garrulous discontent and endless curiosity. The latter, she soon found means to satisfy, for the sky-lark brought her flaming accounts of the sun, at whose court he pretended to be a frequent visiter; and the water-wagtail, was dispatched to ascertain the precise nature of those other mysterious objects, so bewildering to the limited faculties of the curious little brook.

Back came the messenger, mopping,* and mowing,* and wagging his tail with the most fantastic airs of conceited importance. "Well, what is it!" quoth my lady brook. "Water, upon my veracity," quoth Master Wagtail, "monstrous piece of water, five hundred thousand million times as big as your ladyship." "And what makes it so bright and glowing, instead of my dull color?" quoth my lady. "The sun, that shines full upon it," rejoins the envoy. "Oh! that glorious globe, the sky-lark talks of. How delightful it must be to enjoy *his* notice! But what are those fine creatures with legs, and those others with wings and no legs?" "Oh! those are cows, and oxen, and geese; but you cannot possibly comprehend their natures, never having seen any thing larger than a hare or wood-pigeon." "How now, Master Malapert!" quoth my lady, nettled to the quick at his impertinence;—but her curiosity was not half satiated; so she was fain to gulp down her own insulted dignity, and went on

* Making wry faces.

questioning and cross-questioning, till she was ready to bubble over with spite and envy at Master Wagtail's marvelous relations. Poor thing! she did not know what allowance to make, for travelers' stories.—LITERARY SOUVENIR.

LESSON CXXVI.

THE SAME—CONCLUDED.

THENCEFORWARD, the little brook perfectly loathed her own peaceful, unobtrusive lot. She would have shrunk away, had it been possible, from the poor, innocent creatures, who had so long enlivened her pleasant solitude. And, worst of all—most unpardonable of all—she sickened at the sight of her benignant star, which continued to look down upon her as fondly and kindly as ever, still happily unconscious of her heartless estrangement. Well, she went on fretting and repining, from day to day, till dame Nature, fairly tired out with her wayward humor, resolved to punish her, as she deserved, by granting her heart's desire. One summer morning, came two sturdy woodmen, armed with saws, axes, and bill-hook; to work they went, lopping, hewing, and clearing, and before night-fall, there lay the little brook, exposed to the broad canopy of heaven, revealed in all its littleness, and effectually relieved from the intrusion of those insignificant creatures, which had been scared from their old familiar haunt, by that day's ruthless execution.

"Well!" quoth the little brook, "*this* is something like life! What a fine world this is! A little chilly though, and I feel, I don't know how, quite dazzled and confounded. But to-morrow, when that great, red orb comes over-head again, I shall be warm and comfortable enough, no doubt; and then, I dare say, some of those fine, great creatures will come and visit me; and who knows but I may grow as big as that great pond, in time, now that I enjoy the same advantages." Down went the sun; up rose the moon; out shone innumerable hosts of sparkling orbs, and among them, *that* "bright particular star" looked out, pre-eminent in lustre. Doubtless, its pure and radiant eye dwelt, with tender sorrow, on the altered condition of its beloved little brook. But that volatile and inconstant creature, quite intoxicated with her change of fortune, and with the fancied admiration of the twinkling myriads she beheld, danced and dimpled, in the true spirit of flirtation, with every glittering spark, till she was quite bewildered among the multitude of her adorers, and welcomed the gray hour of dawn, without having vouchsafed so much as one glance of recognition at her old, unalienated friend.

Down went the moon and stars; up rose the sun, and higher and higher he mounted in the cloudless heaven, and keener waxed the impatience of the ambitious little brook. Never did court beauty so eagerly anticipate her first presentation to the eye of majesty! And, at last, arrived the hour of fruition. Bright over-head careered the radiant orb; down darted his fervid, fiery beams vertically upon the centre of the little brook, penetrating its shallow waters to the very pebbles beneath. At first, it was so awed and agitated, and overpowered by the condescending notice of majesty, fancying, (as small folks are apt to fancy,) that it had attracted peculiar observation, that it was hardly sensible of the unusual degree of warmth, which began to pervade its elementary system: but presently, when the fermentation of its wits had a little subsided, it began to wonder how much hotter it should grow, still assuring itself that the sensation, though very novel, was exceedingly delightful.

But at length, such an accession of fever came on, that the self-delusion was no longer practicable, and it began to hiss, as if set over a great furnace. Oh, what would the little brook have given now for only one bough of the holly or the hawthorn, to intercept those intolerable rays! or for the gentle winnowing of the black-bird's wing, or even the poor robin's, to fan its glowing bosom. But those protecting boughs lay scattered around; those small, shy creatures had sought out a distant refuge, and my lady brook had nothing left but to endure what she could not alter. "And after all," quoth she, "it's only for a little while; by and by, when his majesty only looks sideways at me, I shall be less overcome with his royal favor, and in time, no doubt, be able to sustain his full gaze, without any of these unbecoming flutters, all owing to my rustic education and the confined life I have hitherto led."

Well, "his majesty" withdrew westward as usual, and my lady brook began to subside into a comfortable degree of temperature, and to gaze about her again, with restored complacency. What was her exultation, when she beheld the whole train of geese waddling towards her from the great pond, taking that way homeward out of sheer curiosity, as I suppose. As the goodly company drew nearer and nearer, our brook admired the stateliness of their carriage, and persuaded herself, it was eminently graceful, "for undoubtedly, they are persons of distinguished rank," quoth she; "and how much finer voices they must have, than those little, vulgar fowls, whose twittering used to make me so nervous." Just then, the whole flock set up such a gabbling and screeching, as they passed close by, that the little brook, well nigh leaped out of her reservoir, with horror and amazement; and to complete her consternation, one fat,

old, dowager goose, straggling awkwardly out of the line of march, plumped right down into the middle of the pool, flouncing and floundering about at a terrible rate, filling its whole circumference with her ungainly person, and scrambling out again with an unfeeling precipitation, which cruelly disordered the unhappy victim of her barbarous outrage.

Hardly were they out of sight, those awkward and unmannerly creatures,—hardly had the poor little brook begun to breathe, after that terrible visitation, when all her powers of self-possession were called for, by the abrupt approach of another and more prodigious personage. A huge ox, goaded by the intolerable stinging of a gad-fly, broke away from his fellows of the herd and from his cool station in the great pond, and came galloping down, in his blind agony, lashing the air with his tail, and making the vale echo with his furious bellowing. To the woods just beyond the new cleared spot, he took his frantic course, and, the little brook lying in his way, he splashed into it and out of it without ceremony, or probably so much as heeding the hapless object, subjected to his ruffian treatment. That one splash pretty nearly annihilated the miserable little brook. The huge fore-hoofs forced themselves into its mossy bank; the hind ones, with a single extricating plunge, pounded bank and brook together into a muddy hole; and the tail, with one insolent whisk, spattered half the black mass over the surrounding herbage.

And now, what was wanting to complete the ruin and degradation of the unhappy little brook? A thick, black puddle was all that remained of the once pellucid pool. Poor little brook! if it had erred greatly, was it not greatly humbled? Night came again; but darkness was on the face of the unhappy brook, and well for it, that it was total darkness; for in that state of conscious degradation, how could it have sustained the searching gaze of its pure, forsaken star? Long, dark, and companionless was the first night of misery, and when morning dawned, though the turbid water had regained a degree of transparency, it had shrunk away to a tenth part of its former "fair proportions," so much had it lost by evaporation in that fierce solar alembic; so much from absorption in the loosened and choking soil of its once firm and beautiful margin; and so much by dispersion, from the wasteful havock of its destructive invaders.

Again, the great sun looked down upon it; again, the vertical beams drank fiercely of its shrunken water; and when evening came, no more remained of the poor little brook, than just so many drops as filled the hollow of one of those large pebbles which had paved its unsullied basin, in the day of its brightness

and beauty. But never, in the season of its brightest plenitude, was the water of the little brook so clear—so perfectly clear and pure, as that last portion, which lay, like a liquid gem, in the small concave of that polished stone. It had been filtered from every grosser particle, refined by rough discipline, purified by adversity, even from those lees of vanity and light-mindedness, which had adulterated its sparkling waters in their prosperous state. Just as the last sunbeam was withdrawing its amber light from that small pool, the old, familiar robin hopped on the edge of the hollow pebble, and dipping his beak once and again in the diminished fount, which had slaked his thirst so often and so long, drooped his russet wings with a slight quivering motion, and broke forth into a short, sweet gush of parting song, before he winged his way forever from his expiring benefactress.

Twilight had melted into night—dark night—for neither moon nor stars were visible through the dark clouds that canopied the earth. In darkness and silence lay the little brook; forgotten it seemed, even by its benignant star, as though its last drops were exhaled into nothingness — its languishing existence already struck out of the list of created things. Time *had* been, when such apparent neglect would have excited its highest indignation; but *now*, it submitted humbly and resignedly to the deserved infliction. And, after a little while, looking fixedly upwards, it almost fancied that the *form*, if not the radiance of the beloved star was faintly perceptible through the intervening darkness.

The little brook was not deceived: cloud after cloud rolled away from the central heaven, till at last, the unchanging star was plainly discernible through the fleecy vapor which yet obscured its perfect lustre. But, through that silvery vail, the beautiful star looked intently on its repentant love; and there was more of tenderness, of pity, and reconciliation in that dim, trembling gaze, than if the pure, heavenly dweller had shone out in perfect brightness on the frail, humbled creature below. Just then, a few large drops fell heavily from the disparting cloud; and one, trembling for a moment with starry light, fell, like a forgiving tear, into the bosom of the little pool.

Long—long and undisturbed (for no other eye looked out from heaven that night) was the last mysterious communion of the reconciled friends. No doubt, that voiceless intercourse was yet eloquent of hope and futurity; for though all that remained of the pure little brook was sure to be exhausted by the next day's fiery trial, it would but change its visible form, to become an imperishable essence: and who can tell whether the elementary nature, so purged from earthly impurities, may not have been received up into the sphere of its heavenly friend, and indissolubly united with the celestial substance.—Lit. Souvenir.

LESSON CXXVII.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flash the fields; the fresh'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then, comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then, thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft, thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or swelling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow, whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn, unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

* * * * * * * *

But, wandering oft, with rude, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee; marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun, direct, the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth, the grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration, join; and ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes;
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom your rage.
His praise, attune, ye brooks; ye trembling rills;
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring cease.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes, beneath the joyous moon.

* * * * * * *

——— In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice; oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every spreading grove,
There, let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, whisp'ring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black'ning east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant, barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he, vital, breathes, there must be joy.

When even, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to worlds unknown;
I, cheerful, will obey. There, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns:
From *seeming evil* still educing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise.—THOMPSON.

LESSON CXXVIII.

THE QUACK.

SCENE—The Inn.

Enter HOSTESS, *followed by* LAMPEDO, *a Quack Doctor.*

Hostess. NAY, nay; another fortnight.
Lampedo. It can't be.
The man 's as well as I am: have some mercy!
He hath been here almost three weeks already.
Host. Well, then, a week.
Lamp. We may detain him a week. [*with a drawn sword.*
[*Enter* BALTHAZAR, *the patient, from behind, in his night-gown,*
You talk now like a reasonable hostess,
That sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience.
Host. He still believes he has an inward bruise.
Lamp. I would to heaven he had! or that he 'd slipp'd
His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two,
(Not that I bear his person any malice,)
Or lux'd an arm, or even sprained his ancle!
Host. Aye, broken any thing except his neck.
Lamp. However, for a week I 'll manage him:
Though he had the constitution of a horse;
A farrier shall prescribe for him.
Balthazar. A farrier! [*Aside.*
Lamp. To-morrow, we phlebotomize again;
Next day, my new invented, patent draught;
Then, I have some pills prepared;
On Thursday, we throw in the bark; on Friday——
Balth. [*Coming forward.*] Well, sir, on Friday—what on Friday?
Come, proceed.
Lamp. Discovered!
Host. Mercy, noble sir! } *They fall on their knees.*
Lamp. We crave your mercy! }
Balth. On your knees? 't is well!
Pray, for your time is short.
Host. Nay, do not kill us.
Balth. You have been tried, condemn'd, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with?
Lamp. The lady, by all means, sir.
Balth. Come, prepare. [*To the hostess.*]
Host. Have pity on the weakness of my sex!
Balth. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—
If you attempt it—[*To* LAMPEDO, *who is making off.*]
you have cooked up for me?
Host. None, as I hope for mercy!
Balth. Is not thy wine a poison?
Host. No, indeed, sir;
'Tis not, I own, of the first quality;
But——
Balth. What?

Host. I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.
Balth. Ease your conscience!
I'll ease your conscience for you.
Host. Mercy, sir!
Balth. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.
Host. Your commands, sir?
Balth. If, in five minutes, all things are prepared
For my departure, you may yet survive.
Host. It shall be done in less.
Balth. Away, thou lump fish! [*Exit Hostess.*
Lamp. So! now comes my turn! 'tis all over with me!
There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his looks!
Balth. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of Death on Famine! thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard!
Lamp. I do confess my leanness. I am spare,
And, therefore, spare me.
Balth. Why! wouldst thou not have made me
A thoroughfare, for thy whole shop to pass through?
Lamp. Man, you know, must live.
Balth. Yes: he must die, too.
Lamp. For my patients' sake—
Balth. I'll send thee to the major part of them.
The window, sir, is open; come, prepare.
Lamp. Pray, consider;
I may hurt some one in the street.
Balth. Why, then,
I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box,
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder,
For thou must sup with Pluto; so, make ready;
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out, (for blood thou hast none,)
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him
Lamp. Consider my poor wife.
Balth. Thy wife!
Lamp. My wife, sir.
Balth. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?
No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife!
Lamp. I took a wife, because I wanted flesh.
I have a wife, and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless.
Balth. Well, well! your wife and children shall plead for you.
Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? produce them.
Lamp. Here is the box.
Balth. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.
Lamp. What, all?
Balth. Aye, all; and quickly too. Come sir, begin—that's well!
Another.

Lamp. One's a dose.
Balth. Proceed, sir.
Lamp. What will become of me?
Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cesar, die with decency.
Balth. Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not
Bray'd thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.
Lamp. Would I were one! for they can feed on air.
Balth. Home, sir, and be more honest. [*Exit.*
Lamp. If I am not,
I'll be more wise, at least. [*Exit.*] ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CXXIX.

EULOGY ON CANDLE-LIGHT

HAIL, candle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindliest luminary of the three,—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon! We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. It is every body's sun and moon: it is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage, unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about, and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek, to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a somber cast, derived from the tradition of those unlanterned nights.

Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? What a medley of chance-carving they must have made of it!—here, one had got the leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder; there, another had dipped his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking, in the dark. The senses give and take reciprocally. Can you tell veal from pork, without light? or distinguish sherry from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking; but he knows it only by an inference, till the restored light coming in to the aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then, how he redoubles his puffs, how he burnishes!

There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon day, in gardens,

and in sultry arbors; but it was labor thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like so many coquets, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his meditations. By the same light, you must approach to their perusal, if you would catch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus*. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

> "Things that were born, when none but the still night
> And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes."

Daylight may furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing, they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild, internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's morning hymn, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's richer description of a sunrise, smells decidedly of a taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences, (prose has her cadences,) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsy watchman, "blessing the doors," or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now, a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted, courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the solar system. *Betty, bring the candles.*

CHARLES LAMBE

LESSON CXXX.

UTILITY OF LIGHT.

THE metaphorical expressions of all ages and nations with respect to light, sufficiently evince the value in which that inestimable gift is held. In the sacred Scriptures, indeed, not only are temporal blessings compared to light, and temporal evils to darkness, but holy deeds are frequently described under the character of the former, and unholy deeds under the character of the latter; and, with respect to classical or oriental literature, a thousand instances might easily be adduced, illustrative of the same metaphorical use of the terms in question.

There is something so congenial to our nature in light, something so repulsive in darkness, that, probably on this ground

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* The sun.

alone, the very aspect of inanimate things is instinctively either grateful or the reverse, in consequence of our being reminded by that aspect, of the one or of the other; so that, on this principle, perhaps, particular colors, throughout every province of nature, are more or less acceptable, in proportion as they approach nearest or recede farthest, from the character of light, whether reflected immediately from the heavenly bodies, or from the azure of the sky, or from the thousand brilliant hues, with which the setting or the rising sun, illuminates its attendant clouds. In illustration of this principle, gold and silver, among metals, might be opposed to lead and iron; and, among flowers, the brilliancy of the crocus, the lily, or the rose, to the lurid aspect of henbane or belladonna.

The abundant supply of light from its natural source, the sun, and the ease with which it is producible, by artificial means, during the absence of that luminary, render us habitually less sensible of its real value, than, undoubtedly, we should be, were we to experience a long continued privation of it. And, as to the regularly periodical privation of it which we experience, in consequence of the alternation of night with day, this is so far from being an evil, that it is obviously beneficial; inasmuch, as in consequence of this very absence, sleep is both directly and indirectly conciliated; without which gift of Heaven, all our faculties would soon be exhausted.

The privation of light is rarely, if ever, total; for though the empire of time is divided in nearly equal proportion between day and night, there are comparatively few nights in which there is not diffused through the air a sufficient quantity of light for many of the purposes of life. Let us, however, suppose for a moment, that, all the faculties and recollections of man remaining unaltered, and the general processes of nature continuing if possible the same as they are now, the existence of light were withdrawn from this earth. What would then be the condition of mankind? How could those occupations of life be pursued, which are necessary for the supply of our simplest wants? Who, in that case, could yoke the ox to the plow, or sow the seed, or reap the harvest? But, indeed, under such a supposition, there would soon be neither seed for the ground nor grain for food; for if deprived of light, the character of vegetation is completely altered, and its results, so far as general utility is concerned, destroyed.

But, although this supposition of a general and total privation of light is, on all probable grounds of reasoning, inadmissible, it may yet serve to show us, indirectly, the value of the good we enjoy. It will be, however, a more grateful task to enumerate the actual benefits which we derive from the agency of light.

In the vegetable world, upon the products of which, animal existence ultimately depends, light is the prime mover of every change that takes place. Exclude the agency of light, and, in a short time, the most experienced botanist might possibly be at a loss to know the plant with which he is, otherwise, most familiar, so completely obliterated are all its natural characters, whether of color, form, taste, or odor. If a branch of ivy or of any spreading plant, penetrate, during the progress of its vegetation, into a dark cellar or any similar subterraneous situation, it is observable, that, with the total loss of color, its growth advances with great rapidity, but its proportions alter to such a degree, as often to mask its original form; and, if it be chimically examined, its juices—it might almost be said, its whole substance—would be found to consist of little else than mere water; and whatever odor it may have, is characteristic, not of its original nature, but of its unnatural mode of growth.

The total result is, that all the native beauties and uses of a vegetable growing under these circumstances, are lost. The eye is neither delighted by any variety or brightness of color, nor is the sense of smell gratified by any fragrance; the degeneracy of its fibre into mere pulp, renders it unfit for any mechanical purpose; and the resinous and other principles, upon which its nutritive and medicinal virtues depend, cease to be developed.

The observation of those modifications which light undergoes when reflected from the surfaces of bodies, has given rise to one of those impressive arts, which are capable of contributing no less to the refinement of society at large, than to the gratification of the individuals who cultivate or admire them. For who can look on the productions of such masters as Guido, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, without imbibing a portion of the spirit which animated those masters in the execution of their inimitable works? Or, who can successfully describe those emotions, which are excited by the portrait of a beloved object—a child, or parent, now no more? or by the representation of that home and its surrounding scenery, in which the careless and happy hours of childhood were passed?—KIDD.

LESSON CXXXI.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

CENTER of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone:

Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
On didst thou march, triumphant in thy light;
Then didst thou send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet, thy full orb burns with flash unquenched and bright.

Thy path is high in heaven; we cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bears thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of star;
For thou, so vast to us, art, in the whole,
One of the sparks of night that fire the air;
And, as around thy center planets roll,
So thou, too, hast thy path around the central soul.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;
Thou wheel'st away thy flight,—the woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plow the lonely lake,
And, in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow:
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
Of all the power, that brooded in the urn
Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When, on a dewy morn, thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold, to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine:—and when the touch of Spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shore:
The vales are thine; and when they wake from night,
The dews that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine:—they catch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf and drinks the stream,
That flows from out thy fullness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters; so thy rays
Flow and give brighter tints, than ever bud,

When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays

Thine are the mountains,—where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;—
Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie
Dazzling but cold;—thy farewell glance looks there,
And when below thy hues of beauty die,
Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear
Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine; and all their magic hues
Are penciled by thee; when thou bendest low
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving folds with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art.

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form, with perfect curve, a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air; man looks and tells
How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal;—thou dost sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they go
Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way,
Rising and falling in eternal flow:
Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow,
And take them wings, and spring aloft in air,
And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw
Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell.
Oh! with a gifted joy no tongue can tell,
I hurry o'er the waters when the sail
Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
Over the curling billow, and the gale
Comes off from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.—PERCIVAL.

LESSON CXXXII

DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.

And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings; the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash;—and all was black.
The brows of men, by the unearthly light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again,
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd.

The wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twin'd themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless:—they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails; men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh.

The meager by the meager were devoured;
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress, he died.

The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage: they raked up,
And, shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and they made a flame
Which was a mockery; then, they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd,
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them.—She was the universe.—BYRON.

LESSON CXXXIII.

CHARACTER OF THE PURITANS.

THE Puritans were men, whose minds had drawn a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not contented with acknowledging, in general terms, an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him,

to serve him, to enjoy him, was, with them, the great end of existence.

They rejected, with contempt, the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the deity through an obscuring vail, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him, face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority, but his favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away!

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being, to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events, which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and by the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued, by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed, by the sweat of no vulgar glory, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him, that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus, the Puritan was made up of two different men,—the one, all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other, proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his

king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the beatific vision, or waked screaming, from dreams of everlasting fire. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the Puritans but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh, who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle.

The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject, had made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself, pity, hatred, ambition, and fear. Death had lost its terrors; and pleasure, its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, crushing and trampling down oppression; mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such, we believe, to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners; we dislike the gloom of their domestic habits; we acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured, by straining after things too high for mortal reach; and we know, that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

LESSON CXXXIV.

THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS.

We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections, the memory of our fathers. Both the ties of nature and the dictates of policy, demand this. And surely, no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, or more occasion for gratulation in that respect: for, while most nations trace their origin to barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men—by christians. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning and of pre-eminent wisdom, of decision of character and of most inflexible integrity. And yet not unfrequently, they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies, have been sedulously immortalized in satirical anecdote.

The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too manifest. It creates, and lets loose upon their institutions, the vandal spirit of innovation and overthrow; for after the memory of our fathers shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? *The memory of our fathers*, should be the watchword of liberty throughout the land: for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead, looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them, is national suicide.

The doctrines of our fathers have been represented as gloomy, superstitious, severe, irrational, and of a licentious tendency. But when other systems shall have produced a piety as devoted, a morality as pure, a patriotism as disinterested, and a state of society as happy, as have prevailed where their doctrines have been most prevalent, it may be in season to seek an answer to this objection.

The persecutions instituted by our fathers, have been the occasion of ceaseless obloquy upon their fair fame. And truly, it was a fault of no ordinary magnitude, that sometimes they did persecute. But let him whose ancestors were not ten times more guilty, cast the first stone, and the ashes of our fathers will no more be disturbed. Theirs was the fault of the age, and it will be easy to show, that no class of men had, at that time, approximated so nearly to just apprehensions of religious

liberty; and that it is to them that the world is now indebted, for the more just and definite views which now prevail.

The superstition and bigotry of our fathers, are themes on which some of their descendants, themselves far enough from superstition, if not from bigotry, have delighted to dwell. But when we look abroad, and behold the condition of the world, compared with the condition of New England, we may justly exclaim, "Would to God that the ancestors of all the nations, had been not only almost, but altogether such bigots as our fathers were."—Dr. Beecher.

LESSON CXXXV.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came',
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame'.

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear';
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band,
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar'?
Bright jewels of the mine'?
The wealth of seas', the spoils of war'?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!—HEMANS.

LESSON CXXXVI.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice unbroken by sighs was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.
But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell,
Told by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first-brave guest."
"But alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes, under trees that glow
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds as they range at will
Through the green savannahs, all bright and still."
"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children played
'Midst birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roe-buck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."
"But oh! the gray church-tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath-bell,
And the sheltered garden-bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring, in boundless woods;
And our works on many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone, before."
"But who shall teach the flowers
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, home and friends, farewell!"—HEMANS.

LESSON CXXXVII.

POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

ONE of the most eminent critics has said, that "devotional poetry cannot please." If it be so, then has the Bible carried the dominion of poetry into regions that are inaccessible to worldly ambition. It has crossed the enchanted circle, and, by the beauty, boldness, and originality of its conceptions, has given to devotional poetry a glow, a richness, a tenderness, in vain sought for in Shakspeare or Cowper, in Scott or in Byron.

Where is there poetry that can be compared with the song of Moses, after the destruction of Pharaoh; with the psalms of David; with the song of Solomon; and with the prophecies of Isaiah? Where is there an elegiac ode to be compared with the song of David, upon the death of Saul and Jonathan, or the lamentations of Jeremiah? Where, in ancient or modern poetry, is there a passage like this? "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes. There was silence. And I heard a voice, saying, 'Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold he putteth no trust in

his servants, and his angels he chargeth with folly. How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is as the dust, and who are crushed before the moth!"

Men, who have felt the power of poetry, when they have marked the "deep-working passion of Danté," and observed the elevation of Milton, as he "combined image with image, in lofty gradations," have thought that they discovered the indebtedness of these writers to the poetry of the Old Testament. But how much more sublime is Isaiah than Milton! How much more enkindling than Danté, is David! How much more picturesque than Homer, is Solomon or Job! Like the rapid and glowing argumentations of Paul, the poetic parts of the Bible may be read a thousand times, and they have all the freshness and glow of the first perusal.

Where, in the compass of human language, is there a paragraph, which, for boldness and variety of metaphor, delicacy and majesty of thought, strength and invention, elegance and refinement, equals the passage in which "God answers Job out of the whirlwind?" What merely human imagination, in the natural progress of a single discourse, and, apparently, without effort, ever thus went down to "the foundations of the earth;" stood at "the doors of the ocean;" visited "the place where the day-spring from on high takes hold of the uttermost parts of the earth;" entered into "the treasures of the snow and the hail;" traced "the path of the thunderbolt;" and, penetrating the retired chambers of nature, demanded, "Hath the rain a father? or, who hath begotten the drops of the dew?" And how bold its flights, how inexpressibly striking and beautiful its antithesis, when, from the warm and sweet Pleiades, it wanders to the sterner Orion; and, in its rapid course, hears the "young lions crying unto God, for lack of meat;" sees the war-horse pawing in the valley; descries the eagle on the crag of the rock; and, in all that is vast and minute, dreadful and beautiful, discovers and proclaims the glory of Him, who is "excellent in counsel, and wonderful in working?"

The style of Hebrew poetry is every where forcible and figurative, beyond example. The book of Job stands not alone in this sententious, spirited, and energetic form and manner. It prevails throughout the poetic part of the Scriptures; and they stand, confessedly, the most eminent examples to be found, of the truly sublime and beautiful. I confess, I have not much of the spirit of poetry. It is a fire that is enkindled at the living lamp of nature, and glows only on a few favored altars. And yet, I cannot but love the poetic associations of the Bible. Now, they are sublime and beautiful, like the mountain torrent, swollen and impetuous, by the sudden bursting of the cloud; now, they

are grand and awful, like the stormy Galilee, when the tempest beat upon the fearful disciples; again, they are placid as that calm lake, when the Savior's feet have touched its waters, and stilled them into peace.

There is, also, a sublimity, an invention, in the *imagery* of the Bible, that is found in no other book. In the Bible, you have allegory, apologue, parable, and enigma, all clearly intelligible, and enforcing truth with a strong and indelible impression. You have significant actions, uttering volumes of instruction; as when "Jesus called a little child, and set him in the midst of his disciples, and said, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;" as when he cursed the barren fig-tree; as when he "washed his disciples' feet." And where is there a *comparison* like this? "And the heavens departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together." Where is there a *description* like this? "And I saw an angel standing in the sun, and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come, and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God." Or, where is there a sentence like the following? "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them."

English literature is no common debtor to the Bible. In what department of English literature, may not the difference be discovered between the spirit and sentiments of christian writers, and those who have drawn all their materials of thought and of ornament, from pagan writers? We find a proof of the superiority of christian principles, even in those works of imagination, which are deemed scarcely susceptible of influence from religion. The common romance and the novel, with all their fooleries and ravings, would be more contemptible than they are, did they not, sometimes, undesignedly, catch a conception, or adorn a character from the rich treasury of revelation. And the more splendid fictions of the poet, derive their highest charm from the evangelical philanthropy, tenderness, and sublimity that invest them. But for the Bible, Homer and Milton might have stood upon the same shelf, equal in morality, as they are competitors for renown; Young had been ranked with Juvenal; and Cowper had united with Horace and with Ovid, to swell the tide of voluptuousness.—Dr. Spring.

LESSON CXXXVIII.

SONG OF MOSES AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

I WILL sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he whelmed in the sea.
My praise and my song is Jehovah,
And he is become my salvation:
He is my God, and I will praise him;
My father's God, and I will exalt him.

Jehovah is a man of war: Jehovah is his name.
The chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts hath he cast into the sea,
And his choicest leaders into the Red sea.
The floods have covered them; they went down;
Into the abyss they went down as a stone.
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath made itself glorious in power:
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath dashed in pieces the enemy;
And in the strength of thy majesty, thou hast destroyed thine adversaries.
Thou didst let loose thy wrath: it consumed them like stubble.

With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were heaped together:
The flowing waters stood upright as a heap:
The floods were congealed in the heart of the sea.
The enemy said, "I will pursue, I will overtake;
I will divide the spoil; my soul shall be satisfied:
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them."
Thou didst blow with thy breath, the sea covered them:
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah!
Who is like unto thee, making thyself glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, executing wonders!
Thou didst stretch out thy right hand,—the earth swallowed them.
Thou hast led forth, in thy mercy, the people whom thou hast redeemed;
Thou hast guided them in thy strength to the habitation of thy holiness.
The people shall hear, and be disquieted:
Terror shall seize the inhabitants of Philistia.
Then, the nobles of Edom shall be confounded:
The mighty ones of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them:
All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away:
Terror and perplexity shall fall upon them:
Because of the greatness of thine arm, they shall be still as a stone,
Till thy people pass over, O Jehovah,
Till the people pass over whom thou hast redeemed.
Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountains of thine inheritance,
The place for thy dwelling which thou hast prepared, O Jehovah!
The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.
Jehovah shall reign forever and ever!—15TH CHAP. OF EXODUS.

LESSON CXXXIX.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

In a remote period of antiquity, when the supernatural and the marvelous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled, that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed passing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the east, remarking, with an eye of intelligent curiosity, every surrounding object. Several individuals gathering around him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time, the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanor, forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a lunatic.

When, at length, he understood by their signs, that they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which, the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honors; but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and, bending his knees and raising his hands toward heaven, in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshiper of the powers above. After a time, it is said, the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city; under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that, in a few days, he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him.

The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest; and, upon his expressing his desire, the stranger assured him, that he would answer his inquiries that evening, after sunset. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace, which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces, were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river; where stately vessels, laden with rich merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and the viol, and the sound of the mill-stone, were continually heard; and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there.

The stranger mused awhile upon the glittering scene; and

listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then, suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze, on the beautiful evening star, which was just sinking behind a dark grove, that surrounded one of the principal temples of the city. "Marvel not," said he to his host, "that I am wont to gaze with fond affection on yon silvery star. That was my home; yes, I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has conveyed me to wander.

Often had I beheld, with wondering admiration, this brilliant world of yours, even one of the brightest gems of our firmament, and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition, was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my eagerness for the enterprise induced me hastily to consent—namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I see and hear around me."

"Truly, sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet, methinks, I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world; especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it, affording such various sources of enjoyment, as this our opulent and luxuriant city. And be assured it will be my pride and pleasure, to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated into those arts of luxury and pleasure, which were there well understood. He was introduced by his obliging friend to their public games and festivals; to their theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and, in a short time, he began to feel some relish for amusements, the meaning of which, at first, he could scarcely comprehend. The next lesson which it became desirable to impart to him, was the necessity of acquiring wealth, as the only means of obtaining pleasure. This fact was no sooner understood by the stranger, than he gratefully accepted the offer of his friendly host, to place him in a situation in which he might amass riches. To this object he began to apply himself with diligence; and soon became, in some measure, reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own.—JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON CXL.

THE SAME.—CONCLUDED.

He had been but a few weeks diligently engaged in his new plans for the acquisition of wealth, when, walking in the cool of the day with his friend, in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a spacious enclosure near which they passed. He inquired the use to which it was appropriated. "It is," replied the nobleman, "a place of public interment." "I do not understand you," said the stranger. "It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead." "Excuse me, sir," replied his companion, with some embarrassment, "I must trouble you to explain yourself yet further."

The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms. "I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have, as yet, had no intimation in yours I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for if I have any clew to your meaning, this, surely, is a matter of more mighty concernment, than any to which you have hitherto directed me."

"My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must indeed be a novice among us, if you have yet to learn that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes. Nor will I deny, that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society; and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place from whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here, nor could I guaranty your safety even for a single hour."

"Alas!" replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something more of the nature and consequence of this wondrous change, and tell me at what period it commonly happens to man." While he thus spoke, his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was as pale as death. By this time his companion, finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared he must refer him to the priests for further information, this subject being very much out of his province. 'How!" exclaimed the stranger, "then I cannot have understood you. Do the priests only die? are you not to die also?" His friend, evading these questions, hastily conducted his im-

portunate companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

The emotion, which the stranger had betrayed when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered, from the discourses of the priests, some notions of immortality, and of the alternative of happiness or misery in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport, when he learned that, by the performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms, excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received, and defer the remainder of the discussion till to-morrow. "How!" exclaimed the novice, "say ye not that death may come at any hour? may it not come this hour? and what if it should come, before I have performed these conditions? O! withhold not the excellent knowledge from me, a single moment!"

The priests, suppressing a smile at his simplicity, proceeded to explain their theology to their attentive auditor. But who can describe the ecstasy of his happiness, when he was given to understand the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance, and the occasional difficulties, which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence. "If, then, I understand you rightly," said he to his instructors, "this event which you call death, and which seems in itself strangely terrible, is most desirable and blissful. What a favor is this which is granted to me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die!"

The priests again exchanged smiles with each other; but their ridicule was wholly lost on the enraptured stranger. When the first transports of his emotion had subsided, he began to reflect with more uneasiness on the time he had already lost since his arrival. "Alas! what have I been doing?" exclaimed he. "This gold which I have been collecting, tell me, reverend priests, will it avail me anything when the thirty or forty years are expired, which you say I may possibly sojourn in your planet?" "Nay," replied the priests, "but verily you will find it of excellent use so long as you remain in it." "A very little of it will suffice me," replied he; "for consider how soon this period will be past. What avails it what my condition may be for so short a season? I will betake myself from this hour, to the grand concerns of which you have so charitably informed me."

Accordingly, from that period, continues the legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions on which, he was told, his future welfare depended; but, in so do-

ing, he had an opposition to encounter wholly unexpected, and for which he was at a loss even to account. By thus devoting his chief attention to his chief interests, he excited the surprise, the contempt, and even the enmity of most of the inhabitants of the city; and they rarely mentioned him but with a term of reproach, which has been variously rendered in all the modern languages.

Nothing could equal the stranger's surprise at this circumstance; as well as that of his fellow-citizens' appearing, generally, so extremely indifferent as they did, to their own interests. That they should have so little prudence and forethought, as to provide only for their necessities and pleasures, for that short part of their existence in which they were to remain on this planet, he could but consider as the effect of disordered intellect; so that he even returned their incivilities to himself with affectionate expostulation, accompanied by lively emotions of compassion and amazement.

If ever he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with agonizing emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do anything inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer—"Oh," he would say, "I am to die—I am to die."—JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON CXLI.

CRATER OF KIRAUEA.

ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon, the crater of Kirauea suddenly burst upon our view. We expected to have seen a mountain with a broad base, and rough, indented sides, and whose summits would have presented a rugged wall of scoria, forming the rim of a mighty caldron. But, instead of this, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, with a vast plain before us, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and sunk from two hundred to four hundred feet below its original level. The surface of this plain was uneven, and strewed over with large stones and volcanic rocks, and, in the center of it, was the great crater, at the distance of a mile and a half from the precipice on which we were standing.

Our guides led us round toward the north end of the ridge, in order to find a place by which we might descend to the plain below; and we soon discovered a point, from which—the precipice being less steep—a descent seemed practicable. It required,

however, the greatest caution, as the stones and fragments of rock frequently gave way under our feet, and rolled down from above; but, with all our care, we did not reach the bottom, without several falls and slight bruises.

The steep, which we had descended, was formed of volcanic matter, apparently a light red and gray kind of lava, lying in horizontal strata, varying in thickness from one to forty feet. In a small number of places, the different strata of lava were also rent in perpendicular or oblique directions, from the top to the bottom, either by earthquakes, or other violent convulsions of the ground, connected with the action of the adjacent volcano. After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which, in several places, sounded hollow under our feet, we, at length, came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime, and even appalling, presented itself before us:—

"We stopped and trembled."

Astonishment and awe, for some moments, rendered us mute; and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes riveted on the abyss below. Immediately before us, yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, from north-east to south-west, nearly a mile in width, and, apparently, eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge," and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing as many craters, rose either round the edge, or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of these, at the same time, vomited from their ignited mouths, streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black, indented sides, into the boiling mass below.

The existence of these conical craters led us to conclude, that the boiling caldron of lava before us did not form the focus of the volcano; that this mass of melted lava was comparatively shallow; and that the basin in which it was contained, was separated, by a stratum of solid matter, from the great volcanic abyss, which constantly poured out its melted contents, through these numerous craters, into this reservoir. We were further inclined to this opinion, from the vast columns of vapor continually ascending from the chasms in the vicinity of the sulphur banks and pools of water; for they must have been produced by other fire, than that which caused the ebullition in the lava at the bottom of the great crater; and, also, by noticing a great number of small craters in vigorous action, situated high up the sides of the great

gulf, and, apparently, quite detached from it. The streams of lava which they emitted, rolled down into the lake and mingled with the melted mass, which, though thrown up by different apertures, had, perhaps, been originally fused in one vast furnace.

The sides of the gulf before us, although composed of different strata of ancient lava, were perpendicular, for about four hundred feet, and rose from a wide, horizontal ledge of solid, black lava, of irregular breadth, but extended completely round. Beneath this ledge, the sides sloped gradually towards the burning lake, which was, as nearly as we could judge, three or four hundred feet lower. It was evident, that the large crater had been recently filled with liquid lava, up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or upon the low land, on the shore.

The gray, and, in some places, apparently calcined sides of the great crater before us; the fissures, which intersected the surface of the plain, on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite sides of the abyss; the vigorous action of the numerous small craters on its borders; the dense columns of vapor and smoke, that rose at the north and south end of the plain, together with the ridge of steep rocks, by which it was surrounded, rising, probably, in some places, three or four hundred feet, in perpendicular height, presented an immense, volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly augmented, by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.

After the first feelings of astonishment had subsided, we remained a considerable time contemplating this scene, which it is impossible to describe, and which filled us with wonder and admiration, at the almost overwhelming manifestation it affords of the power of that dread Being, who created the world, and who has declared, that by fire he will one day destroy it. We then walked along the west side of the crater, and, in half an hour, reached the north end.—Ellis.

LESSON CXLII.

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the clouds
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally;—bidding the lip of man

Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar, pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn! Even ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
Retire abashed; for he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night nor day.

The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires
That wait the archangel's signal, to dissolve
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unfathomed page. Each leafy bough,
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
And tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wings
Amid thy foam and mist. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garments here, or lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,
Who sport unharmed on the fleecy cloud,
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee with the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And check its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dead presence of the invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LESSON CXLIII

GOD, THE AUTHOR OF ALL THINGS

Thou uncreate, unseen, and undefined,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where thou art not.

Before the glad stars hymned to new-born earth,
Or young creation reveled in its birth,
Thy spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchained the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurled,
And out of darkness drew the breathing world!

Primeval Power! before thy thunder rang,
And nature from Eternity out-sprang,
Ere matter formed at thy creative tone,
Thou wert; almighty, endless, and alone;
In thine own essence, all that was to be—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity;
Thou said'st—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flashed from thee for his birth-day morn

The Earth unshrouded all her beauty now;
The mountain monarch bared his awful brow;
Flowers, fruits, and trees felt instantaneous life.
But hark! Creation trembles with the strife
Of roaring waves in wild commotion hurled.—
'T is Ocean, winding round the rocky world!

And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
The universal Sun burst into birth,
And dashed from off his altitude sublime
The first dread ray, that marked commencing Time!
Last, came the Moon upon the wings of light,
And sat in glory on the throne of Night,
While fierce and fresh, a radiant host of Stars
Wheeled round the heavens upon their burning cars

But all was dismal as a world of dead,
Till the great deep her living swarms outspread:
Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
Immingled monsters, mighty, without name;
Their plumy tribes winged into being there,
And fledged their gleaming pinions on the air,
Till, thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene!

Creation's master-piece! a breath of God,
Ray of his glory, quickened at his nod,
Immortal Man came next, divinely grand,
Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand;
Last, softly beautiful, as music's close,
Angelic woman into being rose.

And now, the gorgeous universe was rife,
Full, fair, and glowing with created life;
And, when the Eternal from his starry height,
Beheld the young world basking in his light,
And breathing incense of deep gratitude,
He blessed it—for his mercy made it good!

And thus, Thou wert, and art, the Fountain-soul,
And countless worlds around thee live and roll;
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,
Diffused, yet undiminished—every where
All life and motion from thy source began,
From worlds to atoms, angels down to man.—MONTGOMERY.

LESSON CXLIV

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

ALMOST all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the tree-gnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedgerow; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose—and then, shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a

sacrament: "Hannah Lamond's bairn!* Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle has ta'en off Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were, in another instant, hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The aerie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the aerie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean† baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends, that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God!

No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath.

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* Child. Wee wean, *little child.*

Beneath her feet, providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood." "The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once, they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the christian mother falling across the aerie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field.

Oh! what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart, from that faint, feeble cry,—"It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent, once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! Oh thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!"

Below, were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwindled into specks, and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut, in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and, when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom, that can protect it no more.—WILSON.

LESSON CXLV.

THE SAME.—CONCLUDED.

WHERE, all this while, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when, at midnight, the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his

face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor, bed-ridden mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope, which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered "God." She looked around, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object—watched its fall; and it seemed to stop not far off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when,—but it was safe—and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down, by briar, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes,* and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep, as the upright wall of a house, was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy, centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it, as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and, with hands and feet, clung to that fearful ladder.

Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude—on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like,—breathing not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother; or, in the kirk, along with the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed, but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and, lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for, oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and,

* Precipices.

turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and, for the first time, she wept.

Overhead, frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it, and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their aerie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it; and, ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers, that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her, without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child, in safety, into the care of their fellow creatures.

Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands—and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides lent to her by Heaven. Small, green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now, the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the aerie; then, had succeeded a silence, deep as death; in a little while, arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy, had next its sway; and now, that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here — there — any where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who, on Sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her, lying as in death. "Gi'e me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's na a scratch about the

puir innocent, for the eagle you see maun* hae stuck its talons into the lang claes, and the shawl. Blin', blin', maun they be, who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon, and, looking wildly around, cried, "Oh! the bird! the bird! the eagle—the eagle—the eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter!—is there nane to pursue?" A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and, shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice, "Am I wauken!—oh! tell me if I'm wauken—or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?"—WILSON.

LESSON CXLVI.

THE DEAD EAGLE.

IT is a desolate eve;
Dim, cheerless is the scene my path around;
Patters the rain; the breeze-stirred forests grieve;
And wails the scene with melancholy sound,—
While at my feet, behold,
With vigorous talons clinched, and bright eye shut,
With proud, curved beak, and wiry plumage bold,
Thou liest, dead eagle of the desert; but
Preserving yet, in look, thy tameless mood,
As if, though stilled by death, thy heart were unsubdued

How cam'st thou to thy death?
Did lapsing years o'ercome, and leave thee weak,
Or whirlwinds, on thy heaven-descending path,
Dash thee against the precipice's peak?—
'Mid rack and floating cloud,
Did sythe-winged lightning flash athwart thy brain,
And drive thee from thy elevation proud,
Down whirling, lifeless, to the dim-seen plain?
I know not,—may not guess; but here alone
Lifeless thou liest, outstretched beside the desert stone.

A proud life hath been thine:
High on the herbless rock, thou 'wok'st to birth,
And, gazing down, saw far beneath thee shine
Outstretched, horizon-girt, the map-like earth.
What rapture must have gushed
Warm round thy heart, when first thy wings essayed,
Adventurously, their heavenward flight, and rushed
Up toward day's blazing eye-star, undismayed,—

* Must.

Above thee, space's vacancy unfurled,
And, far receding down, the dim, material world!

How fast—how far—how long,
Thine hath it been, from cloud-vailed aerie high
To swoop, and still the woodlark's lyric song,
The leveret's gambols, and the lambkin's cry?
The terror-stricken dove
Cowered down amid the oak-wood's central shade;
While ferny glens below, and cliffs above,
To thy fierce shriek, responsive echo made,
Carrying the wild alarm from vale to vale,
That thou, the forest king, wert out upon the gale!

When wooded glens were dark,
And o'er moist earth, glowed morning's rosy star,
High o'er the scarce tinged clouds, 't was thine to mark
The orient chariot of the sun afar:
And oh! how grand to soar
Beneath the full moon, on full pinion driven;
To pierce the regions of gray cloud-land o'er,
And drift amid the star-isled seas of heaven!
Even like a courier, sent from earth to hold
With space-dissevered worlds, unawed, communion bold.

Dead king-bird of the waste!
And is thy curbless span of freedom o'er?
No more shall thine ascending form be traced?
And shall the hunter of the hills no more
Hark to thy regal cry?
While soaring o'er the stream-girt vales, thy form,
Lessening, commingles with the azure sky,
Glimpsed 'mid the masses of the gathering storm,
As if it were thy proud resolve to see,
Betwixt thee and dim earth, the zig-zag lightnings flee!

A child of freedom thou,—
Thy birth-right the tall cliff and sky beyond:
Thy feet were fetterless; thy fearless brow,
Ne'er quailing, tyrant man's dominion owned.
But nature's general law
The slave and freeman must alike obey:
Pride reels; and Power, that kept a world in awe,
The dreadful summons hears; and where are they?
Vanished, like night-dreams, from the sleeper's mind,
Dust, 'mid dissolving day, or clouds before the wind!

LIT. SOUVENIR

LESSON CXLVII.

THE MONK.

A poor monk, of the order of St. Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous,* and, accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure—a few scattered white hairs being all that remained of it—might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account. It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted; mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon he plains of Hindostan, I should have reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender, white staff, with which he journeyed, being in his right,) when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order; and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it. A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

"'T is very true," said I, replying to a cast upwards with his

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* Pronounced *soo*.

eyes, with which he had concluded his address, "'t is very true, and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it." As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic. I felt the full force of the appeal. "I acknowledge it," said I, "a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, and meager diet, are no great matters; the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes, also, for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am," continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, "full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate." The monk made me a bow.

"But of all others," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country have the first rights; I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore." The monk gave a cordial wave of the head, as much as to say; No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. "But we distinguish," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal, "we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish to eat only the bread of their own labor, and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*." The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic, for a moment, passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none, but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me, the moment he shut the door. "Pshaw!" said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language. I considered his gray hairs; his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus? I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. I have behaved very ill, said I, within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.—STERNE.

LESSON CXLVIII.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchimy's powers,
We know not—indeed, 'tis no bus'ness of ours.

Perhaps, it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear;
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And, at length, he produced the philosopher's scales.

"What were they?" you ask; you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh:
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense.

Nought was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay,
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time, he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropt into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce

By further experiments, (no matter how,)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;

A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystalized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselor's wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;

A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt:
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the pearl of great price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof;
When, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.—JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON CXLIX.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was on a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child, he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it, at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a glorious victory."—SOUTHEY.

LESSON CL.

DESCRIPTION OF A SIEGE.

IVANHOE, a wounded knight, and Rebecca, a Jewess, had been imprisoned in the castle of Reginald Front de Boeuf. The friends of the prisoners undertake their rescue. At the request of Ivanhoe, who is unable to leave his couch, Rebecca takes her stand near a window overlooking the approach to the castle, and details to the knight the incidents of the contest, as they take place. Front de Boeuf and his garrison were Normans; the besiegers, Saxons.

"THE skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow." "Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe. "Under no ensign which I can observe," answered Rebecca. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. See'st thou who they be, that act as leaders?" "A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess: "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer." "None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem, even now, preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those, who advance first, bear huge shields and defenses made of plank: the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the kettle-drums, retorted in notes of defiance, the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George, for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "Onward, De Bracy!—Front de Boeuf, to the rescue!"

"And I must lie here, like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game, that gives me freedom or death, is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm." With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be exposed to the arrows of the archers. "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight. "Nothing, but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes,

and to hide the bowmen who shoot them." "That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe. "If they press not right on, to carry the castle by force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight in dark armor, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.—"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm, when the wind blows highest?" "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now: he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbacan.* They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high, black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front de Boeuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed, hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds:"—and she turned her head from the window, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

Speedily recovering her self-control, Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front de Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!" "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?" "The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front de Boeuf, blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!" "Front de Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Front de Boeuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar,—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front de Boeuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have,—and they press the besieged hard, upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some

* Barbacan, an outer defense, or fortification, used as a watch-tower.

swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other;—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!" "Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better." "Saint George strike for us!" said the knight, "do the false yeomen give way?" "No," exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax —the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the brave champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down and feathers."

"By St. John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed." "The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the out-work is won—oh God! they hurry the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"—"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others.—Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed." "It is over, for the time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered." "Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun, and so happily attained—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight, whose ax has rent heart-of-oak, and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there can be two who are capable of such achievements. It is, it *must* be *Richard* Coeur *de Lion*."

"See'st thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?" "Nothing," said the Jewess, "all about him is as black as the wing of the night-raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once

seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray, as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion, were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God forgive him the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent to behold, how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."—WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON CLI.

INVASION OF SWITZERLAND BY THE FRENCH.

THE vengeance which the French took upon the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive and terrible. The history of Europe can afford no parallel to such cruelty. In dark ages, and the most barbarous nations of the east, we must turn for similar scenes of horror, and, perhaps, must turn in vain. The soldiers, dispersed over the country, carried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil and hidden valleys of Switzerland. From the depth of sweet retreats, echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadow of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature which make solemn and pure the secret thoughts of man, and appall him with the majesty of God.

The flying peasants saw, in the midst of the night, their cottages, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration. The men were shot upon the slightest provocation: innumerable women, after being exposed to the most atrocious indignities, were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the woods. In some instances this conduct was resented; and for symptoms of such an honorable spirit, the beautiful town of Altdorf was burnt to the ground, and not a single house left to show where it had stood.

The town of Staritz, a town peculiarly dear to the Swiss, as it gave birth to one of the founders of their liberty, was reduced to a heap of cinders. In this town, in the fourteenth century, a Swiss general surprised and took prisoner the Austrian commander, who had murdered his father; yet he forgave and released him, upon the simple condition that he would not again serve against the Swiss Cantons. When the French got possession of this place, they burnt it to ashes,—not in a barbarous age, but now—yesterday—in an age we call philosophical;—

they burnt it, because the inhabitants had endeavored to preserve their liberty.

The Swiss was a simple peasant; the French a mighty people, combined for the regeneration of Europe. Oh Europe, what dost thou owe to this mighty people? Dead bodies, ruinous heaps, broken hearts, waste places, childless mothers, widows, orphans, tears, endless confusion, and unutterable woe. For this mighty nation, we have suffered seven years of unexampled wretchedness, a long period of discord, jealousy, privation, and horror, which every reflecting man would almost wish blotted out of his existence. By this mighty people, the Swiss have lost their country; that country which they loved so well, that if they heard but the simple song of their childhood, tears fell down every manly face, and the most intrepid soldiers sobbed with grief.

What then? Is all this done with impunity? Are the thunders of God dumb? Are there no lightnings in his right hand? Pause a little, before you decide on the ways of Providence; tarry and see what will come to pass. There is a solemn and awful courage in the human heart, placed there by God himself, to guard man against the tyranny of his fellows, and while this lives, the world is safe. There slumbers even now, perchance, upon the mountains of Switzerland, some youthful peasant, unconscious of the soul he bears, that shall lead down these bold people from their rocks, to such deeds of courage as they have heard with their ears, and their fathers have declared unto them; to such as were done in their days, and in the old times before them, by those magnanimous rustics, who first taught foolish ambition to respect the wisdom and the spirit of simple men, righteously and honestly striving for every human blessing.

Let me go on a little further in this dreadful enumeration. More than thirty villages were sacked in the canton of Berne alone;—not only was all the produce of the present year destroyed, but all the cattle unfit for human food were slaughtered, and the agricultural implements burnt; and thus the certainty of famine was entailed upon them for the ensuing year. At the end of all this military execution, civil exactions, still more cruel and oppressive were begun; and under the forms of government and law, the most unprincipled men gave loose to their avarice and rapacity, till Switzerland has sunk at last under the complication of her misfortunes, reduced to the lowest ebb of misery and despair.—SYDNEY SMITH.

LESSON CLII.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

This battle was fought, in the year 1811, at Talavera, in Spain, by the armies of England and Spain, on the one side, commanded by the Duke of Wellington, and that of France on the other, under Bonaparte's generals. In this battle the French were defeated.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking saber smote?
Nor saved your brethren ere they sunk beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock,
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it looks upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar; and, at his iron feet,
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For, on this morn, three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale, blue skies;
The shouts are France! Spain! Albion! Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the proud ally,
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met, as if at home they could not die,
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honored fools!
Yes, honor decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain sophistry! In these, behold the tools,
The broken tools that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts,—to what? a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth, one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone by bone?—Byron.

LESSON CLIII.

THE WARRIOR'S WREATH.

Behold the wreath which decks the warrior's brow!
Breathes it a balmy fragrance sweet? Ah, no!
It rankly savors of the grave;
'T is red—but not with roseate hues;
'T is crimson'd o'er
With human gore!
'T is wet—but not with heavenly dews.

'T is drench'd in tears, by widows, orphans shed.
Methinks in sable weeds I see them clad,
And mourn in vain, for husbands slain,
Children belov'd, or brothers dear;
The fatherless,
In deep distress,
Despairing, shed the scalding tear.

I hear, 'mid dying groans, the cannon's crash;
I see, 'mid smoke, the musket's horrid flash;
Here, famine walks; there, carnage stalks,
Hell in her fiery eye, she stains
With purpled blood
The crystal flood,
Heaven's altars, and the verdant plains!

Scenes of domestic peace and social bliss
Are chang'd to scenes of woe and wretchedness;
The votaries of vice increase;
Towns sack'd—whole cities wrapt in flame!
Just Heaven! say,
Is this the bay,
Which warriors gain!—Is this call'd Fame?—Anonymous.

LESSON CLIV.

EVILS OF WAR.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away, amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd, which hides every thing from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present every where, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns, from reports, how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those

jobs which men do, without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and groan, without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who, with blood-shot eye and tongue lolling out, plies his trade; blaspheming; killing, with savage delight; callous, when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him! The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread: what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots or beaten down, as the charge or counter-charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon shot; churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict; barns and granaries take fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides.

At night, the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses, to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have not consumed. The surviving soldiers march on, to act the same scenes over again, elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return, to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn, with more than agonizing grief, over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence, engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on,—and on,—inflicting and suffering, as before. War is a continuance of battles—an epidemic, striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which, not unfrequently, follow in its train. The

siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered town are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries, inflicted by assailants and assailed, are aggravated; their wrath is more frenzied; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine.

The eccentric movements of war, the marching and countermarching, often repeat the blow on districts, slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps, goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; the discipline of the family circle is removed; a habit of living in the day, for the day, of drowning the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure, is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field, is as nothing, when compared with the moral desolation which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CLV.

ON THE REMOVAL OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.

(EXTRACT from Lord Chatham's speech, in favor of the removal of the British troops from Boston, delivered in the House of Lords, Jan. 20, 1775.)

MY LORDS: — When I urge this measure of recalling the troops from Boston, I urge it on the pressing principle, that it is necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace, and the establishment of your prosperity. It will then appear, that you are disposed to treat amicably and equitably; and to consider, revise, and repeal those violent acts and declarations which have disseminated confusion throughout your empire.

Resistance to your acts was necessary, as it was just; and your vain declarations of the omnipotence of parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince, or to enslave your fellow-subjects in America, who feel, that tyranny, whether exercised by an individual part of the legislature, or by the bodies which compose it, is equally intolerable to British subjects. I therefore urge and conjure your lordships, immediately to adopt this conciliating measure. I will pledge myself for its immediately producing conciliating effects, by its being thus well-timed: but,

if you delay till your vain hope shall be accomplished, of triumphantly dictating terms of reconciliation, you delay forever.

But, admitting that this hope (which, in truth, is desperate,) should be accomplished, what do you gain by the interposition of your victorious amity? You will be untrusted and unthanked. Adopt this measure, then, and allay the ferment prevailing in America, by removing the cause; a cause, obnoxious and unserviceable; for the merit of our army can be only in action. Its force would be most disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts; three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny.

And is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, and, finally, because it is the wish of the ministry, be condemned unheard? My lords, the Americans *have* been condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has lumped together innocent and guilty; and, with all the formalities of hostility has blocked up the town of Boston, and reduced to beggary and famine, its thirty thousand inhabitants.

But, ministers say, that the union in America cannot last. Ministers have more eyes than I have, and should have more ears; but, with all the information I have been able to procure, I can pronounce it a union, solid, permanent, and effectual. It is based upon an unconquerable spirit of independence, which is not new among them. It is, and has ever been, their established principle, their confirmed persuasion; it is their nature and their doctrine.

I remember, some years ago, when the repeal of the stamp act was in agitation, conversing, in a friendly confidence, with a person of undoubted respect and authenticity on that subject; and he assured me, with a certainty which his judgment and opportunity gave him, that these were the prevalent and steady principles of America; that you might destroy their towns, and cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps, the conveniences of life; but that they were prepared to despise your power, and would not lament their loss, whilst they have—what, my lords? their *woods* and their *liberty!*

When your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that, in all my reading and observation, and it has been my favorite study,—I

have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men, can stand in preference to the general congress, at Philadelphia.

I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men; to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain—must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts; they must be repealed; you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them; I stake my reputation on it; I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, this disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice.

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston; by a repeal of your acts of parliament, and by a demonstration of your amicable disposition toward your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perserverance in your present ruinous measures. Foreign war is hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread, and France and Spain are watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors.

To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I *will* affirm, that they will make *the crown not worth his wearing!* I will not say, that the king is betrayed; but I will pronounce, that *the kingdom is undone!*—Lord Chatham

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LESSON CLVI.

EDWARD AND WARWICK.

Edward. Let me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my sight—

Enter Warwick.

Warwick. Behold him here—
No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask

My lord of Stafford's leave—there was a time,
When Warwick wanted not *his* aid, to gain
Admission here.
Ed. There was a time, perhaps,
When Warwick more desired, and more deserved it.
War. Never; I've been a foolish, faithful slave;
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Have been devoted to your service: what
Are now the fruits? Disgrace and infamy;
My spotless name, which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at; but 't is fit,
Who trust in princes, should be thus rewarded.
Ed. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
Your services with honors, wealth, and power
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret every latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine;
Warwick was all in all, and powerless Edward
Stood like a cipher in the great account.
War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated thee
On England's throne? Thy undistinguished name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprang,
And molder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou knowest,
This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
Tost for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
In that distressful hour, *I* seiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd
Your shattered vessel safe into the harbor.
You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.
Ed. Know, too, reproach for benefits received,
Pays every debt, and cancels obligation.
War. Why, that indeed is frugal honesty;
A thrifty, saving knowledge: when the debt
Grows burdensome, and cannot be discharg'd,
A spunge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.
Ed. When you have counted o'er the numerous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you; let me know them all,
And I will make you ample satisfaction.
War. Thou canst not; thou hast robb'd me of a jewel,
That all thy power cannot restore to me.
I was the first, shall future annals say,
That broke the sacred bond of public trust
And mutual confidence; embassadors,

In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name
To witness, that they want not an example,
And plead my guilt to sanctify their own.
Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
That haunt your court, could none be found but Warwick,
To be the shameless herald of a lie?

Ed. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me?
If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd;
My injur'd honor cries aloud for vengeance,
Her wounds will never close.

Ed. These gusts of passion
Will but inflame them; if I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, besides these dangerous scars
Of bleeding honor, you have other wounds
As deep, though not so fatal: such, perhaps,
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

War. Elizabeth!

Ed. Nay, start not—I have cause
To wonder most: I little thought, indeed,
When Warwick told me, I might learn to love,
He was himself so able to instruct me:
But I've discover'd all—

War. And so have I—
Too well I know thy breach of friendship there,
Thy faithless, base endeavors to supplant me.

Ed. I scorn it, sir—Elizabeth hath charms;
Nor see I ought so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the rays
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.

War. 'T is false.
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busied in the noble office,
Your grace thought fit to honor me withal,
To tamper with a weak, unguarded woman,
And basely steal a treasure,
Your kingdom could not purchase.

Ed. How know you that? but be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege
To choose the partner of my throne:
It is a branch of my prerogative.

War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants
A borrow'd jewel, glittering in the crown
With specious luster, lent but to betray
You had it, sir, and hold it, from the people.

Ed. And therefore do I prize it; I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine:
But when proud faction and her rebel crew
Insult their sovereign, trample on his law,
And bid defiance to his power, the people
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.
War. Go to your darling people, then; for soon,
If I mistake not, 't will be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid him.
Ed. Is it so, my lord?
Then mark my words: I 've been your slave too long
And you have ruled me with a rod of iron;
But henceforth, know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so; the king who delegates
His power to others' hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.
War. Look well then to your own:
It sits but loosely on your head; for, know,
The man who injured Warwick, never pass'd
Unpunished yet.
Ed. Nor he who threatened Edward—
You may repent it, sir—my guards there!—seize
This traitor, and convey him to the Tower—
There, let him learn obedience.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LESSON CLVII.

EULOGY ON LA FAYETTE.*

WHILE we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who, with your bold, went out to battle.

Among these men of noble daring, there was one, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their

* In 1824, fifty years after the war of Independence, in which he had taken an active part, La Fayette again visited the United States, and was received every where with a spontaneous burst of acclamation and rejoicing.

wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valleys yielded him their increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him.

Yet from all these he turned away and came. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came,—but not in the day of successful rebellion,—not when the new-risen sun of Independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed.

Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and, at her pure shrine, the pilgrim warrior, with his adored COMMANDER, knelt and worshiped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads upon the high places where his brethren molder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER;—his words are tears—the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race;

he beholds the blessings, those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that FATHER lived; and again his words are tears—the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageants that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers. Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! Of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

SPRAGUE.

LESSON CLVIII.

CHARACTER OF LA FAYETTE

THERE have been those who have denied to La Fayette the name of *a great man*. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness, and make an essential part of it? Is there yet virtue enough left in the world, to echo the sentiment, that

"'T is phrase absurd, to call a villain great?"

If there is, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career, with so little reproach, justly or unjustly bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? La Fayette was intrusted by Washington with all kinds of service; the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience; the perilous, that demanded nerve; and we see him keeping up a pursuit, affecting a retreat, out-maneuvering a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet, and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibility, a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us, that there was a moment in 1789, when La Fayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the revolution.

Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power, a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the revolution, and when,

as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look to put them in motion,—and he their idol,—we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the fortitude required to resist the multitude pressing on their leader to glorious crime, a part of greatness? Behold him, the fugitive and the victim, when he might have been the chief of the revolution. Is the solitary and unaided opposition of a good citizen to the pretensions of an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of La Fayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life.

Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when, in 1815, the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Contemplate La Fayette at the tribune, in Paris, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead of a successful and bloodless revolution; to change the dynasty; to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half million of men; to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to labor and suffer for great public ends, alone; to adhere to principle under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America conspicuous for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

I think I understand the proposition, that La Fayette was not a great man. It comes from the same school, which, also, denies greatness to Washington, and which accords it to Alexander and Cesar, to Napoleon and his conqueror. When I analyze the greatness of these distinguished men, when contrasted with that of La Fayette and Washington, I find either one idea omitted, which is essential to true greatness, or one included as essential, which belongs only to the lowest conception of greatness. The moral, disinterested, and purely patriotic qualities, are wholly wanting in the greatness of Cesar and Napoleon; and on the other hand, it is a certain splendor of sucess, a brilliancy of result, which, with the majority of mankind, marks them out as the great men of our race. But not only are a high morality and a true patriotism essential to greatness; but they must first be renounced, before a ruthless career of selfish conquest can begin.

I profess to be no judge of military combinations; but, with the best reflection I have been able to give the subject, I perceive no reason to doubt, that, had La Fayette, like Napoleon, been, by principle, capable of hovering on the edge of ultra-revolution; never halting long enough to be denounced; never plunging too far to retreat; but with a cold and well-balanced selfishness, sustaining himself at the head of affairs, under each new phase of revolution, by the compliances sufficient to satisfy its demands had his principles allowed him to play this game, he might have anticipated the career of Napoleon. At three different periods, he had it in his power, without usurpation, to take the government into his own hands. He was invited, urged to do so. Had he done it, and made use of the military means at his command, to maintain and perpetuate his power, he would then, at the sacrifice of all his just claims to the name of great and good, have reached that which vulgar admiration alone worships,—the greatness of high station and brilliant success.

But it was the greatness of La Fayette, that looked down on greatness of the false kind. He learned his lesson in the school of Washington, and took his first practice in victories over himself. Let it be questioned by the venal apologists of time-honnored abuses; let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction; let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest; by the idolaters of success;—but let it be gratefully acknowledged by good men; by Americans; by every man, who has sense to distinguish character from events; who has a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm of virtue.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head, when he has heard that La Fayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics,—every country, where man is struggling to recover his birth-right,—has lost a benefactor, a patron in La Fayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular lodestar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man, that reflects on the history of La Fayette; that sees him in the morning of his days, the associate of sages, the friend of Washington, but will start with new vigor on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our La Fayette his spotless fame? *The love of liberty.* What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? *The love of liberty.* What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? *The living love of liberty.* To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness; to the sanctity of plighted faith; *to the love of liberty*

protected by law. Thus, the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life; *the love of liberty, protected by law.*

EVERETT.

LESSON CLIX.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes,
Are vailed with wreaths on Italia's plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the ranedeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where no foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay, in the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie, may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine;—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men!
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and silent hearth!
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features passed!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of the world, where the flowers must die!
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness set;
Oh! what have ye looked on, since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year:
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze, with a play of light,
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire-sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? Is their mirth from the mountains passed?
Ye have looked on death, since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race;
With their laughing eyes, and their festal crown,
They have gone from among you, in silence, down!

They are gone from among you, the young and fair;
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a land, where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death, 'midst the bloom of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne;
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore;
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's—fare-ye-well, farewell!

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON CLX.

THE RAIN.

The pleasant rain! the pleasant rain!
By fits it plashing falls
On twangling leaf, and dimpling pool;
How sweet its warning calls!
They know it—all the bosomy vales,
High slopes, and verdant meads;
The queenly elms and princely oaks,
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,
And drooping shrubs look gay;
The bubbling brook, with gladlier song,
Hies on its endless way;
All things of earth—the grateful things!
Put on their robes of cheer;
They hear the sound of the warning burst,
And know the rain is near.

It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!
I drink its cooler breath;
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers,
And roses' fragrant death;
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,
The beds where violets die,
And it bears their life on its living wings;
I feel it wandering by.

And yet it comes! the lightning's flash
Hath torn the lowering cloud!
With a distant roar and a nearer crash,
Out bursts the thunder loud.
It comes, with the rush of a god's descent,
On the hushed and trembling earth,
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves,
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,
Is its swift and glad descent;
Beneath the weight of its passing tread,
The conscious groves are bent.
Its heavy tread—it is lighter now—
And yet, it passeth on;
And now it is up, with a sudden lift—
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain! the pleasant rain!
It hath passed above the earth:

I see the smile of the opening cloud,
Like the parted lips of mirth.
The golden joy is spreading wide
Along the blushing west,
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
Like the flow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
That knoweth all its need,
So came the good of the pleasant rain,
O'er hill and verdant mead.
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
In hall and cotter's home,
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven,
The pleasant rain hath come.—MILLER.

LESSON CLXI.

BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear;
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreathed, for a while, round the forests' head,
In sudden anger, he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare, and gray.

Then, the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider,—that weaver of cunning so deep—
Rolled himself up in a ball, to sleep,
And the cricket his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon, voices were heard at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime;
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-winged jay;
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
"I'm tired to death of this hum-drum tree,
I'll go, if 'tis only the world to see."

"Will you go," asked the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain from the leafless grove
Responded, "Wherever your lot is cast,
'Mid sunny skies, or the wintry blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest in this thicket here."

The oriole told, with a flashing eye,
How his little ones shrank from this frosty sky,

How his mate, with an ague, had shaken the bed,
And had lost her fine voice, by a cold in her head,
And their oldest daughter, an invalid grown,
No health in this terrible climate had known.

"I am ready to go," cried the plump young wren,
"From the hateful homes of these northern men;
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue,
I fear I have caught the consumption, too;
And then, I've no confidence left, I own,
In the doctors out of the southern zone."

Then, up went the thrush, with a trumpet-call,
And the martins came forth from their box on the wall,
And the owlets peeped out from their secret bower,
And the swallows convened on the old church-tower,
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,
Chattering, and flying from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they,
"And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;
Not a berry is found on the russet plains,
Not a kernel of ripened corn remains;
Ev'ry worm is hid, shall we longer stay
To be wasted with famine? Away! away!"

But what a strange clamor, on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke;
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators started to hear
Their own true echoes, so wild and clear.

Then, tribe after tribe with its leader fair,
Swept off through the limitless fields of air;
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright?
Who nerveth their wings for their weary flight?
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way,
By the stars at night, and the cloud by day?

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in to its vistas green;
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree
Thrill at the bursts of their revelry;
And the bulbul starts, 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rustling of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers! how far away
From your rural homes in our groves, ye stray;
But when they awake at the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing,
Your nest 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts to our Maker's praise.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LESSON CLXII.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

O WINTER! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet, like ashes, filled;
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips; thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard, made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapped in clouds;
A leafless branch thy scepter; and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way!
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him—impatient of his stay—
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still,
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hour
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.

* * * * * *

And here, the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success, when all besides decay.

The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,
And, in the charming strife, triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
O'er female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

* * * * *

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play

Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note: themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace, with mem'ry's pointing wand,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent, eternal love.—COWPER.

LESSON CLXIII.

THE BAPTISM.

THE rite of baptism had not been performed for several months in the kirk* of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God, and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was now the Sabbath day,—and a small congregation of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service, in a place more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell,—but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sun-dials among the hills, woods, moors, and fields; and the shepherd and the peasant see the hours passing by them, in sun-shine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled was hewn by God's hand, out of the eternal rock. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other, corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there, crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long-stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low—which was now the case, in the common drought—it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm, blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude.

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* Church.

On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable, and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices, were perpetually flying rooks and wood pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still, on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild-cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet, here came the persecuted christians and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their head those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water, in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semi-circular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small, natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall, graceful birch-tree. The pulpit stood in the middle of the channel, directly facing the congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling pool, into which the scarce heard water poured over the blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom.

Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. The baptismal water, taken from that pel lucid pool, was lying, consecrated, in a small hollow of one of the upright stones that formed one side or pillar of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded. Some of the younger ones in that semi-circle, kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected; and now and then, in spite of the grave looks, and admonishing whispers of their elders, letting fall a pebble into the water, that they might judge of its depth, from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the reli-

gious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compact volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away, high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs; and once more might be noticed in the silence, the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then, a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid was hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their wakeful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith, the congregation rose. There were paths, dangerous to unpracticed feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder —more especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them were hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd, who had given the alarm, had lain down again instantly in his plaid on the green-sward, upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers was immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net, at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very sabbath day. Over with him, over with him; out of the gallery into the pit." But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow, and mixing with the tall, green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way toward a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads; follow me. I know the way down into the bed of the stream, and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called "kittle* nine stanes." The hunt's up. We 'll all be in at the death. Halloo—my boys—halloo!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the "craigs," and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary—not a creature to be seen. "Here is a Bible, dropped by some of them," cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. "A

* Dangerous.

bonnet—a bonnet," cried another, "now for the pretty, sanctified face, that rolled its demure eyes below it." But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread, the black and silent walls of the rocks that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. "Curse these cowardly covenanters—what if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock, from their hiding places? Advance? or retreat?" There was no reply; for a slight fear was upon every man. Musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading they knew not where. And they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshiped God; men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms—neither barrel nor bayonet; men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshaled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet-briers, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch-trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on; and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation, as if in an earthquake. "The Lord have mercy upon us—what is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles, down the strong channel of the torrent. The old, gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's cave, and said in a loud voice, "The Lord God terrible reigneth!"

A water-spout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came—tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and, in a moment, filled it with one mass of waves. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment;—but, high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the covenanters—men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in the raging thunder.—Wilson

LESSON CLXIV.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH

The Sabbath lies at the foundation of all true morality. Morality flows from principle. Let the principles of moral obligation become relaxed, and the practice of morality will not long survive the overthrow. No man can preserve his own morals; no parent can preserve the morals of his children, without the impressions of religious obligation.

If you can induce a community to doubt the genuineness and authenticity of the Scripures; to question the reality, and obligations of religion; to hesitate, undeciding, whether there be any such thing as virtue or vice; whether there be an eternal state of retribution beyond the grave; or whether there exists any such being as God, you have broken down the barriers of moral virtue, and hoisted the flood-gates of immorality and crime. I need not say, that when a people have once done this, they can no longer exist as a tranquil and happy people. Every bond that holds society together would be ruptured; fraud and treachery would take the place of confidence between man and man; the tribunals of justice would be scenes of bribery and injustice; avarice, perjury, ambition, and revenge would walk through the land, and render it more like the dwelling of savage beasts, than the tranquil abode of civilized and christianized men.

If there is an institution which opposes itself to this progress of human degeneracy, and throws a shield before the interests of moral virtue in our thoughtless and wayward world, it is the Sabbath. In the fearful struggle between virtue and vice, notwithstanding the powerful auxiliaries which wickedness finds in the bosoms of men, and in the seductions and influence of popular example, wherever the Sabbath has been suffered to live, the trembling interests of moral virtue have always been revered and sustained. One of the principal occupations of this day, is to illustrate and enforce the great principles of sound morality. Where this sacred trust is preserved inviolate, you behold a nation convened one day in seven, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the best moral principles and precepts. And it cannot be otherwise, than that the authority of moral virtue, under such auspices, should be acknowledged and felt.

We may not, at once, perceive the effects which this weekly observance produces. Like most moral causes, it operates slowly; but it operates surely, and gradually weakens the power, and breaks the yoke of profligacy and sin. No villain regards the Sabbath. No vicious family regards the Sabbath. No immoral community regard the Sabbath. The holy rest of this

ever-memorable day, is a barrier which is always broken down, before men become giants in sin. Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, remarks, that "a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." It is an observation of Lord Chief Justice Hale, that "of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was upon the bench, he found a few only, who would not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day."

The prisons in our own land could probably tell us, that they have scarcely a solitary tenant, who had not broken over the restraints of the Sabbath, before he was abandoned to crime. You may enact laws for the suppression of immorality; but the secret and silent power of the Sabbath constitutes a stronger shield to the vital interest of the community, than any code of penal statutes that ever was enacted. The Sabbath is the key-stone of the arch which sustains the temple of virtue, which, however defaced, will survive many a rude shock, so long as the foundation remains firm.

The observance of the Sabbath is, also, most influential in securing national prosperity. The God of Heaven has said, "Them that honor me, will I honor." You will not often find a notorious Sabbath-breaker a permanently prosperous man; and a Sabbath-breaking community is never a happy or prosperous community. There are a multitude of unobserved influences, which the Sabbath exerts upon the temporal welfare of men. It promotes the spirit of good order and harmony; it elevates the poor from want; it transforms squalid wretchedness; it imparts self-respect and elevation of character; it promotes softness and civility of manners; it brings together the rich and the poor, upon one common level, in the house of prayer; it purifies and strengthens the social affections, and makes the family circle the center of allurement, and the source of instruction, comfort, and happiness. Like its own divine religion, it "has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come," for men cannot put themselves beyond the reach of hope and heaven, so long as they treasure up this one command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—Dr. Spring.

LESSON CLXV.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once, on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I' ll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!—H. K. White.

LESSON CLXVI.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well*."

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave, a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"

I asked the dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins; "Time!" he replied:
I 've lost it! Ah, the treasure!" and he died.

I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

I asked my Bible; and, methinks, it said,
"Time is the *present hour*; the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself, at last;
But in a moment, he flew swiftly past,
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"I now declare, the mystery is o'er;
Time *was*," he cried, "but Time shall be no more!"

MARSDEN.

LESSON CLXVII.

FOLLY OF INTOXICATION

CASSIO *and* IAGO

Iago. WHAT! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised.—Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh, thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, gayety, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralizer. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. If I ask him for my place again, he will tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I, drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so apt, so kind, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in all the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant, I must go to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.—SHAKSPEARE

LESSON CLXVIII

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD

His form was fair, his cheek was health;
His word a bond, his purse was wealth;
With wheat his field was covered o'er,
Plenty sat smiling at his door.
His wife, the fount of ceaseless joy;
Now laughed his daughter, played his boy;
His library, though large, was read
Till half its contents decked his head.
At morn, 't was health, wealth, pure delight,
'T was health, wealth, peace, and bliss at night
I wished not to disturb his bliss—
'T is gone! but all the fault is his.

The social glass I saw him seize,
The more with festive wit to please,
Daily increase his love of cheer—
Ah, little thought he *I* was near!
Gradual indulgence on him stole,
Frequent became the midnight bowl.
I, in that bowl, the *headache* placed,
Which, with the juice, his lips embraced.
Shame next I mingled with the draught;
Indignantly he drank, and laughed.

In the bowl's bottom, *bankruptcy*
I placed—he drank with tears and glee.
Remorse did I into it pour;
He only sought the bowl the more.
I mingled, next, *joint torturing pain;*
Little the more did he refrain.
The *dropsy* in the cup I mixed;
Still to his mouth the cup was fixed.
My emissaries thus in vain
I sent, the mad wretch to restrain.

On the bowl's bottom, then, *myself*
I threw; the most abhorrent elf
Of all that mortals hate or dread;
And thus in horrid whispers said,
"Successless ministers I've sent,
Thy hastening ruin to prevent;
Their lessons nought—then here am I;
Think not my threatenings to defy.
Swallow this, this thy last will be,
For with it, thou must swallow me."

Haggard his eyes, upright his hair,
Remorse his lips, his cheeks despair;
With shaking hands the bowl he clasp'd,
My meatless limbs his carcass grasp'd
And bore it to the churchyard, where
Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

Death speaks—ah, reader, dost thou hear?
Hast thou no lurking cause to fear?
Has not o'er *thee* the sparkling bowl,
Constant, commanding, sly control?
Betimes reflect, betimes beware,
Though ruddy, healthful now, and fair;
Before slow reason lose the sway,
Reform; postpone another day,
You soon may mix with common clay.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CLXIX.

CHOICE OF HERCULES.

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and the solitude of the place very much favored his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life which he should choose, he saw two women of larger stature than ordinary, approaching him.

One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast toward the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behavior full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavored to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colors in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules, I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life, that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell forever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, "My friends and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness: but my enemies and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time, the other lady was come up, and addressed her-

self to the young hero in a very different manner. "Hercules," said she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope that you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favor of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshiping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honored by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can promise happiness."

The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse; "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of yourself; or saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of your own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures; while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of the gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion of the artisan; a household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years: and those who are in years, of being honored by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favored by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labors, honored by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve of his choice.

TATLER.

LESSON CLXX.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son.—
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave—deserve the fair

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
Such is the power of mighty love.
A dragon's fiery form belied the god
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.—
With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now, give the hautboys breath—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure
Rich the treasure;

Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain.
Fought his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.—
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse.
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.—
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below,
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon, he soothed his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked; sighed and looked.
Sighed and looked; and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor—sunk upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Hath raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold, how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen—fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cœilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.—DRYDEN.

LESSON CLXXI.

SPEECH ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WHERE, I ask, where are those Protestant petitions against the Catholic claims, which, we were told, would by this time have borne down your table? We were told, in the confident tone of prophecy, that England would have poured in petitions rom all her counties, towns, and corporations, against the claims of Ireland. I ask, where are those petitions? Has London, her mighty capital, has the university of Dublin, mocked the calamities of your country, by petitioning in favor of those prejudices, that would render us less able to redress them? Have the people of England raised a voice against their Catholic fellow-subjects? No; they have the wisdom to see the folly of robbing the empire, at such a time, of one-fourth of its strength, on account of speculative doctrines of faith. They will not risk a kingdom, on account of old men's dreams about the prevalence of the pope. They will not sacrifice an empire, because they dislike the sacrifice of the mass.

I say, then, England is not against us. She has put ten thousand signatures upon your table in our favor. And what says the Protestant interest in Ireland? Look at this petition; examine the names, the houses, the families. Look at the list of merchants, of divines. Look, in a word, at Protestant Ireland, calling to you in a warning voice; telling you, that if you are resolved to go on till ruin breaks, with a fearful surprise, upon your progress, they will go on with you; they must partake your danger, though they will not share your guilt.

Ireland, with her imperial crown, now stands before you. You have taken her parliament from her, and she appears in her own person at your bar. Will you dismiss a kingdom without a hearing? Is this your answer to her zeal, to her faith, to the blood that has so profusely graced your march to victory, to the treasures that have decked your strength in peace? Is her name nothing? her fate indifferent? Are her contributions insignificant? her six millions revenue? her ten millions trade? her two millions absentee? her four millions loan? Is such a country not worth a hearing? Will you, can you dismiss her abruptly from your bar? You cannot do it! the instinct of England is against it. We may be outnumbered now, and again; but, in calculating the amount of the real sentiments of the people, the ciphers that swell the evanescent majorities of an evanescent minister, go for nothing.

Can Ireland forget the memorable era of 1788? Can others forget the munificent hospitality, with which she then gave to her

chosen hope all she had to give? Can Ireland forget the spontaneous and glowing cordiality, with which her favors were then received? Never! Never! Irishmen grew justly proud, in the consciousness of being subjects of a gracious predilection; a predilection that required no apology, and called for no renunciation; a predilection that did equal honor to him who felt it, and to those who were the objects of it. It laid the grounds of a great and fervent hope; all a nation's wishes, crowding to a point, and looking forward to one event, as the great coming, at which every wound was to be healed, every tear to be wiped away.

The hope of that hour beamed with a cheering warmth and a seductive brilliancy. Ireland followed it, with all her heart—a leading light through the wilderness, and brighter in its gloom. She followed it over a wild and barren waste; it has charmed her through the desert, and now, that it has led her to the confines of light and darkness, now, that she is on the border of the promised land, is the prospect to be suddenly obscured, and the fair vision of *princely faith* to vanish forever? I will not believe it; I require an act of parliament to vouch its credibility; nay, more, I demand a miracle to convince me that it is possible.

GRATTAN.

LESSON CLXXII.

ON A STANDING ARMY.

WE have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always *have* been, and always *shall* be, against a standing army of any kind. To me, it is a terrible thing; whether under that of a parliamentary, or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it is called by. They are a body of men, distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and a blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us are already enslaved, and have been enslaved, by these very means. By means of their standing armies, they have, every one, lost their liberties. It is, indeed, impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we, then, take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbors? On the contrary, from their misfortunes, we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing, to tell me that our army is commanded by

such gentlemen, as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so. I hope it is so. I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army. I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command. They may all be dismissed in a moment, and proper tools put in their room. Besides, we know the passions of men; we know how dangerous it is to trust the bes of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cesar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded, generally, by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet *that army* enslaved their country.

The affections of the soldiers toward their country, the honor and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this House, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the Court of Request, accompanied by a body of musketeers, with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we ought to vote, I know what would be the duty of this House; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons; an army that was paid by them; and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore, do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament, will always be submissive to them. If any army be so numerous, as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favorite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid, that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore.

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world, continued for any

term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, where will it differ from the standing armies of those countries, which have already submitted their necks to the yoke?

We are come to the *Rubicon;* our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty's own mouth, we are assured of a profound tranquillity; we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing, at least, a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain forever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it into their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

PULTENEY.

LESSON CLXXIII.

KING JOHN DIRECTING HUBERT TO THE MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

King John. COME hither, Hubert, O, my gentle Hubert!
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and, creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs trickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,
I would into this bosom pour my thought;
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I 'd do it.

K. John. Do I not know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy; I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth trace,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.—

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.

SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CLXXIV.

REMORSE OF KING JOHN.

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

King John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,

Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent;
Another lean, unwashed artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him; I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! Why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord.

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spoke darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had made me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues hold vile to name,—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful notion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form;
Which, however rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature: for my rage was blind,
And foul, imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast.—SHAKSPEARE

LESSON CLXXV

THE TWINS

THE Kirk of Auchindown stands, with its burial-ground, on a little, green hill surrounded by an irregular and straggling village, or rather about a hundred hamlets clustering round it, with their fields and gardens. A few of these gardens come close up to the church-yard wall, and, in spring time, many of the fruit trees hang rich and beautiful over the adjacent graves. The voices and the laughter of the children at play on the green before the parish school, or their composed murmur, when at their various lessons together, in the room, may be distinctly heard all over the burial-ground. So may the song of the maidens going to the well; while all around, the singing of birds is thick and hurried; and a small rivulet, as if brought there to be an emblem of passing time, glides away beneath the mossy wall, murmuring continually a dreamlike tune round the dwellings of the dead.

In the quiet of the evening, my venerable friend took me with

him into the church-yard. We walked to the eastern corner, where, as we approached, I saw a monument standing almost by itself, and, even at that distance, appearing to be of a somewhat different character from any other in the burial-ground. And now we stood close to, and before it. It was a low monument of the purest white marble; simple, but perfectly elegant and graceful withal, and upon its unadorned slab, lay the sculptured images of two children asleep in each other's arms Around it, was a small piece of the greenest ground, without the protection of any rail, but obviously belonging to the monument. It shone, without offending them, among simpler or ruder burial-beds round about it; and, although the costliness of the materials, the affecting beauty of the design, and the delicacy of its execution, all showed that there slept the offspring neither of the poor nor low in life, yet so meekly and sadly did it lift up its unstained little walls, and so well did its unusual elegance meet and blend with the character of the common tombs, that no heart could see it without sympathy, and without owning that it was a pathetic ornament of a place, filled with the ruder memorials of the very humblest dead.

"Six years ago," said my venerable companion, "I was an old man, and wished to have silence and stillesss in my house, that my communion with Him before whom I expected every day to be called, might be undisturbed. Accordingly, my Manse,* that used to ring with boyish glee, was now quiet; when a lady, elegant, graceful, beautiful, young, and a widow, came to my dwelling, and her soft, sweet, silver voice, told me that she was from England. She was the relict of an officer slain in war; and having heard one who had lived in my house, speak of his happy and innocent time there, she earnestly requested me to receive beneath my roof, her two sons. She, herself, lived with the bed-ridden mother of her dead husband; and anxious for the growing minds of her boys, she sought to commit them, for a short time, to my care. They and their mother soon won an old man's heart; and I could say nothing in opposition to her request, but that I was upwards of three score and ten years. But I am living still—and that is their monument."

We sat down, at these words, on the sloping head-stone of a grave, just opposite to this little, beautiful structure; and without entreaty, and as if to bring back upon his heart the delight of old, tender remembrances, the venerable man thus continued.

"The lady left them with me in the Manse—surely the two

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* *Manse*, a clergyman's house.

most beautiful and engaging creatures that ever died in youth. They were twins. Like were they unto each other, as two bright-plumaged doves of one color, or two flowers with the same blossom and the same leaves. They were dressed alike, and whatever they wore, in that did they seem more especially beautiful. Their hair was the same, a bright auburn—their voices were as one—so that the twins were inseparable in my love, whether I beheld them, or my dim eyes were closed. From the first hour they were left alone with me, and without their mother in the Manse, did I begin to love them; nor were they slow in returning an old man's affection. They stole up to my side, and submitted their smooth, glossy, leaning heads to my withered and trembling hand; nor, for a while, could I tell, as the sweet beings came gliding gladsomely near me, which was Edward, and which was Henry; and often did they, in winning playfulness, try to deceive my loving heart. But they could not defraud each other of their tenderness; for whatever the one received, that was ready to be bestowed upon the other. To love the one more than the other was impossible.

"Sweet creatures! it was not long before I learned to distinguish them. That which seemed to me, at first, so perfectly the same, soon unfolded itself with many delightful varieties, and then I wondered how I ever could have mistaken them for one another. Different shadows played upon their hair; that of the one being silky and smooth, and of the other, slightly curled at the edges, and clustering thickly, when he flung back his locks in playfulness or joy. His eyes, though of a hazel hue, like those of his brother, were considerably lighter, and a smile seemed native there; while those of the other, seemed almost dark, and fitter for the mist of tears. Dimples marked the cheeks of the one, but those of the other were paler and smooth. Their voices too, when I listened to them, and knew their character, had a faint, fluctuating difference of inflection and tone—like the same instrument blown upon with a somewhat stronger or weaker breath. Their very laugh grew to be different to my ear; that of the one, free and more frequent, that of the other, mild in its utmost glee. And they had not been many days in the Manse, before I knew in a moment, dim as my eyes had long been, the soft, timid, stealing step of Edward, from the dancing and fearless motion of Henry Howard."

Here the old man paused, not as it seemed from any fatigue in speaking so long, but as if to indulge more profoundly in his remembrance of the children whom he had so tenderly loved. He fixed his dim eyes on their sculptured images, with as fond an expression as if they had been alive, and had lain down there to sleep—and when, without looking on me, whom he felt to

have been listening with a quiet attention, he again began to speak, it was partly to tell me the tale of these fair sleepers, and partly to give vent to his loving grief.

8 "All strangers, even many who thought they knew them well, were pleasantly perplexed with the faces and figures of the bright English twins. The poor beggars, as they went their rounds, blessed them, without knowing whether it was Edward or Henry, that had bestowed his alms. Even the mother of the cottage children with whom they played, confused their images in her affectionate heart, as she named them in her prayers. When only one was present, it gave a start of strange delight to them who did not know the twins, to see another creature, so beautifully the same, come gliding in upon them, and join his brother in a share of their suddenly bestowed affection.

9 "They soon came to love, with all their hearts, the place of their new habitation. Not even in their own merry England, had their young eyes ever seen brighter green fields; trees more umbrageous; or, perhaps, even rural gardens more flowery and blossoming, than those of this Scottish village. They had lived, indeed, mostly in a town; and in the midst of the freshness and balminess of the country, they became happier and more gleesome—it was said, by many, even more beautiful. The affectionate creatures did not forget their mother. Alternately did they write to her every week, and every week did one or other receive from her a letter, in which the sweetest maternal feelings were traced, in small, delicate lines, that bespoke the hand of an accomplished lady.

10 "Their education had not been neglected; and they learned every thing they were taught with a surprising quickness and docility. Morning and evening too, did they kneel down with clasped hands—these lovely twins—even at my feet, and resting on my knees; and melodiously did they murmur together the hymns which their mother had taught them, and passages selected from the scriptures. And always, the last thing they did before going to sleep in each other's arms, was to look at their mother's picture, and to kiss it with fond kisses, and many an endearing name."

11 Just then two birds alighted softly on the white marble monument, and began to trim their plumes. They were doves, from their nests in the belfry of the spire, from which a low, deep, plaintive murmuring was now heard to come, deepening the profound silence of the burial-ground. The two bright birds walked about for a few minutes, around the image of the children, or stood quietly at their feet; and they, clapping their wings, flew up and disappeared. The incident, though, at any other time, common and uninteresting, had a strange effect upon my heart,

and seemed dimly emblematic of the innocence and beauty of the inhabitants of the tomb, and of the flight of their innocent souls to heaven.—WILSON.

LESSON CLXXVI.

THE SAME.—CONCLUDED.

"ONE evening in early autumn, (they had been with me from the middle of May,) Edward, the elder, complained, on going to bed, of a sore throat, and I proposed that his brother should sleep in another bed. I saw them myself, accordingly, in separate places of repose. But on going about an hour afterwards into their room, there I found them, locked, as usual, in each other's arms—face to face,—and their innocent breath mingling from lips that nearly touched. I could not find heart to separate them; nor could I have done so without awaking Edward. His cheeks were red and flushed, and his sleep broken and full of starts.

Early in the morning, I was at their bed-side. Henry was lying apart from his brother, looking at him with tearful face, and his little arm laid so as to touch his bosom. Edward was unable to rise. His throat was painful, his pulse, high, and his heart, sick. Before evening he became slightly delirious, and his illness was evidently a fever of a dangerous and malignant kind. He was, as I told you, a bold and gladsome child; when not at his task, dancing and singing almost every hour; but the fever quickly subdued his spirit; the shivering fits made him weep and wail; and rueful indeed was the change which a single night and day had brought forth.

"His brother seemed to be afraid more than children usually are of sickness, which they are always slow to link with the thoughts of death. But he told me, weeping, that his eldest brother had died of a fever, and that his mother was always alarmed about that disease. "Did I think," asked he, with wild eyes and a palpitating heart, "did I think that Edward was going to die?" I looked at the affectionate child, and taking him to my bosom, I felt that his own blood was beating but too quickly, and, that fatal had been that night's sleeping embrace in his brother's bosom. The fever had tainted his sweet veins also, and I had soon to lay him shivering on his bed. In another day, he too was delirious, and too plainly chasing his brother into the grave.

"Never in the purest hours of their healthful happiness, had their innocent natures seemed to me more beautiful, than now

in their delirium. As it increased, all vague fears of dying left their souls, and they kept talking as if to each other, of everything here or in England, that was pleasant and interesting. Now and then, they murmured the names of persons of whom I had not formerly heard them speak—friends who had been kind to them, before I had known of their existence, and servants in their mother's or their father's household. Of their mother they spoke to themselves, although necessarily kept apart, almost in the very same words, expecting a visit from her at the Manse, and then putting out their little hands to embrace her. All their little, innocent plays were acted over and over again, on the bed of death. They were looking into the nests of the little singing-birds, which they never injured, in the hedge-rows, and the woods. And the last intelligible words that I heard Edward utter were these—'Let us go, brother, to the church-yard, and lie down on the daisies, among the little, green mounds!'

"They both died within an hour of each other. I lifted up Henry, when I saw he too was dead, and laid him down beside his brother. There lay the twins, and had their mother at that hour come into the room, she would have been thankful to see that sight, for she would have thought that her children were in a calm and refreshing sleep!"

My eyes were fixed upon the sculptured images of the dead—lying side by side, with their faces turned to heaven; their little hands folded, as in prayer, upon their bosoms, and their eyelids closed. The old man drew a sigh, almost like a sob, and wept. They had been intrusted to his care; they had come smiling from another land; for one summer they were happy, and then disappeared, like fading flowers, from the earth. I wished that the old man would cease his touching narrative, both for his sake and my own. So I rose, and walked up quite close to the monument, inspecting the spirit of its design, and marking the finish of its execution. But he called me to him, and requesting me to resume my seat beside him on the grave-stone, he thus continued:

"I had written to their mother in England, that the children were in extreme danger; but it was not possible that she could arrive in time to see them die; not even to see them buried. Decay was fast preying upon them, and the beauty of death was beginning to disappear; so we could not wait the arrival of their mother, and their grave was made. Even the old, gray-headed sexton wept; for in this case of mortality, there was something to break in upon the ordinary tenor of his thoughts, and to stir up in his heart, feelings that he could not have known existed there. There was sadness, indeed, over all the parish for the

fair English twins, who had come to live in the Manse after all the other boys had left it; and who, as they were the last, so were they the loveliest of all my flock. The very sound, or accent of their southern voices, so pretty and engaging to our ears, in the simplicity of childhood, had won many a heart, and touched, too, the imaginations of many with a new delight; and, therefore, on the morning when they were buried, it may be said there was here a fast-day of grief."

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"The next day their mother arrived at the Manse. She knew, before she came, that her children were dead and buried. It is true that she wept, and, at the sight of the grave,—for they both lay in one coffin,—her grief was passionate and bitter. But that fit soon passed away. Her tears were tears of pity for them, but, as for herself, she hoped that she was soon to see them in heaven. Her face pale, yet flushed; her eyes hollow, yet bright; and a general languor and lassitude over her whole frame, all told that she was in the first stage of a consumption. Soon, other duties called her back to England, for the short remainder of her life. She herself drew the design of that monument with her own hand, and left it with me when she went away. I soon heard of her death. Her husband lies near Grenada, in Spain; she lies in the chancel of the cathedral of Salisbury, in England; and there, sleep her twins, in the little burial-ground of Auchindown, a Scottish parish."—Wilson.

LESSON CLXXVII

THE WIDOW

She said she was alone within the world:
How could she but be sad!
She whispered something of a lad,
With eyes of blue, and light hair sweetly curled;
But the grave had the child!
And yet his voice she heard,
When at the lattice, calm and mild,
The mother in the twilight saw the vine-leaves stirred.
"Mother," it seemed to say,
"I love thee;
When thou dost by the side of thy lone pillow pray,
My spirit writes the words above thee;
Mother! I watch o'er thee—I love thee!"

Where was the husband of that widowed thing,
That seraph's earthly sire?

A soldier dares a soldier's fire;
The murderous ball brought death upon its wing;
Beneath a foreign sky
He fell, in sunny Spain;
The wife, in silence, saw him die,
But the fond boy's blue eyes gave drops like sunny rain.
"Mother!" the poor lad cried,
"He 's dying!
We are close by thee, father—at thy bleeding side—
Dost thou not hear thy Arthur crying?
Mother! his lips are closed—he 's dying!"

It was a stormy time, where the man fell;
And the youth shrunk and pined;
Consumption's worm his pulse entwined—
"*Prepare his shroud*" rang out the convent-bell,
Yet through his pain he smiled,
To soothe a parent's grief;—
Sad soul! she could not be beguiled;
She saw the bud would leave the guardian leaf!
"Mother!" he faintly said,
"Come near me—
Kiss me,—and let me in my father's grave be laid—
I' ve prayed that I might still be near thee;
Mother! I 'll come again and cheer thee."—EDWARDS.

LESSON CLXXVIII.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! life has pass'd
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last.
My mother, when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss:
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a *last* adieu.
But was it such? It was—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
And, if this meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished, I long believ'd,
And disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By expectation, every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even when a child.
Thus, many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd, at last, submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplore thee, ne'er forgot.

My boast is not, that I declare my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell. Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft;
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.—COWPER.

LESSON CLXXIX.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT, that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild, blue waves, till now
Rough'ning their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint, old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they, who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains, to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, list'ning to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf, and running stream.—BRYANT.

LESSON CLXXX.

SHAKSPEARE.

IT has been said, by some critic, that Shakspeare was distinguished from the other dramatic writers of his day, only by his wit; that they had all his other qualities but that; that one writer had as much sense; another, as much fancy; another, as much knowledge of character; another, the same depth of passion, and another, as great power of language. This statement is not true; nor is the inference from it well-founded, even if it were. This person does not seem to have been aware, that, upon his own showing, the great distinction of Shakspeare's genius was its virtually including the genius of all the great men of his age, and not its differing from them in one accidental particular.

The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind was its generic quality; its power of communication with all other minds—so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and no one peculiar bias or exclusive excellence, more than another. He was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself, but he was all that oth-

ers were, or that they could become. He not only had in himself the germs of every faculty and feeling, but he could follow them, by anticipation, intuitively, into all their conceivable ramifications, through every change of fortune, or conflict of passion, or turn of thought. He had "a mind, reflecting ages past," and present; all the people that ever lived are there. There was no respect of persons with him. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar. "All corners of the earth, kings, queens, and states; maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave," are hardly hid from his searching glance. He was like the genius of humanity, changing places with all of us at pleasure, and playing with our purposes as with his own.

He turned the globe round for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives—as well those they knew, as those they did not know or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call and came at his bidding. Harmless fairies "nodded to him and did him their courtesies;" and the night-hag bestrode the blast at the command of "his so potent art."

He had only to speak of any thing, in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. When he conceived of a character, whether real or imaginary, he not only entered into all its thoughts and feelings, but seemed instantly, and as if by touching a secret spring, to be surrounded with all the same objects, "subject to the same skyey influences," the same local, outward, and unforeseen accidents which would occur in reality. Thus, the character of Caliban not only stands before us with a language and manners of his own, but the scenery and situation of the enchanted island he inhabits, the traditions of the place, its strange noises, its hidden recesses, "his frequent haunts, and ancient neighborhood," are given with a miraculous truth of nature, and with all the familiarity of an old recollection. "The whole coheres semblably together," in time, place, and circumstance.

In reading this author, you do not merely learn what his characters say; you see their persons. By something expressed or understood, you are at no loss to decipher their peculiar physiognomy, the meaning of a look, the grouping, the by-play, as we might see it on the stage. A word, an epithet, paints a whole scene, or throws us back whole years in the history of the person represented. So, (as it has been ingeniously remarked,) when Prospero describes himself as being left alone in the boat with his daughter, the epithet which he applies to her, "Me and thy

crying self," flings the imagination instantly back from the grown woman, to the helpless condition of infancy, and places the first and most trying scene of his misfortunes before us, with all that he must have suffered in the interval.

How well the silent anguish of Macduff is conveyed to the reader, by the friendly expostulation of Malcolm, "What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows!" Again, Hamlet, in the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, somewhat abruptly concludes his fine soliloquy on life, by saying, "Man delights me not, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so;" which is explained by their answer—"My lord, we had no such stuff in our thoughts; but we smiled to think, if you delight not in man, what scanty entertainment the players shall receive from you, whom we met on the way:" as if, while Hamlet was making this speech, his two old school-fellows from Wittenberg, had been really standing by, and he had seen them smiling by stealth, at the idea of the players crossing their minds. It is not "a combination and a form" of words, a set-speech or two, a preconcerted theory of a character, that will do this; but all the persons concerned must have been present in the poet's imagination, as at a kind of rehearsal; and whatever would have passed through their minds on the occasion, and have been observed by others, passed through his, and is made known to the reader.—HAZLITT.

LESSON CLXXXI.

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan, has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit in Addison. In these performances, there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity, as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the vision of Mirza, or the vision of Theodore, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever.

It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor

Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than Jack the Giant-Killer. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path, as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not, should be as though they were;—that the imaginations of one mind, should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle, the tinker* has wrought.

There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows;—all the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones; the tall, comely, swarthy Madame Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money; the black man in the bright vesture; Mr. Worldly Wiseman and My Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative and Mrs. Timorous,—all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travelers through their allegorical progress, with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London.

Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract, the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago, but perfidy; not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables.

* Bunyan was a tinker.

Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature, on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old, unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well, how rich that language is, in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, fifty or sixty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."—MACAULAY.

LESSON CLXXXII.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me, bless his holy name!
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And forget not all his benefits;
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment
For all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger forever.
He has not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him;
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgression from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him;
For he knoweth our frame,
He remembereth that we are dust.
As for man,—his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth;
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting,
Upon them that fear him;
And his righteousness unto children's children,
To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the Lord, ye, his angels, that excel in strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word!
Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts!
Ye ministers of his that do his pleasure!
Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion;
Bless the Lord, O my soul!—Ps. CIII.

LESSON CLXXXIII.

GOD SEEN IN THE PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

I MARKED the spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest;
The buds bent low to the breezes sigh,
And their breath went forth in the scented sky;
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour;
A frost had discolored the summer bower;
The blast wailed sad, 'midst the cankered leaves;
The reaper stood by his gathered sheaves;
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;
And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's strain,
That Winter drew near, with his storms, again!

I stood by the ocean; its waters rolled
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold;
And Day looked down with his radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles;

The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played in the joyous breeze;
Their prows rushed on 'midst the parted foam,
While the wanderer was wrapped in a dream of home.

The mountain arose, with its lofty brow,
While its shadow lay sleeping in vales below;
The mist, like a garland of glory, lay
Where its proud height soared in the air away;
The eagle was there, on his tireless wing,
And his shriek went up as an offering;
And he seemed in his sunward flight to raise
A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise!

I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries;
The moon, 'midst an eloquent multitude
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued;
A charm of sleep on the city fell;
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell;
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest;
And the wild bird dreamed on his downy nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest passed;
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on;
The clouds o'ershadowed the mighty sun;
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
And the hills to the thunder-peal replied;
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit in its red array!

And hath MAN the power, with his pride and skill,
To arouse all nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the summer cloud?
To allay the tempest, when hills are bowed?
Can he waken the spring with her festal wreath?
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again, when death's vale is trod?
Who then shall dare murmur "*There is no God!*"

W. G. CLARK.

LESSON CLXXXIV

THE NATURAL WORLD INFERIOR TO THE MORAL WORLD.

Man, the noblest work of God in this lower world, walks abroad through its labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, amid countless manifestations of creative power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges, in all that he beholds, the might that called them into being; the skill which perfected the harmony of the parts, and the benevolence which consecrated all to the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow creatures. He stands entranced on the peak of Ætna, or Teneriffe, or Montserrat, and looks down upon the far distant ocean, silent to his ear, and tranquil to his eye, amidst the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits enraptured on the mountain summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a forest robe, flowing in all the varieties of graceful undulations, over declivity after declivity, as though the fabulous river of the skies were pouring its azure waves over all the landscape.

He hangs over the precipice, and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open as it were, by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its only music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the tumultuous waters of the mountain-torrent. He reclines, in pensive mood, on the hill-top, and sees around and beneath him, all the luxuriant beauties of field and meadow, of olive yard and vineyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake. He descends to the plain, and amidst waving harvests, verdant avenues, and luxuriant orchards, sees between garden and grass-plat, the farm house, embosomed in copse-wood or "tall ancestral trees." He walks through the valley fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate, with mild enthusiasm, its scenes of pastoral beauty; the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clumps of oaks or the solitary willow. He enters the caverns buried far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnificence of a subterranean palace, hewn out as it were, by the power of the Genii, and decorated by the taste of Armida or of the Queen of the Fairies.

Such is the natural world; and such, for the most part, has it ever been, since men began to subdue the wilderness, to scatter the ornaments of civilization amid the rural scenery of nature, and to plant the lily on the margin of the deep, the village on the hill-side, and martial battlements in the defiles of the mountains. Such has been the natural world, whether beheld by the eye of

savage or barbarian, of the civilized or the refined. Such has it been, for the most part, whether contemplated by the harpers of Greece, the bards of Northern Europe, or the voluptuous minstrels of the Troubadour age. Such it was, when its beauties, like scattered stars, beamed on the page of classic lore; and such, when its "sunshine of picture" poured a flood of meridian splendor on modern literature. Such is the natural world to the ancient and the modern, the pagan and the christian.

Admirable as the natural world is for its sublimity and beauty, who would compare it, even for an instant, with the sublimity and beauty of the moral world? Is not the soul, with its glorious destiny and its capacities for eternal happiness, more awful and majestic, than the boundless Pacific or the interminable Andes? Is not the mind, with its thoughts that wander through eternity, and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more intense interest, than forest, or cataract, or precipice? And the heart, so eloquent in the depth, purity, and pathos of its affections,—can the richest scenery of hill and dale, can the melody of breeze, and brook, and bird, rival it in loveliness?

The same God is the author of the invisible and visible world. The moral grandeur and beauty of the world of man, are equally the productions of his wisdom and goodness, with the fair, the sublime, the wonderful in the physical creation. What, indeed, are these, but the outward manifestations of his might, skill, and benevolence? What are they but a glorious volume, forever speaking to the eye and ear of man, in the language of sight and sound, the praises of its author? And what are those but images, faint and imperfect as they are, of his own incomprehensible attributes? What are they, the soul, the mind, the heart of an immortal being, but the temple of the holy Spirit; the dwelling-place of him whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, who inhabiteth eternity? How then can we compare, even for a moment, the world of nature with the world of man?

GRIMKE.

LESSON CLXXXV.

ADVANTAGES OF A WELL CULTIVATED MIND.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one, who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious

stock of ideas, of which the combination may take a multiplicity of forms, and be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and from that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of this world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace, and of pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, (which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but, collectively considered, form an important aggregate,) requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects, of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images, new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue. The young ought always to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and in whatever degree attained, only of short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some prostration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexation arising from baffled projects, of disappointed hopes, and relieve the tedium of that season of life, when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the mind can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace, but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature, a knowledge of the works of God and of the laws which govern the material and intellectual world, will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, which, if blended with the sustaining power of our divine religion, will render old age as happy, as youth was joyous.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man, and one that can see; and, if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves; and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.—BIGLAND.

LESSON CLXXXVI.

THE WILL.

Characters.—SWIPES, *a brewer;* CURRIE, *a saddler;* FRANK MILLINGTON, *and* 'SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes. A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live longest, out live the most.

Swipes. True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire, what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper; the 'Squire is as close as an under-ground tomb: but one of the witnesses hinted to me, that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter* FRANK MILLINGTON.] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you, at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Aye,aye,by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Aye,or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you wil' bear your fortune as *modestly*, as I shall mine *submissively*. I shal retire. [*Going : he meets* 'SQUIRE DRAWL.]

'*Squire.* Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'*Squire.* Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

'*Squire.* No, I believe not. But since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. [*While the 'Squire is breaking the seal.*] It is a trying thing, to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look round and see every thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "all is vanity."

'*Squire.* Please to be seated, gentleman. [*He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.*] Imprimis; whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler." [*The 'Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.*]

Swipes. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind;—and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise, every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? and who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

'*Squire.* [*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Aye, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-Street, brewer,"—

Swipes. Yes!

'*Squire.* "And Christopher Currie, of Fly-Court, saddler,"

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. "To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time, I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What 's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. There—in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well too, Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times! if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that *trustees* are not to be *trifled* with.

Cur. That we will.

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

'Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CLXXXVII.

THE TRAVELER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

IN sunset light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low, mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone.
He listen'd, and his heart beat high;
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rushed burning through his frame,
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame,
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came, with stars; across his soul
There swept a sudden change,
Even at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow, dark and strange,
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—and is this all?

No more than this? What seemed it now,
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean-track,
Their sweet, wild voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where, brightly through the beechen shade,
Their waters glanced away;
They called him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
The spirit born to roam?
His weary heart within him died
With yearnings for his home;
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept!—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
Even on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years.
Oh happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths, in search of thee!—HEMANS.

LESSON CLXXXVIII.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound',
Thick wall, or moated gate';
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned';

Not bays and broad-armed ports',
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride';
Not starred and spangled courts',
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride'.

No'—*men*', high-minded *men*',
With power as far above dull brutes indued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These' constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion,* like a vapor, sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

SIR WILLIAM JONES

LESSON CLXXXIX.

ORIGIN OF PROPERTY

IN the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man "dominion over all the earth; and over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers on this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose, that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock, to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity, in which "all things were common to all." Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest stages, to aught

* Discretionary or arbitrary power.

but the *substance* of the thing; nor could it be extended to the *use* of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it, acquired therein, a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer. Or, to speak with greater precision, the *right* of possession continued for the same time, only, that the *act* of possession lasted. Thus, the ground was in common, and no part of it was the property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determined spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time, a sort of ownership, from which, it would have been unjust and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but, the instant he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus, also, a vine or a tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet, any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit which he had gathered for his own repast: a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theater which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken, is, for the time, his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of a more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals, not the immediate *use*, only, but the very *substance* of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life grew more and more refined, many conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession;—if, as soon as he walked out of his tent or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one and to wear the other.

In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the fields had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and in the preservation of which, they would sacrifice their lives. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere

temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established.

There can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent, substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together, without any sensible interruption, and at length, by usage, ripen into an established right; but principally, because few of them, could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labor of the occupant; which bodily labor, bestowed upon any subject which lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to any exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature, and to establish a more permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young.

The support of these their cattle, made the article of *water* also a very important point. And, therefore, the book of Genesis, (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history,) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus, we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for security, "because he had digged that well." And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while, the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except, perhaps, in the neighborhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands, (for the sake of agriculture,) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon, and occupy such other lands, as would more easily supply their necessities. We have a striking exam-

ple of this, in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention, Abraham thus endeavored to compose: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either, to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

As the world grew by degrees more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous products destroyed, without any provision for future supply or succession. It, therefore, became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted.

It was clear, that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labor? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as well as movables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey. Whereas, now, (so graciously has providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together,) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its *rational*, as well as of exerting its *natural* faculties.

Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants,—states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labor, for the neces-

sary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.—BLACKSTONE.

LESSON CXC

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here, lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer;—gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here, the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here, they warred;—the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here, curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face, a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian

of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil, where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.—SPRAGUE.

LESSON CXCI

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

BEAL' AN DUINE, an abbreviation for Beallach an Duine, is the name of a pass or defile between two eminences, where the battle described in this extract is supposed to have taken place. The parties in this battle were the forces of James V. of Scotland, on one side, and those of Roderick Dhu, a rebel subject of the king, on the other. Roderick himself had been previously taken prisoner, and was now confined. The minstrel who describes the battle, is admitted to see his captive master, Roderick, and at his command portrays, in this wild burst of poetry, the engagement and utter defeat of the rebel troops. Trosach was the name of the region in which lay the glen of Beal' an Duine. Moray and Mar were the chiefs at the head of the king's forces. Clan-Alpine was the name of Roderick's clan, and the forces of this party lay concealed in the glen, intending to surprise their enemies as they approached, but were themselves entirely defeated, as described in this sketch.

THE minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben-venue,
For ere he parted, he would say
"Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray."—
Where shall he find in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her aerie nods the erne,*
The deer has sought the brake;

* Heron.

The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread?
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams?
Or do they flash on spear and lance,
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far:—
To hero, boune* for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.

Their light-armed archers far and near,
Surveyed the tangled ground:
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned;
Their barbed horsemen in the rear
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no winds their crests to shake
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road;
Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep sea wave,
Where rise no rocks, its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws:
And here, the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer men.

At once, there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,

* Equipped.

As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass, in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear.
For life! for life! their flight they ply;—
While shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broad-swords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in their rear.
Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearman's twilight wood?
"Down! down!" cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel* cows the game!
They come as fleet as mountain deer,
We'll drive them back as tame."

Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above their tide, each broad-sword bright
Was brandishing like gleam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broad-sword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang;
But Moray wheeled his rereward rank
Of horsemen, on Clan-Alpine's flank;
"My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their columns shake:—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"—
The horsemen dashed among the rout
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.

* A circle of hunters, who wholly surround a great space, and gradually narrowing, bring large numbers of deer together.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear,
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.—WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON CXCII

CHARACTER OF LORD BROUGHAM'S ELOQUENCE.

THERE sits upon the first bench on the speaker's left, a figure which seems as though it had hung over the lamp of study, till not only all the blood of life merely, but even the energy of life itself had been on the very verge of extinction; and yet, upon this apparently helpless figure, the eyes of the whole House are turned. During the time that the figure is slowly uncoiling itself to something like a vertical zigzag of stiffly jointed lines, every cranny of the gallery is becoming wedged like the archstones of a vault, the quillmen in your rear are muttering their curses, and half a dozen heedless zealots on both sides, who were about to claim the floor, drop down as if the speaker had an air-gun concealed under his cloke.

After this bustle of preparation, and amid the silence which follows it, Henry Brougham takes a slow and hesitating step towards the table, where he stands crouched together, his shoulders pulled up, his head bent forward, and his upper lip and nostril agitated by a tremulous motion, as though he were afraid to utter even a single sentence. His air and manner are very much like those of a field-preacher of olden times, when the purity of religion was preserved and propagated in the wilderness. The tones of his voice are full and melodious; but they come forth slow, hesitating, and apparently with pain; so that you are left in doubt whether the intellectual power of the man may not be unable to master the subject, or his physical strength to give it utterance.

His first sentences, or rather the first members of his sentences, (for you soon find, that with him a sentence is more extended, both in form and in substance, than the whole oration of other men,) come forth cold and irresolute, and withal apparently wide of the subject. Each of them is, indeed, profound and satisfactory in itself, evidently deduced from the most chosen materials, and containing the very essence of the subject, in exactly the most appropriate words. When a sufficient number of these propositions have been enunciated in a manner which carries the demonstration with it; when every auxiliary, that the range of human knowledge can furnish for the firm establishment of the ultimate conclusion, has been pressed into service; when the whole array of political and moral truth has been put in order; it moves on to a conclusion, firm as a Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as a bayonet charge of the mountaineers of the North.

One position having been carried with the appearance of weakness and irresolution, but with a reality of power and determination which makes itself to be felt in the certainty with which it commands your assent, the orator rises upon it both in body and mind, and wins a second by a more bold and brief attack. To a second, succeeds a third; to a third, a fourth; and so on, till the whole principle and the whole philosophy of the question have acknowledged their conqueror; till every man in the House is as irresistibly convinced of the truth, the abstract truth, as he is of his own existence; so that if Brougham were to pause even here, he would be entitled to take his station as the foremost master of reason.

When he has thus laid the foundation in the utmost extent of philosophy, the profoundest depth of reason; when he has returned to it again, applying the line and the plummet, and feeling with the touch of a giant to ascertain that it is secure; when he has bound the understandings of his auditors in cords of argument, which they are equally indisposed and unable to break; he vaults upon the subdued basis, calls forth the passions from their inmost recesses, and overtops and shakes the gaping members and the echoing House. That voice, which was so low and unpretending, now assumes the deepening roar and determined swell of the ocean. That form, which at the beginning seemed to be sinking under its own weight, now looks as if it were nerved with steel, strung with brass, and immortal and unchangeable as the truths, which in the calmer words he uttered. That countenance, which aforetime bore the hue and coldness of stone, is now animated at every point and beaming in every feature, as though the mighty utterance were all inadequate to the mighty spirit within; and those eyes, which, when he began, turned their blue and tranquil disks on you, as if supplicating your forbear-

ance, now shoot forth their meteor fires, till all, upon whom they beam, kindle into admiration, and men of all parties wish in their hearts, that Brougham were "one of us." So concludes the second—the impassionate or declamatory part of the speech.

When he has gained what you imagine to be the acme of powerful speaking; when he appears to be looking round, as if to see, and sneer at, the adoration which he has commanded; his figure sinks down and recoils itself, and his voice falls to the most extraordinary whisper ever uttered by man. This singular cadence, or rather drooping down of expression, of action, and of voice, which Brougham possesses in greater perfection than any speaker I have ever heard, has a wonderful effect; and those low, solemn, and muttered words, which are perfectly audible, have a power in them that you cannot resist. That crouching together of the body is no symptom of weakness, and that falling of the voice is no prelude either to fear or to humility; it is the bending of the wrestler, in order that he may twine his antagonist irresistibly in his grasp; the crouching of the tiger, in order that he may pounce with more terrible certainty on his prey; it is the signal, that Brougham is putting on his whole armor, and about to grasp the mightiest of his weapons.

In his argument, he has been clear and convincing; in his appeal to the passions, though somewhat haughty and hard, he has been successful; he is now about to set his superhuman shaft upon the string—he is to become dreadful in his invective. Woe be to that man upon whom that eye, erewhile so calm and blue, glares from the mysterious concealment of those puckered brows! Woe to the wight to whom those half-whispered words are a presage of what is on the wing! In casting your eyes around the House, you will find more than one looking about with fearful apprehension, like the navigator in the Chinese seas, when he eyes the lurid calm in one point of the horizon, which tells him, that, ere the minute glass can be turned, the typhoon shall come in its gale of destruction from another; you would perceive one small man grinning and twittering, as little birds do when within hearing distance of rattlesnakes, conscious of danger, yet deprived of even the means of self-protection, and courting destruction with the most piteous and frantic imbecility; you would perceive a slender antagonist, clutching the back of the bench, with quivering talons, lest the coming tempest should sweep him away; or you would see the portly figure of the representative of the quorum of some fat county, delving both his fists into the cushion, fully resolved that if a man of his weight should be blown out of the house, he would yet secure his seat, by carrying it along with him.

It comes—the words, which were so low and muttered, be-

come so loud, that the speaker absolutely drowns the cheering of his own party; and after he has peeled some helpless offender to the bones, and tossed about his remains through all the modes and forms of speech, the body of the orator, being subdued and beaten down by the energy of his own mind, sinks down, giving the house leisure to breathe, to cheer, and leaving you utterly confounded.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CXCIII.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. THAT you have wronged me, doth appear in this;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.
Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? aye, more; fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life, you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
Ye Gods! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends.
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's eye would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be 'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cesar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief or blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CXCIV.

BRITISH REFUGEES.

Extract from a speech delivered in the Legislature of Virginia, in favor of permitting the British refugees, or those who had joined the English party in the war of independence, to return to the United States.

We have, Mr. Chairman, an extensive country without population. What can be a more obvious policy, than that this country ought to be peopled? *People* form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up, by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank, which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter, by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people: the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period—lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them; or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate, and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power; and I venture to prophesy there are now those living, who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth; able to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas; and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

Instead of refusing permission to the refugees to return, it is

your true policy to encourage emigration to this country, by every means in your power. Sir, you must have *men*. You cannot get along without them. Those heavy forests of timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want is the want of men; and these you *must have*, and *will* have speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask, how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come. The population of the old world is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. They are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here, a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country on earth; a land, on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land, over which peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door.

They see something still more attractive than this. They see a land in which Liberty has taken up her abode; that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poets. They see her here, a real divinity; her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy states; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues; and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Let but this celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world; tell them to come and bid them welcome; and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country, are now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our independence. The quarrel is over. Peace hath returned, and found us a free people.

Let us have the magnanimity to lay aside our antipathies and

prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us, in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making use of them, so I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of *them!* what, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps!*

PATRICK HENRY.

LESSON CXCV

THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS.

I HAD the honor to be a member of the fourteenth Congress. It was an honor *then*. What it is *now*, I shall not say. It is what the twenty-second Congress have been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day, as they deserve; nor is this a fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature, cannot recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits, would kindle into high and almost holy enthusiasm.

Pre-eminent, among them, was a gentleman of South Carolina,* now no more, the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen:—one, no less remarkable for gentleness of manners and kindness of heart, than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise—if ever man deserved it—of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him: the true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her: he, I mean, who consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in a republic was neither to be sought after nor declined; a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it cannot be improved.

There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland,† whose ashes now slumber in your cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries, as a jurist and statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing, by a comparison with

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* Lowndes. † Pinckney.

the richness and classical purity of the language, in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforced, while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scenes of its triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me.

These names have become historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order, has no such need of reserve. Talent is of no party, exclusively; nor is justice.

Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia*—whom it were superfluous to designate; whose speeches were universally read; whose satire was universally feared. Upon whose accents, did this habitually listless and unlistening House hang, so frequently, with rapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dextrous debater? a riper scholar? better versed in the politics of our own country? or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language? more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy? or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame, in words of magic, and tones of silver?

There was, also, a son of South Carolina,† still in the service of the republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this house. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation, and thus gave to the problems of government, something of that grandeur, which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times, when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words, his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But, though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language, with him, was merely the scaffolding of thought, employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

It is equally impossible to forget or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky,‡ whom party has since made the fruitful topic of un-

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* Randolph. † Calhoun. ‡ Clay.

measured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious. Deficient in refinement, rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct, than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it, like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered, than raised, by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and ever since, except when that imprudence, so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he adopted a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men, of friend or adversary. On many occasions, he was noble and captivating. One, I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence, with which he replied to the taunting question, "What have we gained by the war?"

Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire,* who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, sepulchral, unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasm was, indeed, peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful; it was frozen mercury, becoming as caustic as red hot iron.—R. H. Wilde.

LESSON CXCVI.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CESAR.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cesar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious:

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* Webster.

If it were so, it were a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak on Cesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spake,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

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But yesterday, the word of Cesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cesar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will;
Let but the Commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

One of the people. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cesar loved you;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
People. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cesar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you wait awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cesar. I do fear it.
One of the people. They were traitors:—honorable men!
All. The will! The testament!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cesar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii;
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cesar followed it.

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This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
——————————Great Cesar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: These are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.
1*st Citizen.* O piteous spectacle!
2*d Cit.* O noble Cesar!
3*d Cit.* We will be revenged! Revenge! about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1*st Cit.* Peace there:—hear the noble Antony.
2*d Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CXCVII.

THE STORM AT SEA.

THE evening winds shrieked wildly: the dark cloud
Rested upon the horizon's hem, and grew
Mightier, and mightier, flinging its black arch
Around the troubled offing, till it grasped
Within its terrible embrace, the all
That eye could see of ocean. There arose,
Forth from the infinite of waters, sounds
Confused—appalling; from the dread lee-shore
There came a heavier swell, a lengthened roar,
Each moment deeper, rolling on the ear
With most portentous voice. Rock howled to rock,
Headland to headland, as the Atlantic flung
Its billows shoreward; and the feathery foam
Of twice ten thousand broken surges, sailed
High o'er the dim-seen land. The startled gull,
With scream prophetic, sought his savage cliff,
And e'en the bird that loves to sail between
The ridges of the sea, with hurried wing,
Flew from the blast's fierce onset.
One—far off,—
One hapless ship was seen upon the deep,
Breasting the western waters. Nothing lived
Around her; all was desert; for the storm
Had made old ocean's realm a solitude,

Where man might fear to roam. And there she sat,
A lonely thing amid the gathering strife,
With pinions folded—not for rest,—prepared
To struggle with the tempest.
And it came,
As night abruptly closed; nor moon nor star
Looked from the sky, but darkness deep as that
Which reigned over the primeval chaos, wrapped
That fated bark, save when the lightning hissed
Along the bursting billow. Ocean howled
To the high thunder, and the thunder spoke
To the rebellious ocean, with a voice
So terrible, that all the rush and roar
Of waves were but as the meek lapse of rills,
To that deep, everlasting peal, which comes
From thee, Niagara, wild flinging o'er
Thy steep, the waters of a world. Anon,
The lightnings glared more fiercely, burning round
The glowing offing, with unwonted stay,
As if they lingered o'er the dark abyss,
And raised its vail of horror, but to show
Its wild and tortured face. And then, the winds
Held oft a momentary pause,
As spent with their own fury; but they came
Again with added power—with shriek and cry,
Almost unearthly, as if on their wings,
Passed by the spirit of the storm.
They heard,
Who rode the midnight mountain-wave; the voice
Of death was in that cry unearthly. Oft,
In the red battle had they seen him stride
The glowing deck, scattering his burning hail,
And breathing liquid flame, until the winds—
The very winds grew faint, and on the wave
Rested the column'd smokes; but on that night
He came with tenfold terrors; with a power
That shook at once heaven—earth; his ministers
Of vengeance round him—the great wind, the sea,
The thunder, and the fatal flash! Alas!
Day dawned not on the mariner; ere morn,
The lightning lit the seaman to his grave,
And the fierce sea-dog feasted on the dead!—CARRINGTON.

LESSON CXCVIII.

SCALE OF ANIMAL EXISTENCE.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies, into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observation and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humor in the body of man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals, that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities, that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures; we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the "Plurality of Worlds," draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the *peopling* of every planet: as indeed, it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter, as the spunge and coral. Others have an additional sense of hearing; others, of smell; and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection in the

sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that, though the senses in different animals are distinguished by the same common denomination, they seem almost of a different nature. If, after this, we look into the several perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are planted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species, comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception, which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this, his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises, by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The evidence of this variety of beings above, as well as below us, is ingeniously carried out by Mr. Locke, in the following extract.

"That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or no gaps. All, quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove, differ very little, one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is as cold as that of fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days.

"There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both; amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; seals live on land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason, as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the low-

est of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them; and so on, till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find, everywhere, that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees.

"And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us, toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: and, if this be probable, we have reason, then, to be persuaded, that there are far more species of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species, we have no clear, distinct ideas."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world. So that he, who in one respect is associated with angels and archangels, and who may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to corruption, *Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.*—SPECTATOR.

LESSON CXCIX.

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the golden clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower, that summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CC

RESOLUTION OF RUTH.

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

FAREWELL? O no! it may not be;
My firm resolve is heard on high:
I will not breathe farewell to thee,
Save only in my dying sigh.
I know not, that I now could bear
Forever from thy side to part,
And live without a friend to share
The treasured sadness of my heart.

I did not love, in former years,
To leave thee solitary: now,
When sorrow dims thine eyes with tears,
And shades the beauty of thy brow,
I'll share the trial and the pain;
And strong the furnace fires must be,
To melt away the willing chain
That binds a daughter's heart to thee.

I will not boast a martyr's might,
To leave my home without a sigh;
The dwelling of my past delight,
The shelter where I hoped to die.
In such a duty, such an hour,
The weak are strong, the timid, brave,
For love puts on an angel's power,
And faith grows mightier than the grave.

It was not so, ere he we loved,
And vainly strove with Heaven to save,
Heard the low call of death, and moved
With holy calmness to the grave,
Just at that brightest hour of youth
When life, spread out, before us lay,
And charmed us with its tones of truth,
And colors radiant as the day.

When morning's tears of joy were shed,
Or nature's evening incense rose,
We thought upon the grave with dread,
And shuddered at its dark repose.
But all is altered now: of death
The morning echoes sweetly speak,
And like my loved one's dying breath,
The evening breezes fan my cheek.

For rays of heaven, serenely bright,
Have gilt the caverns of the tomb;
And I can ponder with delight,
On all its gathering thoughts of gloom
Then, mother, let us haste away
To that blessed land to Israel given,
Where faith, unsaddened by decay,
Dwells nearest to its native heaven.

We'll stand within the temple's bound,
In courts by kings and prophets trod;
We'll bless, with tears, the sacred ground,
And there be earnest with our God,
Where peace and praise forever reign,
And glorious anthems duly flow,
Till seraphs learn to catch the strain
Of heaven's devotions, here below

But where thou goest, I will go;
With thine, my earthly lot is cast;
In pain and pleasure, joy and wo,
Will I attend thee to the last,
That hour shall find me by thy side;
And where thy grave is, mine shall be;
Death can but for a time divide
My firm and faithful heart from thee.—CHRIST. EXAMINER.

LESSON CCI.

LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

Reyno. The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hill flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! But more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourners shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in the halls, unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder, on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun, after rain; like the moon, in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose. Narrow is thy dwelling, now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps, I compass thy grave, O thou, who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass whistling in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of mighty Morar.

Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan. Who, on his staff, is this? Who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. Weep, thou father of Morar, weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men; thou conqueror of the field; but the field shall see thee no more, nor the gloomy wood be lightened by the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son,—but the song shall reserve thy name.—Ossian.

LESSON CCII.

A REPUBLIC OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

On returning from our excursion, I learned that a burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie-dogs had been discovered upon the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals, I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie-dog is, in fact, one of the curiosities of the Far West, about which travelers delight to tell marvelous tales, endowing him, at times, with something of the political and social habits of a rational being, and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy, almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

The prairie-dog is an animal of the cony kind, about the size of a rabbit. He is of a very sprightly, mercurial nature; quick, sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth, show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants, and the well-beaten tracks, like lanes and streets, show their mobility and restlessness. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business, and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses, or congregating in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gamboling together in the open air. Sometimes, especially when the moon shines, they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

* * * * * * * * * *

Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the habits of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much whimsical speculation and burlesque remarks, among the hunters of the Far West.

It was towards evening that I set out, with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community into confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrance of their cells.

while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the out-skirts, to keep a look out. At sight of us, the picket-guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon, every inhabitant gave a short yelp or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air, as if he had thrown a somerset.

We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but in vain. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and by, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but, catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence, possibly, of some family connection or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences. Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

We rose from the ground, and moved forward to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp! yelp! yelp!—there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meeting suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction, and, in an instant, all had vanished into the earth.

The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain, by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little, politic animals, still continued after my return to camp; and, late in the night, as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep, and heard, in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assembly and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety, and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic.—W. Irving.

LESSON CCIII.

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *in a back room, in a tavern.* *Enter* FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. WELCOME, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-socks,* and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks, and then continues.*] You rogue, here's lime in this sack: there's nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack, with lime in it;—a villainous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged, in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing; a plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. Thou art a king's son. Now, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee, like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you base-born dog! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? I'll see thee gibbeted, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped, since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them, for two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—look here: [*shows his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man; all

* Boots.

would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; [*pointing to* GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO] if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four, sat upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew, else—an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

P. Henry. What! fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two legged creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; [*He draws his sword, and stands as if about to fight,*] here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What! four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Aye, aye, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points on my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Aye, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Aye and mark thee, too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine men in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But three knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father of them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-keech——

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal

green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason;—what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack; your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

P. Henry. I 'll no longer be guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh——

Fal. Away! you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you——

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two, saw you four, set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two, set on you four, and with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it to you, here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou has done, and then say it was in fight. What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

Fal. Why, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold; all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.—SHAKSPEARE.

LESSON CCIV

COMBAT BETWEEN A CRUSADER AND SARACEN.

* * * As the Knight of the Leopard fixed his eyes attentively on the distant cluster of palm-trees, which arose beside the well assigned for his mid-day station, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan* floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe:—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest, with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light, round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it, as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance.

His own long spear was not couched, or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length, above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy, at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop, to encounter him. But the christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the momentum gained by rapid motion.

Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the chris-

* A kind of loose vest.

tian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left, with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and, a second time, was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle.

A third time, he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might, at length, have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of his assailant. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile, in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and, though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse.

Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him. But the latter had, in the mean while, recovered his mace, and the eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which, he discharged six arrows with such unerring skill, that the goodness of the knight's armor alone saved him from being wounded in as many places.

The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the harness, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding the

fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

But in the last encounter, the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude. "There is truce betwixt our nations," he said; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us." "I am well contented," answered he of the Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?" "The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom *I* should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage." The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts. "By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand upon the weapon as he spoke, "I will be a true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of Allah," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart toward thee. And now, wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip, when I was called to battle by thy approach." The Knight of the Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode, side by side, to the little cluster of palm trees.—WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON CCV.

LOCHINVAR.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now, am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whisper'd "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?—SCOTT.

LESSON CCVI.

AN INVOCATION.

COME out of the sea, maiden,
Come out of the sea,
With thy green tresses laden
With jewels for me;

Out of the deep, where the sea-grass waves
Its plumage in silence, o'er gems and graves,
Come out, for the moonlight
Is over the earth,
And all ocean is bright
With a beautiful birth;
The birth of ten thousand gleaming things,
Darting and dipping their silver wings.

Come up, with your rosy, siren horn,
From caves of melody,
Where the far down music of death is born,
O maiden of the sea!
Come, breathe to me tales of your coral halls,
Where the echo of tempest never falls;
Where faces are vailed
In a strange eclipse,
And voice never wailed
From human lips;
But a fathomless silence and glory sleep,
Far under the swell of the booming deep.

Come forth, and reveal
To my 'tranced eye,
Where thy elf sisters steal
In their beauty by,
Like victors, with watery flags unfurled,
'Mid the buried wealth of a plundered world:
Where the sea-snakes glide
O'er monarchs drowned,
With their skulls yet in pride
Of diamonds crowned:
Where the bones of whole navies lie around,
Awaiting the last stern trumpet's sound.

O tell me if there,
The uncoffined dead,
Who earth's beautiful were,
To their billowy bed,
(Some cavern of pearls,) are borne far in,
Where the spirits of ocean their watch begin;
And their long hair flung
O'er their bosoms white,
Is the shroud of the young,
The pale, and bright;
And guarded for ages, untouched they lie
In the gaze of the sea-maid's sleepless eye.

For, maiden, I 've dreamed
Of long vigils kept
O'er lost ones, who gleamed
On our hearts ere they slept;

The visions of earth,—too pure for decay,
In the silent, green ocean-halls treasured away.
And there, to her rest
A seraph went down,
With her warm heart pressed
To the heart she had won;
'Mid the shriek of the storm and the thunder of waves,
Sea-maiden, she shot to thy echoless caves.

O come—I invoke thee,
From thy dim chambers hither—
Bear me under the sea,
Where white brows never wither;
Lay me there, with my pale and beautiful dead,
With her wet hair sweeping about my head!
Come out of the sea, maiden,
Come out of the sea,
For my spirit is laden,
And pants to be free;
I would pass from the storms of this sounding shore,
For the cloudless light of my years is o'er.—MELLEN.

LESSON CCVII.

THE CORAL GROVE

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral-grove.—PERCIVAL.

LESSON CCVIII.

LIFE.

LIFE bears us on, like the current of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its happy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry, which passes before us: we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our heel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and so uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the *creatures* of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight, and every sin which doth most easily beset us,

and think ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance, but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies?—Bishop Heber.

LESSON CCIX.

THE SHIPWRECK.

In the winter of 1824, Lieutenant G——, of the United States navy, with his beautiful wife and infant child, embarked in a packet at Norfolk, bound to S. Carolina. For the first day and night after their departure, the wind continued fair, and the weather clear; but, on the evening of the second day, a severe gale sprung up, and, towards midnight, the captain, judging himself much farther from the land than he really was, and dreading the Gulf Stream, hauled in for the coast; but with the intention, it is presumed, of laying to when he supposed himself clear of the Gulf. Lieut. G. did not approve of the captain's determination, and the result proved that his fears were well founded; for towards morning the vessel grounded.

Vain would it be, to attempt a description of the horror which was depicted in every countenance, when the awful shock, occasioned by the striking of the vessel's bottom, was first experienced. The terror of such a situation can be known only to those, who have themselves been shipwrecked. No others can have a tolerable idea of what passed in the minds of the wretched crew, as they gazed with vacant horror on the thundering elements, and felt, that their frail bark must soon, perhaps the next thump, be dashed to pieces, and they left at the mercy of the billows, with not even a plank between them and eternity. First, comes the thumping of the vessel; next, the dashing of the surge over her sides; then, the careening of the vessel on her beam ends, as the waves, for an instant, recede; and, lastly, the crashing of the spars and timbers, at each returning wave; the whole forming a scene of confusion and horror which no language can describe.

But awful as is the shipwrecked sailor's prospect, what are *his* feelings compared to the agony of a fond *husband* and *father*, who clasps in a last embrace his little world, his beloved wife and child! The land was in sight, but to approach it was scarcely less dangerous, than to remain in the raging sea around them. Lieut. G. was a seaman, and a brave one; accustomed to danger, and quick in seizing upon every means of rescuing the unfortu

nate. But *now*, *who* were the unfortunate, that called on him for rescue? *Who* were they, whose screams were heard louder than the roaring elements, imploring that aid which no human power could afford them? His *wife* and *child!* O! heart-rending agony.

But why attempt to describe what few can imagine? In a word, the only boat which could be got, was manned by two gallant tars. Mrs. G., and her child, and its nurse were lifted into it; it was the thought of desperation! The freight was already too much. Mr. G. saw this, and knew that the addition of himself would diminish the chances of the boat's reaching the shore in safety; and horrible as was the alternative, he himself gave the order;—"Push off, and make for the land, my brave lads!"—the last words that ever passed his lips! The order was obeyed; but, ere the little boat had proceeded fifty yards, (about half the distance to the beach,) it was struck by a wave, capsized, and boat, passengers, and all, enveloped in the angry surge! The wretched husband saw but too distinctly the destruction of all that he held dear. But here, alas, and forever were shut out from him all sublunary prospects. *He fell upon the deck—powerless, senseless, a* CORPSE—the victim of a sublime sensibility.

But what became of the unhappy wife and child? The answer shall be brief. Mrs. G. was borne through the breakers to the shore by one of the brave sailors; the nurse was thrown upon the beach with the drowned infant in her arms. Mrs. G. was taken to a hut senseless, continued delirious many days, but finally recovered her senses, and with them, a consciousness of the awful catastrophe which, in a moment, had made her a CHILDLESS WIDOW.—ANONYMOUS.

LESSON CCX

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging

the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain, higher than I before had any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenances, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared:—"The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top, is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a vail of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering the first inclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence, which beamed from the face of the goddess, seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy" said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!"——but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw beside me a form, of divine features, and a more benign radiance. "Happier" said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of content." "What!" said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?"

"I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence; but I alone can guide you to felicity!" While the goddess was thus speaking,

I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.—AIKEN'S MISCELLANIES.

LESSON CCXI.

THE VICTORIOUS MARCH OF GOD.

OUR GOD exalts himself,
And his enemies are scattered;
They that hate him flee before him.
As smoke disperses, so they disperse;
As wax is melted before the fire,
So shall the wicked perish at the presence of God.
But the righteous are glad;
They rejoice before God;
They exult with joy.

Sing praise to God! extol his name!
Prepare his way, who marcheth in the desert;
Extol him by his name JAH,
And exult before him.
The orphan's father, the widow's judge,
Is God exalted in holiness.
Our God! to the desolate
He gave a habitation,
He brought to happiness those who were bound,
And the rebellious dwelt in a dry land.

O God! when thou didst go forth,
And wentest before thy people,
When thou didst tread the desert,
Then the earth did quake;
The heavens distilled in drops,
When God looked forth upon them;
Sinai, itself, moved before the face of God,
The God of Israel.
Thou, O God, didst send a gentle rain,
Thou didst revive thy parched inheritance,
Thy congregation can inhabit there;
For thou, by thy goodness, O God,
Hast provided for the poor.

The Lord gave the signal of war,
A host were messengers of victory.
"The kings of the hosts flee, they flee;
She that tarried at home divideth the spoil
Why wait ye there among the water-pots?

The wings of the dove are covered with silver;
Her feathers sparkle with yellow gold.
As the Almighty scattered the kings,
The snow descended upon Salmon."

Thou mount of God, mount of Bashan,
The mountain range, mount Bashan,
Why look with pride, ye pinnacled heights,
On these, which God hath chosen to dwell in?
Jehovah shall inhabit there
Forever and ever.
The chariots of God are a thousand thousand,
And ten times ten thousand more;
The Lord comes forth in their midst,
From the glory-crowned summit of Sinai.
Thou didst raise the chariots aloft,
Thou leddest forth thy captives with thee,
Thou gavest men for thy triumphal gifts,
And madest rebels now to dwell with thee,
Jehovah, God.

Let God be praised, from day to night be praised;
He layeth on our burdens, and giveth us help;
He is our God, the God of our salvation:
Jehovah, the Lord, hath the issues to death.
Surely, God will wound the head of his enemies,
The hairy scalp of him who is against him.
I will bring him, saith the Lord, from Bashan,
I will bring him from the depths of the sea;
Thy foot shall yet wade in their blood;
Thy dogs shall lick the blood of thine enemies.

Sing unto the Lord, ye kingdoms of the earth;
O sing praises unto the Lord;
To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens.
Lo! he doth give out his voice, a mighty voice.
Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel;
His strength is in the clouds.—HERDER'S HEB. POETRY, Ps. 68.

LESSON CCXII.

GOD, THE DEFENSE OF HIS PEOPLE.

WHO is this that cometh from Edom,
With dyed garments from Bozrah?
This, that is glorious in his apparel,
Traveling in the greatness of his strength?
I, that speak in righteousness,
Mighty to save.

Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel,
And thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?
I have trodden the wine-press alone;
And of the people there was none with me;
For I will tread them in mine anger,
And trample them in my fury;
And their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments,
And I will stain all my raiment.
For the day of vengeance is in my heart,
And the year of my redeemed is come.
I looked, and there was none to help!
And I wondered, that there was none to uphold;
Therefore, mine own arm brought salvation unto me;
And my fury, it upheld me.
I will tread down the people in mine anger,
And make them drunk in my fury,
And I will bring down their strength to the earth.

I will mention the loving-kindness of the Lord,
And the praises of the Lord,
According to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us,
And the great goodness toward the house of Israel,
Which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies,
And according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses.
For he said: Surely they are my people,
Children that will not lie;
So he was their Savior.
In all their affliction he was afflicted,
And the angel of his presence saved them;
In his love and in his pity he redeemed them;
And he bare them and carried them all the days of old.
But they rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit;
Therefore, he has turned to be their enemy,
And he fought against them.

Then he remembered the days of old, Moses and his people, saying,
Where is He that brought them up out of the sea
With the shepherd and his flock?
Where is He that put his Holy Spirit within him?
That led them by the right hand of Moses, with his glorious arm,
Dividing the water before them,
To make himself an everlasting name?
That led them through the deep,
As a horse in the wilderness, that they should not stumble?

Look down from heaven,
And behold from the habitation of thy holiness and of thy glory;
Where is thy zeal and thy strength,
The sounding of thy bowels, and of thy mercies toward me?
Are they restrained?
Doubtless thou art our Father,
Though Abraham be ignorant of us,
And Israel acknowledge us not;
Thou, O Lord! art our Father,
Our Redeemer: thy name is from everlasting.—ISA. CH. LXIII.

LESSON CCXIII.

APOSTROPHE TO MONT BLANC.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, oh sovereign Blanc!
The Arnè, and the Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly, while thou, dread mountain form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the sky and black: transpicuous deep,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! but when I look again,
It seems thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

Oh dread and silent form! I gazed on thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone;
Yet thou, methinks, wast working on my soul,
E'en like some deep, enchanting melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it.

But I awake, and with a busier mind,
And active will, self-conscious, offer now,
Not as before, involuntary prayer,
And passive adoration.
Hand and voice,
Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Green fields and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
O! blacker than the darkness, all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,
Who called you forth from night and utter death?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?

And who commanded, and the silence came,
"Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest?"
Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
And stopped at once, amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with lovely flowers
Of living blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God!
God! sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft and soul-like sound:
The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, God!

Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the cloud!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

And thou, oh silent form, alone and bare,
Whom, as I lift again my head, bowed low
In silent adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly, with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
Awake, thou mountain form! Rise, like a cloud;
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills!
Thou dread embassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, calls on God.—COLERIDGE.

LESSON CCXIV.

THUNDER-STORM ON THE ALPS

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distractions; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delight should e'er have been so moved.

All heaven and earth are still; though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenterd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all, creator and defense.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines!—a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again, 't is black; and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights, which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage,
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed!—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years, all winters—war within themselves to wage;

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms has ta'en his stand!
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing, and cast around! Of all the land,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There, the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

BYRON.

LESSON CCXV.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length, the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now, a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you, who have had nothing to do, all your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I 'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating, how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I 'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will be always given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess;" said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed: when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected, when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having too much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time; and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating, in a minute, the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that

we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last;—if *one* could be borne, so can another and another. Even looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or *next time;* but *now*, *just now*, *this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person, to resolve, that the next time he is provoked, he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment, while there would be, at any one time, very little to do, yet, by this simple process, continued from day to day, every thing would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget, that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, with resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfills. It is not thus with those, who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it is called day, they, at length, "rest from their labors, and their works follow them." Let us then, whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time.—JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON CCXVI.

ADDRESS TO A SHRED OF LINEN.

WOULD they had swept cleaner!
Here 's a littering shred
Of linen left behind—a vile reproach
To all good housewifery. Right glad am I,
That no neat lady, trained in ancient times
Of pudding-making and of sampler work,
And speckless sanctity of household care,

Hath happened here to spy thee. She, no doubt,
Keen looking through her spectacles, would say,
"*This comes of reading books;*" or some spruce beau,
Essenc'd and lily-handed, had he chanced
To see thy slight superfices, 't would be,
"*This comes of writing poetry.*"

Well—well—
Come forth, offender! hast thou ought to say?
Canst thou, by merry thought, or quaint conceit,
Repay this risk, that I have run for thee?
Begin at alpha, and resolve thyself,
Into thine elements. I see the stalk
And bright, blue flower of flax, which erst o'erspread
That fertile land, where mighty Moses stretch'd
His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom
Tinging, tho' scantily, these New England vales.
But lo! the sturdy farmer lifts his brake,
To crush thy bones unpitying, and his wife,
With 'kerchief'd head, and eyes brimfull of dust,
Thy fibrous nerves with hatchel-tooth divides.

I hear a voice of music, and behold,
The ruddy damsel singing at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.
Perhaps, his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skains, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth, day by day. Perchance his thought,—
For men have deeper minds than women—sure!
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make, and how his dairy shelves
Shall groan beneath the weight of golden cheese,
Made by her dextrous hand, while many a cag
And pot of butter to the market borne,
May, transmigrated, on his back appear,
In new thanksgiving coats.

Fain would I ask,
Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,
By sofa and piano quite displaced;
Why dost thou banish from thy parlor hearth
That old Hygean harp, whose magic ruled
Dyspepsy, as the minstrel shepherd's skill
Exorcised Saul's ennui? There was no need,
In those good times, of trim callisthenics,
And there was less of gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heartfelt comfort, rooted strong
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit,
As wealth might never purchase.

But come back,
Thou shred of linen. I did let thee drop,
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost

The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot,
When the rough battery of the loom had stretched
And knit thy sinews, and the chimist sun
Thy brown complexion bleached.

Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case. Did the trim guest,
To the best chamber usher'd, e'er admire
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth,
Feeding thy vanity? or some sweet babe
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee?
Say, hast thou listened to the sick one's moan,
When there was none to comfort? or shrunk back
From the dire tossing of the proud man's brow?
Or gathered from young beauty's restless sigh,
A tale of untold love?

Still, close and mute!
Wilt tell no secrets, ha? Well, then, go down,
With all thy churl-kept hoard of curious lore;
In majesty and mystery, go down
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws,
Stainless and smooth, emerge. Happy shall be
The renovation, if, on thy fair page,
Wisdom and truth, their hallowed lineaments
Trace for posterity. So shall thine end
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard
Thine apotheosis immortalize.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LESSON CCXVII.

SCENE FROM THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir R. I'LL tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain there is.

Hum. Yes.

Sir R. Yes! is that the way you talk to me, you old boor? What's my name?

Hum. Robert Bramble.

Sir R. An't I a baronet? Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years: can you deny that?

Hum. Hem!

Sir R. Hem! what do you mean by hem? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Hum. Because, if I contradict you, I shall tell a lie, and when I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off before my point is carried.

Hum. What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honors.

Sir R. Aye; because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Hum. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on the other.

Sir R. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a—pshaw! the parson means to palaver us; but, to return to my position, I tell you, I don't like your flat contradiction.

Hum. Yes, you do.

Sir R. I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments. I hate their flummery.

Hum. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Hum. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, you give me a dish of a different description.

Hum. Hem! what is it?

Sir R. Sour-crout, you old crab.

Hum. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him: now I am rich, and hate flattery. *Ergo*—when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Hum. That's wrong

Sir R. Very well—*negatur*—now prove it.

Hum. Put the case then, I am a poor man.

Sir R. You an't, you scoundrel. You know you shall never want, while I have a shilling.

Hum. Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

Sir R. Well, get on, be a poor man.

Hum. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: now, that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to the conversation, and so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederic?

Hum. Been out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub! only arrived from Russia last night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Hum. He's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he is a little like me, Humphrey?

Hum. No, not a bit; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now that's plaguy impudent, but there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Hum. Yes, you drove him to Russia five-and-twenty years ago.

Sir R. I did not drive him.

Hum. Yes, you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace! zounds, he would never go to war.

Hum. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck-pond. He received my arguments with his mouth open, like a poor-box gaping for half-pence, and, good or bad, he swallowed them all without any resistance. We couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

Hum. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir R. A quiet life! why he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, potashes, tallow, linen, and leather; what's the consequence? thirteen months ago he broke.

Hum. Poor soul, his wife should have followed the business for him.

Sir R. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as he broke, and now this madcap, Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job, now he is in distress, I must not neglect his son.

Hum. Here comes his son; that's Mr. Frederic.

Fred. Oh, my dear uncle, good morning! your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred. So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

Sir R. And pray, what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir R. The sun! he's mad! you mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. Oh, my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning, upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay, that I took a leap out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all around the park to get an appetite for breakfast, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir R. Oh, oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. I hate legacies.

Sir R. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens, at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are posthumous despatches, affection sends to gratitude, to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

Sir R. How charmingly the dog argues!

Fred. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of gentleman.

Sir R. Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that.

Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir R. Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

Hum. Yes, but I did though.

Fred. Yes, he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Jump out of every window I have in the house; hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Aye, that's right. This is spunk and plain speaking. Give me a man, who is always flinging his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Hum. And so do I.

Fred. You! you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R. I'll knock *you* down, if you do. I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

Hum. Come, you 're ruffled. Let us go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. I hate the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion. I tell you, I hate the business of the morning.

Hum. No you don't.

Sir R. Don't I? Why not?

Hum. Because it 's charity.

Sir R. Pshaw! Well, we must not neglect the business, if there be any distress in the parish; read the list, Humphrey.

Hum. [*Taking out a paper, and reading.*] "Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put in prison for debt."

Sir R. Why, it was only last week that Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Hum. Yes, and charged a hundred for his trouble; so seized the cottages for *part* of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And *I* must kick his attorney.

Hum. [*Reading.*] "The curate's horse is dead.

Sir R. Pshaw! There 's no distress in that.

Hum. Yes there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why won 't the vicar give him another nag?

Hum. Because it 's cheaper to get another curate already mounted.

Sir R. Well, send him the black pad which I purchased last Tuesday, and tell him to work him as long as he lives. What else have we upon the list?

Hum. Something out of the common,—there 's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at farmer Harrowby's, in the village; he is, it seems, very poor, and more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance.

Hum. He 'd see you hanged first! No, he 'd sooner die than ask you or any man for a shilling! There 's his daughter, and his wife's aunt, and an old corporal that served in the wars with him—he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

Sir R. *Starves* them all, I 'm afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. [*Going.*] Good morning, uncle.

Sir R. You rogue, where are you running, now?

Fred. To talk with Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fred. I can 't tell till I encounter him; and then uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who has been disabled in his country's service, and is struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

Sir R. Stop, you rogue; I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends on who can run fastest; so, start fair, uncle, and here goes.—[*Runs out.*]

Sir R. Stop, stop; why, Frederic—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands! I 'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Hum. No you won 't.

Sir R. Won 't I? Hang me if I—but we 'll argue that point as we go. So, come along, Humphrey.—COLMAN.

LESSON CCXVIII.

STARLIGHT ON MARATHON.

No vesper-breeze is floating now,
No murmurs shake the air;
A gloom hath vailed the mountain's brow,
And quietude is there;
The night-beads on the dew-white grass
Drop brilliant as my footsteps pass.

No hum of life disturbs the scene,
The clouds are rolled to rest;
'T is like a calm where grief hath been,
So welcome to the breast!
The warring tones of day have gone,
And starlight glows on Marathon.

I look around from earth to sky,
And gaze from star to star;
Till Grecian hosts seem gliding by,
Triumphant from the war:
Like sleepless spirits from the dead,
Revisiting where once they bled.

What though the mounds that marked each name,
Beneath the wings of Time,
Have worn away,—theirs is the fame,
Immortal and sublime;
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to light again?

Oh! to have seen the marching bands,
And heard the battle clash,
Have seen their weapon-clinching hands,
And eyes defiance flash,—
Their radiant shields, and dancing crests,
And corselets on their swelling breasts.

Then said the mother to the son,
And pointed to his shield;
"Come *with* it, when the battle 's done,
Or *on* it, from the field!"*
Then mute she glanced her fierce, bright eye,
That spoke of ages vanished by.

'T was here they fought: and martial peals
Once thundered o'er the ground,
And gash and wound from plunging steels
Bedewed the battle mound;
Here, Grecians trod the Persian dead,
And Freedom shouted while she bled!

But gone the day of Freedom's sword,
And cold the patriot brave,
Who mowed the dastard-minded horde
Into a gory grave;
While Greece arose sublimely free,
And dauntless as her own dark sea.

Still, star-light sheds the same pale beam,
For aye, upon the plain:
And musing breasts might fondly dream
The Grecian free again;
For empires fall, and Freedom dies,
But dimless beauty robes the skies.

May He, whose glory gems the sky,
God of the slave and free,
Hear every patriot's burning sigh
That 's offered here for thee;
For thee, sad Greece, and every son
That braves a Turk on Marathon.—R. MONTGOMERY.

* The loss of the shield was considered disgraceful.

LESSON CCXIX.

BATTLE OF MARATHON.

To the left of the Athenians was a low chain of hills, clothed with trees; to their right, a torrent; their front was long; for, to render it more imposing in extent, and to prevent being out-flanked by the Persian numbers, the center ranks were left weak and shallow; but, on either wing, the troops were drawn up more solidly and strong. Callimachus commanded the right wing; the Platæans formed the left; the whole was commanded by Miltiades. They had few, if any, horsemen or archers.

The details which we possess of their arms and military array, if not in this, in other engagements of the same period, will complete the picture. We may behold them clad in bright armor of a good proof and well tempered, which covered breast and back; the greaves, so often mentioned by Homer, were still retained; their helmets were wrought and crested, the cones mostly painted in glowing colors, and the plumage of feathers, or horse-hair, rich and waving in proportion to the rank of the wearer. Broad, sturdy, and richly ornamented were their bucklers—the pride and darling of their arms, the loss of which was the loss of honor; their spears were ponderous, thick, and long—a chief mark of contradistinction from the light shaft of Persia—and, with their short broad-sword, constituted their main weapons.

No Greek army marched to battle without vows, and sacrifice, and prayer; and now, in the stillness of the pause, the divine rites were solemnized. Loud broke the trumpets; the standards, wrought with the sacred bird of Athens, were raised on high; it was the signal of battle, and the Athenians rushed with an impetuous vehemence upon the Persian power. "They were the first Greeks of whom I have heard," says the historian, "who ever *ran* to attack a foe; the first, too, who ever beheld, without dismay, the garb and armor of the Medes; for hitherto, in Greece, the very name of Mede had excited terror."

When the Persian army, with its numerous horse, animal as well as man protected by coats of mail, its expert bow-men, its lines and deep files of turbaned soldiers, gorgeous with many a blazing standard, headed by leaders well hardened, despite their gay garbs and adorned breast-plates, in many a more even field; when, I say, this force beheld the Athenians rushing towards them, they considered them, thus few and destitute alike of cavalry and archers, as madmen hurrying to destruction. But it was evidently not without deliberate calculation, that Miltiades had so commenced the attack. The warlike experience of his guerilla life had taught him to know the foe against whom he fought.

To volunteer the assault, was to forestall and cripple the charge of the Persian horse; besides, the long lances, the heavy arms, the hand-to-hand valor of the Greeks, must have been no light encounter to the more weakly mailed and less formidably armed infantry of the East. Accustomed, themselves, to give the charge, it was a novelty and a disadvantage to receive it.

Long, fierce, and stubborn was the battle. The center wing of the barbarians, composed of the Sacians and the pure Persian race, at length, pressed hard upon the shallow center of the Greeks, drove them back into the country, and, eager with pursuit, left their own wings to the charge of Callimachus on the one side, and the Platæan forces on the other. The brave Callimachus, after the most signal feats of valor, fell fighting in the field; but his troops, undismayed, smote on with spear and sword.

The barbarians retreated backwards to the sea, where swamps and marshes encumbered their movements; and here, (though the Athenians did not pursue them far,) the greater portion were slain, hemmed in by the morasses, and probably ridden down by their own disordered cavalry. Meanwhile, the two tribes that had formed the center, one of which was commanded by Aristides, retrieved themselves with a mighty effort, and the two wings having routed their antagonists, now inclining towards each other, intercepted the barbarian center, which thus attacked in front and rear, was defeated with prodigious slaughter.

Evening came on; confused and disorderly, the Persians now only thought of flight; the whole army retired to their ships, hard chased by the Grecian victors, who, amid the carnage, fired the fleet. Cynegirus, brother to Æschylus, the tragic poet, (himself highly distinguished for his feats, that day,) seized one of the vessels by the poop; his hand was severed by an ax; he died gloriously of his wounds. But to none did the fortunes of that field open a more illustrious career, than to a youth of the tribe of Leontes, in whom, though probably then but a simple soldier in the ranks, were first made manifest the nature and the genius destined to command. The name of that youth was Themistocles.

Seven vessels were captured, six thousand, four hundred of the barbarians fell in the field; the Athenians and their brave ally lost only one hundred, but among them perished many of their bravest nobles. It was a superstition, not uncharacteristic of that imaginative people, and evincing how greatly their ardor was aroused, that many of them fancied they beheld the gigantic shade of their ancestral Theseus, completely armed and bearing down before them upon the foe.

A picture of the battle, representing Miltiades in the foremost

place, and solemnly preserved in public, was deemed no inadequate reward to that great captain; and yet, conspicuous above the level plain of Marathon, rises a long barrow, fifteen feet in height, the supposed sepulcher of the Athenian heroes. Still does a romantic legend, not unfamiliar with our traditions of the north, give a supernatural terror to the spot. Nightly, along the plains are yet heard by superstition, the neighings of chargers, and the rushing shadows of spectral war. And still, throughout the civilized world, (civilized how much by the art and lore of Athens!) men of every clime, of every political persuasion, feel as Greeks at the name of Marathon. Later fields have presented the spectacle of an equal valor, and almost the same disparities of slaughter; but never in the annals of earth, were united so closely in our applause, admiration for the heroism of the victors, and sympathy for the holiness of their cause.—BULWER.

LESSON CCXX.

SONG OF THE GREEK BARD.

A MODERN Greek is here supposed to compare the present degeneracy of his country with its ancient glory, and to utter his lamentations in the words of the song.

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where lived the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west,
Than your sire's "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king* sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;

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* Xerxes.

And ships by thousands lay below,
And men and nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set—where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
Th' heroic lay is tuneless now,
Th' heroic bosom beats no more!
And must this lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred, grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no:—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But *one* arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the *living* who are dumb.

In vain! in vain!—strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave;
Think you he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine!
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant: but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend:
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious, black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!—BYRON.

LESSON CCXXI.

THE FAMILY OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

MOVING on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot, perhaps as interesting as any that Greece, in her best days, could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No monumental marble emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones, piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, were all that marked his grave.

I would not disturb a proper reverence for the past; time covers, with its dim and twilight glories, both distant scenes and the men who acted in them; but, to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero at Marathon, or Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, than Marco Bozzaris, at Missolonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens and Sparta were great and free, and they had the prospect of *glory* and the praise of men,—to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliote chief drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the feet of a giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as fool-hardy and desperate.

For two months, with but a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch and a slight parapet of earth, he defended the town, where his body now rests, against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering but his cloke, he passed his days and nights in constant vigil; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant; and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with two thousand men, he proposed to attack the whole army of Mustapha Pacha, and called upon all who were

willing to die for their country, to stand forward. The whole band advanced, to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death-struggle, he chose three hundred, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his true and trusty Suliotes. At midnight, he placed himself at their head, directing that not a shot should be fired till he sounded his bugle; and his last command was, "If you lose sight of me, seek me in the pacha's tent." In the moment of victory, and while ordering the pacha to be seized, he received a ball in the loins; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men, until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory. *

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But the most interesting part of our day at Missolonghi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a large, square house, which, our guide told us, was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence; and our interest was in no small degree increased, when he added, that the widow and two of the children of the Suliote chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone-wall, a large gate stood invitingly open, and we turned toward it in the hope of catching a glimpse of the inhabitants; but, before we reached the gate, our interest had increased to such a point, that, after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say, that if it would not be considered an intrusion, three travelers—two of them Americans—would feel honored in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged, on a divan, smoking the long Turkish pipe. Soon after, the brother entered, a man about fifty, of middling height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a colonel's commission in the service of king Otho. In the dress of the dashing Suliote, he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognised the daring warrior, who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now, the straight, military frock-coat, buttoned tight across the breast, the stock, tight pantaloons, boots, and straps, seemed to repress the free energies of the mountain warrior; and I could not but think how awkward it must be, for one who had spent his whole life in a dress which hardly touched him, at fifty, to put on a

* This occurred August 20th, 1823. His last words were, "To die for liberty, is a pleasure, not a pain."

stock, and straps to his boots. Our guide introduced us, with an apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us with great kindness, thanked us for the honor done his brother's widow, and requested us to be seated, ordering coffee and pipes.

And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first evidence of what afterward met me at every step, the warm feeling existing in Greece toward America; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said, was to express his gratitude as a Greek, for the services rendered his country by our own; and after referring to the provisions sent out for his famishing countrymen, his eye sparkled and his cheek flushed, as he told us, that when the Greek revolutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognize and salute it.

In a few moments, the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my pre-conceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me. She looked the widow of a hero; as one worthy of those Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bow-strings, and their girdles for sword-belts, and, while their heart-strings were cracking, sent their young lovers from their arms, to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality, that roused him from the wild guerilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain, no man could look her in the face, without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honorable enterprise. She was under forty, tall, and stately in person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widowed condition. We all rose as she entered the room; and, though living secluded, and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned them with far less embarrassment, than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment—at least, I speak for myself—was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact, that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me; for, while waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozzaris, I had, in some way, conceived the idea, that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made up my mind to take them both on my knee and kiss them; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzaris; and the daughters would probably have thought

that I was taking liberties, upon so short an acquaintance, if I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them; so, with the long pipe in my hand, which, at that time, I did not know how to manage well, I cannot flatter myself that I exhibited any of the advantages of continental travel.

The elder was about sixteen, and even in the opinion of my friend, Dr. W., a cool judge in these matters, a beautiful girl, possessing all the elements of Grecian beauty; a dark, clear complexion; dark hair, set off by a little red cap, embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind; and large black eyes expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances of fire more terrible than her father's sword. Happily too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis, who had served in Greece, and been domesticated with them; but young, and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies, when attempting to speak a foreign language. And we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of her gallant father.

At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America, as that of a hero of our own revolution; and that it had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American poet; and I added, that if it would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country, I would send the tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America toward the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted; and afterward, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missolonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and daughters, reminding me of my promise.

I make no apology for introducing to the public, the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted and laid before the eyes of all who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered invading the sanctity of private life; but, at all events, I make no apology; the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.—STEVENS.

LESSON CCXXII.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece—her knee in suppliance bent—
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard:
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranked his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There, had the Persian thousands stood;
There, had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Platæa's day:
And now, there breathe that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke,—
That bright dream was his last:
He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shot falling thick and fast,
As lightning from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires!
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their faint huzza,
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death;
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come, when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence, are broke,
And crowded cities wail the stroke;
Come, in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm,
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet, song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible;—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, is thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's prime,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.—HALLECK.

LESSON CCXXIII.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, let us not retire from this occasion, without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and leave it unimpaired to our children.

Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and what we

possess, we owe to this liberty and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed in all their extent and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions, and a free government? Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us,—a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long,—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is, that we may judge justly of our situation and of our duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position and our character among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unquenchable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the posterity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our firmament now shines brightly upon our path. *Washington* is in the clear,

upper sky. Adams, Jefferson, and other stars have joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life; and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the divine benignity.—WEBSTER.

LESSON CCXXIV.

IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.

MR. PRESIDENT, I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more, my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union, we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union, that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not out-run its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of the government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on

considering, not how the union might best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; our land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*,—but every where, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart —*Liberty* AND *Union, now and forever; one and inseparable!*

[WEBSTER.

LESSON CCXXV.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,

And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strides the warrior of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows in the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high.
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
There, shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us!—J. R. Drake.

LESSON CCXXVI.

THE EAGLE.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where the wide storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou art perched aloft, on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride to the polar shore.*

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath on thee was laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years,
Burst forth in one awful hour.†

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

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* The Roman standard was the image of an eagle. The soldiers swore by it, and the loss of it was considered a disgrace.

† Alluding to the destruction of Rome by the northern barbarians.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark and mysterious sea,
To the land that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then, came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I saw from far the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now, that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory!"—PERCIVAL.

LESSON CCXXVII.

ROME.

THE Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers are tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress?

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day,
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside, decay.
Alas, for earth! for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore, when Rome was free.

There is a moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First, freedom, and then, glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last;
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous tyranny had thus amassed
All treasures, all delights, that eye, or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—away with words! draw near;

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep; for here,
There is much matter for all feeling.—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of glory's gew-gaws shining in the van,
Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled!
Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to build?

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column, with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cesar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face?
Titus', or Trajan's? No! 'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace,
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn,* whose ashes slept sublime.—Byron.

* Trajan's.

LESSON CCXXVIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelfull of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh, moldering earth, that, sometime or other, had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled among one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly, by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments, which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed, in Greek or Hebrew, and, by that means, are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of those uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of per-

sons, whose bodies were, perhaps, buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I know, that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure, as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means, I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for them, whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I see rival wits lying side by side, or holy men that divided the world by their contests and disputes, I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, some, six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—ADDISON.

LESSON CCXXIX.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years,
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day;
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must" says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you?" the hapless bridegroom cried:
Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."

What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled, while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell; no more
Shall Death disturd your mirthful hour,
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave:
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
It boots not, that the muse should tell;
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace:
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track, content, he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with wonder and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
"So *soon*, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before,

'T is six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now four-score."
"So much the worse!" the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me *three warnings*,
Which I have looked for, nights and mornings!"

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend; at least,
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."
"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame, these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
But there's some comfort still," says Death;
Each strives your sadness to amuse:
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
"These are unpardonable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've *had* your *three* sufficient warnings;
So, come along! no more we'll part:"
He said, and touched him with his dart:
And now, old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.—Mrs. Thrale

LESSON CCXXX.

Grateful old age—the soliloquy of Palæmon

How beautifully the dawn shines through the hazel-bush, and the wild roses blossom at the window! How joyfully the swallow sings on the rafter, under my roof, and the little lark in the high air! Every thing is cheerful, and every plant is revived in the dew. I also feel revived. My staff shall guide my tottering steps to the threshold of my cottage, and there will I sit down facing the rising sun, and look abroad on the green mead-

ows. How beautiful is all around me here! All that I hear are voices of joy and thanks. The birds in the air and the shepherd on the hill, sing their delight, and the flocks from the grassy slopes and out of the variegated valleys, bellow out their joy.

How long, how long, shall I yet be a witness of divine goodness? Ninety times, have I already seen the change of the seasons; and when I look back from the present hour to the time of my birth,—a beautiful and extended prospect which, at last, is lost in pure air,—how swells my heart! This emotion, which my tongue cannot utter, is it not rapture? And are not these tears, tears of joy? And yet, are not both too feeble an expression of thanks? Ah! flow, ye tears! flow down these cheeks!

When I look back, it seems as if I had lived only through a long spring, my sorrowful hours being only short storms, which refreshed the fields and enlivened the plants. Hurtful pestilences have never diminished our flocks; never has a mischance happened to our trees, nor a lingering misfortune rested on this cottage. I looked out enraptured into futurity, when my children played smiling in my arms, or when my hand guided their tottering footsteps. With tears of joy I looked out into the future, when I saw these young sprouts spring up. "I will protect them from mischance," said I, "I will watch over their growth, and heaven will bless my endeavors. They will grow up and bear excellent fruit, and become trees, which shall shelter my declining age with their spreading branches."

So I spake, and pressed them to my heart, and now, they have grown up, full of blessings, covering my weary years with their refreshing shade. So, the apple trees, the pear trees, and the tall nut trees, planted by me while yet a boy, around my cottage, have grown up, carrying their widely extended branches high into the air; and my little home nestles in their covering shade. This, this was my most vehement grief, O Myrta, when thou didst expire on my agitated breast, within my arms. Spring has already covered thy grave, twelve times, with flowers. But the day approaches, a joyful day, when my bones shall be laid with thine. Perhaps, the coming night conducts it hither. O, I see with delight, how my gray beard flows down over my breast. Yes, play with the white hair on my breast, thou little zephyr, who hoverest about me! It is as worthy of thy caresses, as the golden hair of joyful youth, or the brown curls on the neck of the blooming maiden.

This day shall be to me a day of joy! I will assemble my children around me here—even down to the little stammering grand-child—and will offer thanksgiving to God; the altar shall be here before my cottage. I will garland my bald head, and my trembling hand shall take the lyre, and then will we—I and

my children—sing songs of praise. Then, will I strew flowers over my table, and, with joyful discourses, partake of the bounty of the most High.

Thus spake Palæmon, and rose trembling upon his staff; and having called his children together, held a glad festival of devout and joyous thanksgiving to the Deity.—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.

LESSON CCXXXI.

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

ON new-year's night, an old man stood at his window, and looked, with a glance of fearful despair, up to the immovable, unfading heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was now so joyless and sleepless as he. His grave stood near him; it was covered only with the snows of age, not with the verdure of youth; and he brought with him out of a whole, rich life, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a wasted body; a desolate soul; a heart full of poison; and an old age full of repentance.

The happy days of his early youth passed before him, like a procession of specters, and brought back to him that lovely morning, when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life, where the right hand led by the sunny paths of virtue, into a large and quiet land, full of light and harvests; and the left plunged by the subterranean walks of vice, into a black cave, full of distilling poison, of hissing snakes, and of dark, sultry vapors.

Alas, the snakes were hanging upon his breast, and the drops of poison on his tongue; and he now, at length, felt all the horror of his situation. Distracted, with unspeakable grief, and with face up-turned to heaven, he cried, "My father! give me back my youth! O, place me once again upon life's cross-way, that I may choose aright." But his father and his youth were long since gone. He saw phantom-lights dancing upon the marshes, and disappearing at the church-yard; and he said, "These are my foolish days!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth. "Behold an emblem of my career," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent tooth of repentance digged deeper into his wounds.

His excited imagination shewed him specters flying upon the roof, and a skull, which had been left in the charnel-house, gradually assumed his own features. In the midst of this confusion of objects, the music of the new-year flowed down from the steeple, like distant church-melodies. His heart began to melt.

He looked around the horizon, and over the wide earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who now,—better and happier than he,—were the wise of the earth, prosperous men, and the fathers of happy children; and he said, "Like you, I also might slumber, with tearless eyes, through the long nights, had I chosen aright in the outset of my career. Ah, my father! had I hearkened to thy instructions, I too might have been happy."

In this feverish remembrance of his youthful days, the skull bearing his features, seemed slowly to rise from the door of the charnel-house. At length, by that superstition, which, in the new-year's night, sees the shadow of the future, it became a living youth. He could look no longer,—he covered his eyes,—a thousand burning tears streamed down, and fell upon the snow. In accents scarcely audible, he sighed disconsolately: "Oh, days of my youth, return, return!"—and they *did* return. It had only been a horrible dream. But, although he was still a youth, his *errors* had been a *reality*. And he thanked God, that he, still young, was able to pause in the degrading course of vice, and return to the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests.

Return with him, young reader, if thou art walking in the same downward path, lest his *dream* become *thy reality*. For if thou turnest not now, in the spring-time of thy days, vainly, in after years, when the shadows of age are darkening around thee, shalt thou call, "Return, oh beautiful days of youth!" Those beautiful days, gone, gone forever, and hidden in the shadows of the misty past, shall close their ears against thy miserable cries, or answer thee in hollow accents, "*Alas! we return no more.*"—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

LESSON CCXXXII.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 't is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks,—and breathe

In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild, touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions, that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow, in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful;
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home.
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and sythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron-heart to pity! On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wing at night-fall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time

Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; and empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and glorious blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.—G. D. Prentice.

LESSON CCXXXIII.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before the mortal shall assume
Its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time.
I saw the last of human mold,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight; the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine, some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will:
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang,
Entail'd on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor, with thy rising beams, recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe,
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the sythe.

"Even I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see, thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark.
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory
And took the sting from Death.

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste,
Go, tell the night, that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"—CAMPBELL.

LESSON CCXXXIV

GOD BLESSES THE INDUSTRIOUS

THERE is an ancient fable of a man whose wagon was set fast in the mire, instantly praying to Hercules to come and lift it out for him. The statement is, that Hercules did, indeed, come, but told him to put his own shoulder to the wheel; for he would not try to help him, till he began in earnest to help himself.

Fables of this nature do well enough to exhibit a moral sentiment when we want to smile, but on the present occasion we may say, on authority quite different from fables,—"Providence rules over all things, and rules, by assisting our personal exertions." It is the blessing of God which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith. And this blessing has always a connection with our own endeavors. "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule." "Seest thou a man slothful in his business?—there is more hope of a fool than of him."

There are two mistakes, which are extremes to each other, either of them very hurtful to such as incline towards them. One considers the over-ruling power and providence of God as a reason, or rather as an excuse for indolence. If God works, and gives as he pleases, I need not work; I may be still, till he chooses to shower down the blessing. Facts and experience show that such persons mistake sadly; they read their folly in their failure. This mode of error is not very likely to allure the young; the spirit of activity natural to youth, revolts against it. There is more danger from the opposite feeling, which places so much confidence in its own exertions, as to forget, that, after all, the blessing must be sought, must, indeed, be *obtained*, or no actual success will crown our labors.

The hand of Providence is an unseen hand; but not on that account the less real, or the less powerful, or the less suited to our daily occasions. "He is on my right hand, though I cannot see

him; and on my left hand he worketh, though I cannot behold him." To have so powerful, so wise, so gracious an agent on our side, must be an advantage; even the careless must own this. To have him, on the contrary, our adversary, must be to ruin us; the most hardy will eventually feel it so. Were we speaking of the world to come, the statement would scarcely be denied; and it is equally true of the world that now is.

Let it be recollected, that large, and beauteous, and well-furnished as this globe of ours is, it is rather a laboratory than a store-house. The things we see are not exactly what we want; they are rather materials, and tools, and incitements towards the production of our own enjoyments. He who prepared Eden for man, did not authorize him to lounge and take his ease there, but "He put him into the garden, to dress it and to keep it." There were fruits, and flowers, and shady groves, and sunny banks, no doubt; luxurious gratifications to every sense; but these were all of a nature to run wild and spoil, if left to themselves; mind, intellectual mind was necessary to keep them in proper order, to give them their sweetest beauty, to produce their most gratifying effect, and, especially, to continue the varied succession for daily occasions, as new days would severally demand.

His plan is still the same. Every individual mind he brings into existence, is placed where little can be obtained by ignorance or torpidity, but much by skill and labor. That wheat, which becomes the substantial food of man, was once a neglected plant, growing wild, and scattering vainly its starveling seeds to the wind. Were it not now selected, carefully sown, defended, fostered, cleaned, it would still be almost useless, except to the birds, whose instinct prompts them incessantly to seek it. The spreading tree may afford a shelter, by its shady branches, to a few naked Indians; but cut down, squared into timber, sawed into planks, planed, cut into moldings, it may form a habitation of quite another kind, which shall be more comfortable, secure, and certain.

Behold that mis-shapen, dirty, useless lump. "Throw it away," says ignorance. "No," says science, "that is a mass of ore. By fire, by water, by hammering, by sifting, by melting, by shaping, we shall obtain the bar of iron, the workman's tool, the almost diamond-like brightness of polished steel! Our fruit-trees must be sown, and planted, and grafted, and pruned, or no delicious fruit will be obtained. Those who grudge the labor, deserve to have crab-apples, or black-berries for their *dessert*, for such is the spontaneous production of the soil."

We have many pretty descriptions given us of nature and her simple children, sometimes by the novelists, but oftener by those falsifying gentry, the poets, who never know how to keep to

plain matters of fact;—accordingly, it is very fascinating in good rhymes, to have a vivid picture set before us, of nature spontaneously providing for her favorite offspring. We are shown them in natural bowers, sleeping sweetly during the dominion of darkness, while the moon-beam flickers on their leafy pillow. Or we trace them, plucking from the bending bough, the luscious mangostan, the prickly-pear, the date, the flaming pomegranate or the ripe citron.

If this picture please us, we had better not take a nearer inspection by traveling thither. At least, let us first inquire, what serpents bask upon their sunny banks, or festoon from their overarching mangroves? what locusts sometimes blast all their vegetable hopes? what diseases undermine their health, which they have no skill to repel? In short, wherever nature, simple, unassisted nature rules, there are countless privations. Where arts are unknown, science uncultivated, commerce unattended to, there are misery, want, superstition, and every kind of suffering.

Such is, always, and under every climate, the condition of those who do not hearken to the voice of Almighty Benevolence, saying, "Arise and labor. Bind, and prune, and dig, and sow; form, build, beautify, exalt. Here are, around you, in rich abundance, materials, tools, immense powers of action; apply them. While you sit still, I shall give you little; up, and be doing. Invent, it shall delight you; make, it shall be useful to you; preserve, it shall enrich you; associate, mutual kindness shall make you happy; ye shall cultivate one another; ye shall do soon, by mutual assistance, what by individual exertion no one can ever effect. Let me see fields of golden corn waving; there is a fine vale for them; gather me flocks on those mountains; drain that marsh, it will make the air wholesome: on that knoll, assemble a village; teach the hollowed tree to float in that river; catch the fish, allure the birds, drive off the beasts of prey, defend the cattle, educate the children. Activity will bring health; wants will lead to invention; inventions will produce accommodation; accommodation will give leisure; and leisure, which avoids the fatigues of labor, gives opportunity for thinking."

The being who lives idly, lives rebelliously; contrary to nature's first law, and purest feeling; and he must take, as his appropriate punishment, poverty, ignorance, misery, and want.

TAYLOR.

LESSON CCXXXV.

GOD'S GOODNESS TO SUCH AS FEAR HIM

Fret not thyself because of evil doers,
Nor be thou envious against the workers of iniquity;
For they shall be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
Trust in the Lord and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
Delight thyself, also, in the Lord,
And He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.
Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass,
And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
And thy judgment as the noon-day.
Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
Cease from anger and forsake wrath;
Fret not thyself, in any wise, to do evil,
For evil-doers shall be cut off;
But those that wait upon the Lord, *they* shall inherit the earth.
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be;
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the earth,
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just,
And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
The Lord shall laugh at him,
For He seeth that his day is coming.
The wicked have drawn out the sword,
And have bent their bow,
To cast down the poor and needy,
And to slay such as are of upright conversation.
Their sword shall enter into their own heart,
And their bows shall be broken.

A little, that a righteous man hath,
Is better than the riches of many wicked;
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken,
But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.
The Lord knoweth the days of the upright,
And their inheritance shall be forever;
They shall not be ashamed in the evil time;
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.
But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs;
They shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.
The wicked borroweth and payeth not again;

But the righteous showeth mercy and giveth.
For such as are blessed of him shall inherit the earth;
And they who are cursed of him shall be cut off.
The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD,
And he delighteth in his way;
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down,
For the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old,
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,
Nor his seed begging bread.
He is ever merciful and lendeth,
And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil and do good,
And dwell for evermore;
For the LORD loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints:
They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off:
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein forever.
The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,
And his tongue talketh of judgment;
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.
Wait on the LORD and keep his way,
And He shall exalt thee to inherit the land;
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay-tree;
Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not;
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright,
For the end of that man is peace;
But the transgressors shall be destroyed together,
The end of the wicked shall be cut off,
But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD;
He is their strength in the time of trouble;
And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them:
He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them,
Because they trust in him.—PSALM XXXVII.

THE END

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